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TRAVELS IN THE FAR EAST

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TRAVELS IN THE FAR EAST

The Pyramids from the Nile, Cairo

TRAVELS
IN
THE FAR EAST

BY

ELLEN M. H. PECK
(Mrs. James Sidney Peck)

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OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

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To My Daughter

FOREWORD

AS the inspiration which caused the making of this "Tour" came from my daughter (the "you" of my story), and as she wished a record of the same published, my desire has been to give her as complete an idea of my journeyings as is possible by descriptive text and illustrations. The interest of friends in the plan has caused them to be included in my thought, and if the public desire to be added to the personal acquaintances whom I regard as my readers it will prove a pleasant recognition of a modest plan.

The nine months tour included Egypt, Northern India, Burma, Southern India, Ceylon, Malay Peninsula, Java, Siam, Southern China, Japan, Northern China, Manchuria, and Korea.

Realizing that impressions suddenly formed are not always to be trusted, an attempt has been made to have them tested by comparison with those formed by a longer residence.

In like manner only statements have been made on the authority of those who claimed to have knowledge and experience. The lack of guidance of either a Baedeker or a Murray has

been felt in Java, Siam, China, Manchuria, and Korea, small local guide books and guides not being an equivalent as regards accurate testimony.

May these pages prove a pleasant reminiscence to those who have visited the scenes described, and an introduction to those who have not thus travelled, but some of whom may plan to "do likewise."

E. M. H. P.

Milwaukee, December, 1908

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Travels in the Far East

MILWAUKEE, *October 27th*, 1907: The adieux have been said, the friends have departed, and the train is moving slowly out of the station; a profusion of flowers, tempting new books, and other gifts are visible proofs of the thoughtfulness of friends on the eve of a long journey in untried fields, and it seems as if I had lost my moorings and was drifting out on an unknown way.

✦

Chicago is reached, and after a hurried transfer of trains I am speeding on to my objective point, New York. An interval of two days and there is a hurried departure for the pier and "the die is cast."

There is always a sense of exhilaration on the sailing of a steamer from New York, despite the sadness of the leave-taking; and the receipt of many gifts, telegrams, and letters keeps up the excitement until after the departure of the pilot. But as the shore line recedes and we drift out to sea, there comes a realization of an entire change of environment and of the rending of former interests, which is, of itself,

a fine preparation for the mental equipment necessary to assimilate the new scenes to be visited.

The November Second party of Collver Tours "Round the World," sailing on the *Friedrich der Grosse*, North German Lloyd line, was to embrace ten individuals, aside from an accomplished Director, each to be independent of the other, but all supposed to fit into a harmonious whole. After the formal presentations were over, there came a sense of relief, for refined manners, culture, and the experience of much travel were apparent, and promised well for the months of companionship which were to ensue.

The localities represented by the several members in the party were as follows: Boston, three; Philadelphia, four; New York, one; Lafayette, Indiana, one; Ottawa, Illinois, one; and Milwaukee, Wisconsin, one. This is an indication of varied personality and diversified taste.

The elements did not prove propitious in the days that followed our departure, and we were forced to bear the stress of wind and storm with becoming resignation, feeling personally thankful for indemnity from fatal results. Such a voyage does not lend itself to much diversion or variety of interests, but there were the usual attempts at gayety in the line of dancing, music,

and the exhilarating "Captain's dinner"; hence with congenial people the days were pleasantly whiled away. Among the fellow passengers were some former friends, but I will mention only those who in a sense belong to the public.

There was Mr. Edward P. Allis with his family; he was formerly of Milwaukee, but for many years has been a resident of Mentone, France, where he has continued his researches along biological lines, and where he has also superintended the publication of a valuable magazine relating to his special subject. I am happy to state that he has received, in consequence, distinguished recognition from the French Government, even the decoration of the Legion of Honor. He is also the recipient of orders from other foreign governments, and the Wisconsin University has conferred a high degree upon him.

Another friend was Dr. Baldwin, of Rome, Italy, who has an international reputation as a specialist on diseases of the heart.

A new acquaintance was Mr. Theodore M. Davis, of Newport, Rhode Island, who from November to April, on his finely appointed dahabiyeh, makes the Nile his home, at Luxor. For some years he has superintended valuable excavations in the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes, defraying the expense of the work himself. He holds the only concession granted by the Egyp-

tian Government, on condition that the result of his discoveries become the property of the State; these so-termed "finds" are very valuable, and a special room has been devoted to them in the Museum of Gizeh at Cairo.

Our arrival at the Azores was the first excitement of the voyage, and I had expected to renew the pleasant associations of the day we passed together on San Miguel, at the picturesque city of Ponta Delgada. But, alas! we sailed on and there was only a memory; by the subtle power of association another memory haunted me also, that of Funchal, Madeira, with its balmy air and luxuriant vegetation.

✦

GIBRALTAR: The world-renowned fortress of Gibraltar was reached after some hours' delay, and we were welcomed by sunshine and a June-like temperature.

The attractions there are not numerous, but they are unique; unfortunately, a visit to the fortified galleries is now denied to visitors, but a beautiful drive to Europa Point and to the neutral ground, together with a walk through the park called the Alameda, is a fair compensation. The shops which line the narrow streets possess an Oriental aspect, and the general view of the massive fortifications afforded much interest to those who had not made a previous

visit. But the picturesqueness of former visits — the motley crowd of Moors, Arabs, Spaniards, and Turks at the wharf — was lacking; while the venders of fruit, flowers, and laces were far less numerous, but quite as persistent, as of old.

✦

November 12th: The steamer *Magnolia*, of the P. & O. line, became our home to Port Saïd, named for the Viceroy of Egypt, who granted the concession for the building of the Suez Canal. We were at once charmed with the general arrangement of the vessel, the salons for ordinary use being large and airy; the state-rooms were smaller than those of the Atlantic service, but were finely ventilated.

The passage to Marseilles, France, consumed about thirty-six hours, and the time was spent partly in planning a sight-seeing expedition to take place immediately after our arrival. The Gulf of Lyons, however, gave us a stormy reception; and, as the gale (mistral) increased, the harbor was reached. To be near a destination and yet unable to enter the port was most tantalizing!

✦

MARSEILLES: The approach to Marseilles is rather disappointing, as there are intervening islands of bare rocks; but later the heights appear, the Church of Notre Dame de la Garde being a prominent feature of the view.

Owing to the delay in landing, only two hours' stay on shore was granted, which was a great disappointment to many of us, but less so to me, as I had previously visited the city, and remembered the enjoyment derived from my stay there.

On our return to the steamer, a novel sight presented itself. The vessel was anchored close to the dock on which is a low embarkation shed, fronting on a wide passage-way, which was now filled with a motley group. At the back there was a fringe of color from many baskets of fruit, flowers, and plants in charge of dealers, clad in costumes of varied hues, with red shawls tied over their heads. Each hawker was intent on extracting coins from the interested spectators, who hung over the side of the steamer. In the foreground were acrobats of every description, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow; among them was a group of five musicians of tender years, an acrobat in pink tights who was exploiting the skill of his little daughter, scarcely five years of age, and another similarly cruel father, who was compelling a little girl to go through all manner of contortions. There was also a group of little girl dancers. This picturesque but painful sight impressed us with the necessity for the establishment here of a society for the prevention of cruelty to children.

Two hundred and fifty more passengers were

Meshrebeeyeh windows

added to the steamer list at Marseilles, and henceforth the vessel was to be taxed to her utmost capacity. Most of the passengers were *en route* for a five weeks' voyage to Australia, many of them were friends, and a general spirit of jollity prevailed, the decks presenting the appearance of a seaside veranda, with their tables, lounging-chairs, work-baskets, and toys. A "sports" committee was at once formed, and games of all kinds were played (always for prizes), while a concert, dances, and bridge enlivened the evening hours.

On the night of November 17th we passed the volcano of Stromboli (now inactive), our steamer gliding between it on one side and the isles of Pina on the other; some hours later the Straits of Messina were reached; while, farther on, the island of Candida was passed. A church service was held aboard both morning and evening (the latter in the second-class salon), this being the invariable rule on English steamers.

✦

Port Saïd, *November 20th:* As we approached Port Saïd, everything was at first shadowy — the lighthouse, a group of palms, and a minaret seeming to rise out of the sea. There were a few points of land called Damietta, but all else was flat. At last we steamed into the harbor, anchoring at the mouth of the Suez Canal, and were taken ashore in a launch amidst

a confused yelling of voices, — indeed a perfect Babel.

With only three or four hours in Port Saïd, there was little time for a close survey, but we walked through some of the streets, called at a few shops of no special interest, and had afternoon tea at one of the hotels, to the accompaniment of music furnished by native musicians. We had always heard Port Saïd spoken of as "the wickedest place in the world," and we commented on the apparent absence of such a condition; but we were assured by one of the tourists that wickedness did exist, and we accepted the statement without an attempt to verify it.

Port Saïd gains its principal importance from being the starting-point of that great water-way, the Suez Canal, of which we form our first impression from the fact that ten years' time was required for its construction and $100,000,000 were expended on the work, the payment of which impoverished Egypt and was one of the causes that led to the protectorate of England. This is said to be a humiliating condition to all true Egyptians.

The monument at Port Saïd, raised in honor of Ferdinand de Lesseps, as the founder of the enterprise, emphasizes France's contribution to the project.

✦

CAIRO, *November 20th:* A late train to Cairo caused us to arrive near midnight, an inopportune time for first impressions, but the memory of a former visit caused a pleasant anticipation of scenes to be revisited. A week, however, was too short a time in which to cover the ground, but by persistent effort on our part much was accomplished.

Having headquarters at Shepheard's Hotel — with its foreign arrangement of rooms and furnishings, together with its gayly attired attendants, many of them costumed in red, yellow, green, or blue silk trimmed with gilt, and wearing silk turbans to match — gave us at once an Oriental environment. The central location of the building, with the opportunity, also, which the wide terrace afforded guests for making observations, offered us an immediate insight into the unique life of the city. The venders of fruit, flowers, postal cards, and souvenirs formed a foreground of many colors, while beyond was an unceasing flow of motley carriages, native vehicles, carts, donkeys, and camels, and sometimes two resplendent outriders (called "Sikhs"), on fine chargers, heralded the approach of some dignitary, — a custom which is, however, dying out.

The most novel sight which came to our notice was a wedding procession, the bride being ever carefully concealed by silken curtains thrown

over either a carriage or a peculiarly constructed litter borne by two camels, one at the front and one at the back; a band of music preceded, followed by vehicles of many different kinds containing members of the bridal party, all *en route* for the bride's home.

It must be remembered that Cairo, while in one sense a modern city, presents many clearly defined mediæval phases; this is particularly true throughout its native quarters, as exemplified in streets and bazars in the vicinity of the Nile, and in its old-time mosques; in this connection I would emphasize the bazars, both Turkish and Arabic. Some of the old irregular thoroughfares on which the bazars are situated radiate from the wider and more important Muski; then, again, there are narrower alley-like streets, a veritable tangle! The bazars everywhere are similarly constructed, but vary in size and importance; they are boxlike in form, from four to six feet in width, and six to eight feet in height, and are raised one or two feet from the ground, with three sides enclosed and the fourth open to the street by day, but at night closed, the fourth wall sliding into place like a folding door.

Here is usually to be found, for a certain distance, but one kind of goods, be it slippers, brass-work, or embroideries, alternating with eatables, fruit, pipes, and the like, there being

A bridge spanning the Nile at Cairo

no attempt at classification. Woe be to the unwary who approach these bazars without the ability to "bargain"; for there is ever a scale of prices, and the topmost one is usually exorbitant!

Within the open space of his shop sits the dealer, ready for the contest, sometimes complacently sipping his coffee, or smoking a cigarette, the long Turkish pipes having been largely abolished. The courtesy of coffee or a cigarette is often extended to the purchaser, which possesses a mollifying effect if the discussion over a purchase has waxed high.

It is said that the scenes in the Turkish bazars on a fête day are like a picture from the "Arabian Nights," the places being illuminated by many candles or chandeliers, and covered by awnings formed of rich shawls, scarfs, and embroideries brought from the interior. This gives each bazar the appearance of a reception room, with the dealer seated within, dispensing hospitality, every one being dressed in holiday attire. The bazars in Cairo are considered an important feature of the life of the city (as they are in every place throughout the Eastern or Western Orient), but they are less attractive than those I visited in Tunis, Constantinople, or Damascus.

The crowd that is passing the shops often proves more interesting than the display within, as there are natives of all ages and descriptions, Arabs, Bedouins, Turks, and Egyptians, some

mounted on donkeys and some driving heavily laden camels. Water-carriers with jars, mostly women, are among them, while the natives usually carry under the arm the characteristic pigskin, filled with water. These are the sights to be seen, together with the venders of fruit and vegetables, alternating with richly equipped carriages, and funeral or bridal processions. Men and women in their Oriental dress jostle the crowd of sight-seers who ever throng these ways.

In these, but more often in a better class of streets, we pass the lovely meshrebîya windows, with their intricate turned lattice-work designs; they are very frequently oblong projecting windows, but instead of glass there is used the fine tracery or lattice-work in wood. Sad to relate, this fine work is sharing in the general decay to be found in the old quarters of Cairo, and, in a few years, the tourist will only be able to view the specimens even now being sent to the Arabian Museum, which institution is, by the way, doing a splendid work in preserving and classifying all artistic remains, notably those from the crumbling mosques.

Except in the matter of decay, I found little change in the native portion of the city since my visit in 1898; but the aspect of the city proper has grown modern. Fine new streets, public buildings and residences, are seen everywhere in

The peculiar head-dress of the Cairo women

the Ezbekieh and Ismailian quarters of the city, while certain sections suggest a European capital. The Ezbekieh Gardens, opposite the Continental Hotel, form really a small park in the centre of the city, and are a great resort for tourists as well as residents.

The Ismailian is the fashionable quarter of the city, and it is said that many wealthy citizens have left their former luxurious native homes for a modern residence in the new section. Hence many dealers in the bazars have secured the deserted Oriental homes, and now live in comparative luxury, showing that conditions and residential centres change in the Old World as well as in the New.

But note how much more attractive the original home must appear to native eyes. A passage leads from the street to a spacious court, and grouped around the court, which usually has a fountain in the centre (with sometimes one or two trees), are the rooms for general use and those assigned to guests. The apartments occupied by the women of the family, commonly called the harem, are not visible, but are generally spacious and well furnished, even luxuriously appointed, with inlaid floors, decorated walls, and rich rugs. The light filters through either meshrebîya or flat latticed windows, for no profane eye can gaze on the supposed loveliness of damsel and dame, nor can they, in their turn,

gaze outward for any distance, which shows the restricted social condition of the women.

It is said that they are virtually regarded with contempt, and, though usually kindly treated in the harem, they are considered only as ornamental appendages of the home; hence they are rarely educated, and never in more than those accomplishments, such as music and dancing, which tend to add to their attractiveness.

The better classes of women are always seen veiled, and, with the peculiar covering over the nose, one can only judge of their appearance by their often very beautiful eyes. Oh, the infinite sadness to be found in the depths of many of them!

I was, however, told by a gentleman, long resident in Cairo, that there are indications of a gradual change as regards education, the wives of a few high officials having been educated on broader lines than mere accomplishments; hence it is to be hoped that the leaven will work in time. It may also be found later that the transference of the harem from an Oriental home to a Number 9 residence on a fashionable street will lessen the seclusion heretofore imposed.

The Nile is always a centre of interest, not only for those who explore it to the cataracts or Khartoum, but for natives and tourists who throng its banks to catch a glimpse of the queer sailing craft, and to watch the never-ending procession

that passes over it, — men, women, vehicles, and animals filling every available space.

It is quite the fashion for parties of tourists to repair to the bridge at 5 A. M. in order to watch the marketmen, venders of all kinds, and the heavily laden donkeys and camels fulfilling their part in the labor of supplying the city markets.

Once across the bridge, the procession from the country is even more picturesque; and, viewed from a waiting "tram" in the late afternoon, when all are homeward bound, the scene is most incongruous. Sometimes four or five heavily veiled women in black robes are seen on one of the long two-wheeled carts, drawn by an emaciated horse with a native at his head as a propelling power; next, follow a flock of geese, two or three score of goats, a group of sheep, four or five camels looking down with a superior air on the donkeys, as well as pedestrians of many complexions and of varied dress — Arabs, Bedouins, Soudanese, and Egyptians, — their queerly shaped turbans and brilliant colors lending the finishing touch to the scene. Nowhere else in the Orient does such a view present itself, and its setting is the Nile!

The last glimpse of the Nile, the evening before my departure, will never be forgotten. The occasion was an invitation to indulge in afternoon tea at the Hôtel Semiramis, near the entrance to the bridge. We lingered on for the

sunset, which first appeared as a flaming ball of fire, succeeded by myriad shades of rainbow hues, these fading into softer tints and later into those more delicate tones that prelude the twilight. Then silence seemed to brood over the wonderful river, and we departed.

If the street scenes, the bazars, and the Nile are an index to the native life of Cairo, a greater claim may be made for the mosques, in which the city abounds; for they represent political changes, social evolution, and artistic development, as history proves. To substantiate this claim of the mosques, a brief digression is necessary.

The origin of Cairo dates back to the Muslim invasion in 640; the original Arab settlement was called Fustât, the "Town of the Tent," which is substantially the old Cairo of to-day. Here was erected almost at once the first mosque, that of Amr, sometimes called Amru. In 751 a northeast suburb was added, called El Askar; this was to be the residence of the Governor, and here also was erected the Mosque of El Askar. Keeping still to the northeast, another city was added, in 860, by the first independent Muslim King of Egypt, Ibn Tûlûn, called El Katâi; the "wards" became divided into separate quarters for various nations and classes, and here was erected the remarkable Mosque of Ibn Tûlûn. A fourth city still farther northeast was added

The Mosque of Amr

a little over a century later, called El Kâhira (the Cairo of to-day); this did not become the commercial capital of Egypt, but occupied the same relation to Fustât that El Askar and Katâi held. The Town of the Tent, resting on the bank of the Nile, still remained the metropolis, as it did after the fall of both El Askar and Katâi — the disaster to these latter cities giving additional prestige to El Kâhira.

The building of a mosque[1] was regarded by the rulers not only as an expression of religious zeal, but as a contribution to the life of the State. Several mosques were erected during the two centuries of Arab rule, but Amr was the first and most important. It is situated near the site of the old Roman city of Misr, where Amr first pitched his tent, on the invasion of Egypt. The outside of the old mosque is not imposing, but, with the vast court forty thousand feet in area, surrounded by colonnades consisting of numberless columns with every variety of capitals (taken from Christian churches), it excites our admiration. Wooden beams, stretched from column to column, formerly supported one

[1] Realizing from personal experience, as well as from observation, that the mosques are too hurriedly visited and too little understood, an attempt at classification has here been made, as well as to give them a certain setting. This may prove a reminiscence to those who are familiar with the mosques, and an incentive to investigation on the part of those who are yet to visit Cairo.

hundred and eighty thousand hanging lamps which illuminated the edifice every night, while throngs of learned men, professors, and persons of many conditions gathered there daily for lectures and discussion. The great convocation was on Friday, when a sermon and prayers were the order of the day, the immense court affording ample space for the multitude, while the large east end sanctuary gave room for persons of distinction to kneel. The mihrab, or niche, where worshippers turned toward Mecca, the pulpit, and the tribunal were also features of the edifice. We now see little of the original mosque, for it has been remodelled from time to time; but it still remains the best type of the congregational mosque (called Gami, meaning "assembly"), and to me it seemed, as I looked upon it, one of the most impressive monuments of a dead past that I had ever seen.

With the political change in 868, which introduced the Turkish period, Ibn Tûlûn became the ruler, and another era of mosque and palace and hospital building prevailed. The Mosque of Ibn Tûlûn is the only monument that survives; it is also a congregational type and has the same general style as Amr; it is the earliest instance of the use of the pointed arch throughout a building, this being two centuries earlier than its use in England. Five rows of arches form the arcade, or cloisters, on the Mecca

end of the building, with two rows on the other three sides. The ornaments on the arches and around the windows are in stucco, and are worked by hand in the plaster, instead of being moulded as is the stucco work of the Alhambra. These consist of a bud, flower, and rosette pattern. Another century passed on, when, in 969, the victorious Gauhar forced the passage of the Nile and assumed possession in behalf of a Fatimid caliphate (named Fatimid, for a daughter of Mohammed). This event presaged a religious as well as a political change, for the Fatimids were apostates from the true faith and advocated the doctrines of Shi'a, one of the tenets being that the Koran had been created, and another that there had been Mohammeds or inspired men in every century. Shi'a now became the State religion, and for two centuries held sway over Egypt.

This period was famous for palace building, and the descriptions of the magnificence and luxurious furnishings read like a fairy tale. Mosque building was not neglected, and there are two notable examples of the congregational form, El Azhar and El Hâkim. El Azhar was founded by Gauhar on April 3, 970, and in 988 it was especially devoted to the uses of learning. It soon became one of the chief universities of the time, and in 1101 there were nine thousand students and two hundred and

thirty-nine professors. The foreign students even now pay no fee and are allowed rations of food, there being an endowment for this purpose. It is, however, still used to a certain extent as a mosque; but it does not now preserve the regular plan of a mosque, having been remodelled and added to several times. It has six minarets and a spacious court covering three thousand six hundred square yards, with one hundred and forty columns and numerous side chambers which are devoted to lectures, libraries, and laboratories.

At the time of our visit this court was filled with individual groups of about thirty students, each around a professor; they were sitting cross-legged on the floor, and were chanting their lessons with a swaying motion of the body. A class of small children was of special interest, studying passages of the Koran from cards. The Mosque of El Hâkim was completed in 1013, and was so resplendent throughout that it was known as the "Brilliant." This mosque has suffered more indignities than even the old Amr, but the vast, empty court, with its partly ruined arches, still has a certain dignity. There were originally five minarets.

Leaving the Mosque of El Hâkim on the right, we have Bâb El-Futûh, the Gate of Capture, which is connected by the city wall with the companion Bâb En-Nasr, or Gate of Vic-

The interior of the Tomb Mosque of Kalaun

tory. These two gates guard the strong north-east extremity of the old city fortifications, and in 1799 formed a strong position for the troops of Napoleon. With Bâb Zuweyler, they are the most important of the sixty gates which once existed in the wall of Cairo. They have an inner and outer entrance and resemble a Roman gateway.

The Fatimid rulers outvied each other in embellishing Kâhira with artistic structures; this seems surprising because, on account of the charge of heresy, Kâhira was cut off from the Arabian centres of art and learning, — from Bagdad, Damascus, and Cordova, — and of course the artists and students, who formerly frequented the mosques, could not do so when they were in the hands of heretics. This condition of affairs, together with other causes, produced a crisis, as will be seen.

The advance of Amalric and the Crusaders, in 1168, not only resulted in the downfall of the Fatimids, but in the destruction of old Fustât, Shawar, the ruler, having issued a mandate for it to be burned in order to prevent the city from becoming a refuge for the Crusaders. The fire lasted fifty-five days, and the city in all its magnificence, having been the metropolis for five centuries, perished, a portion of the old Mosque of Amr alone remaining. Kâhira then took its place as the official centre of Egypt.

Saladin, the King of Jerusalem, now became ruler of Egypt, and he at once adopted strong measures to win the apostates back to the true faith. With a wisdom far in advance of his time, he planned to educate the followers of Shi'aism by the introduction of madrasah mosques and colleges. Heretofore we have had the Gami, or congregational mosque, with a severely plain exterior. The madrasah mosques of this period contained a smaller court, which was frequently capped with a cupola in the centre; the sides of the court, instead of being surrounded by arcades, were formed of four transepts, each spanned by a single lofty arch. The transept toward the east was deeper than the others, forming the niche for prayer; it was also furnished with the usual mihrab, pulpit, and tribunal. Fine façades, minarets, and domes took the place of the usual plain exterior; the dome was generally utilized as the covering of a tomb or was intended for future memorial use. The religious exercises (daily prayers, except on Friday, with sermons) were in the nature of a school training in the interest of the true Mohammedan faith.

The exterior of the madrasah college was not unlike the mosque described, but the interior included facilities for theological lectures, together with classrooms and libraries for general study; the students were received on the

very terms described in connection with the university Mosque of El Azhar. These, in general, were the means employed by Saladin to win all back to the true faith; in time he was successful, and Kâhira no longer rested under the stigma of heresy.

The dignity of the Fatimid age was lowered by Saladin's quartering the officers of his army in the magnificent palaces, while he occupied the house of the Viziers. Shortly every monument of the brilliant Fatimid period had vanished, with the exception of four mosques and the three gates previously alluded to. Saladin, however, inaugurated a new era of building, and during his nominal reign of twenty-four years three mosques and sixteen colleges attest his zeal to the "cause." He also built the citadel, and the great wall which was to enclose not only Kâhira but the remains of the old cities. To him the present city of Cairo owes its form and extent.

The tomb Mosque of Kalaûn was built in 1279 by the ruler of that name, and is adjacent to the fine hospital, bearing the same name also; while not large, it contains exquisite examples of wood carving, marble mosaic, and plaster ornament worked in by hand. Seventy-seven years later, in 1356, we find that, in the Mosque of Sultan Hasan, the sculpture was in stone; hence, the material being unyielding, the

designs are geometrical, instead of arabesque, as in the plaster. This is one of the most important mosques of any age, and is the most characteristic of the madrasah form. Seen from without, the walls appear even higher than the accredited one hundred and thirteen feet; they are built of fine cut stone, from the pyramids, and windows relieve the monotony of bare surface. There is a fine portal, set in an arched niche sixty-six feet high, which is decorated with geometrical designs and which has corner columns and capitals. The interior gives one an impression of immense size, on account of the great span of the four arches; the one at the east end is ninety feet high and seventy feet wide, and is unequalled. The mosaics and marbles, however, are less artistic than in the later mosques. The tomb chamber, entered from the east, has a finely decorated door of brass, and is encircled by a marble dado, twenty-five feet high, above which is a verse from the Koran carved in wood. In the centre of the room is the grave of the founder. The original dome fell in 1660, and was replaced by an inferior one; there were to have been four minarets, but these collapsed also. The court is well proportioned and contains an artistic fountain for ablution.

We saw the bronze lantern and many of the enamelled glass lamps in the Arabian Museum,

Fountain in the Mosque of Sultan Hasan

which forms a depository for ancient works of art; the mosque has suffered greatly from devastation and abuse, but it still retains a prestige among its class that not even time can efface. It is said that Sultan Hasan was so delighted with the edifice that he ordered the architect's hands cut off, for fear he might duplicate his success, — an act committed presumably on the principle that "the end justifies the means."

The Circassian as well as the Turkish Mamelukes were great builders of mosques and colleges, particularly Sultan Barkûk (1382–1399) and Sultan Kâït Bey (1468–1496). Their edifices are marvels of artistic skill, and, by the time of Kâït Bey, perfection seemed almost to have been reached. This is particularly true of the tomb mosques, situated in the mausolea on the east side of the city, and known as the Tombs of the Khalifs. That of Barkûk is noticeable, on account of its two superb domes, its two minarets, and a carved pulpit, the latter erected by Kâït Bey. The Mosque of Kâït Bey is, however, the finest of the group; it has a lofty dome, adorned with bands of sculpture, minarets with galleries, and bronze doors. There are beautiful ivory carvings over the tomb, while the edifice is lighted by fifty colored glass windows. Near by, the smaller modern tomb mosque of the Khedive Tewfik (the father of

the present Khedive), which is resplendent with a wealth of interior decorations, suffers in comparison.

The defeat of the Mamelukes, and the Ottoman occupation of Kâhira in 1517, caused no cessation of mosque building; but there was a departure from the Saracenic models, and also a still more marked return to the congregational form than had been witnessed in the days of the great builders just noted. This is evident in the last great mosque of the modern period, that of Mohammed Ali (the independent monarch), begun by that ruler, but not completed until 1857. It is situated in the citadel and has an immense court, surrounded by arcades; but, unlike the original type, it is covered with an immense dome, producing an impressive effect. The exterior has also four smaller domes (one on each side) and two very tall minarets, with shorter ones on each corner. The mosque is likewise called the Alabaster Mosque, as the columns are built of yellow alabaster and the walls encrusted with it; its location in the citadel gives it a commanding position, and, being modern, it has escaped the ravages of time.

Only a few representative mosques have here been outlined architecturally (several others were visited), but an attempt has been made to give these their political and social signifi-

Openwork dagobas

cance and setting. Of the artistic side of the picture, it is claimed, on high authority, that there have been manifested, in the construction of these mosques, great architectural skill, perfection of ornament in wood, plaster, and stone, and a careful adherence to Saracenic principles.

The most conspicuous point in Cairo is the citadel, erected by Saladin in 1166, and constituting a fitting monument of his reign. From its position and its fortification, it would seem almost invincible; but, unfortunately, the fortress is itself commanded by the higher Mokattam hills, as was shown in 1805, when Mohammed Ali, by means of a battery placed on a hill, compelled Karishid Pasha to surrender the stronghold. The mosque of Mohammed Ali, placed in the citadel, as already described, can be seen from every side, and the barracks are also a prominent feature; but the presence of British troops seems hardly to harmonize with the Oriental environment.

A fine view of the city may be seen from the ramparts, but it is surpassed by the view to be had from the Mokattam hills; on our way there, some of the party took donkeys from near the citadel, but others (like myself) walked, if the exercise of ploughing through the deep furrows of sand may so be termed. A slippery climb, and all of Cairo with its environs lay before us — and such a view! It was in the late afternoon

of a perfect day; the scene was, in the main, Oriental, the European touches being less visible from a distance. First, a confused stretch of domes, minarets, and roofs; then a separate mosque stood out, and we recognized Sultân Hasan and Ibn Tûlûn. Farther on were seen the towers above the Bâb Zuweyler gate; then the Tombs of the Khalifs, blended together, and still farther there appeared the shadowy outlines of the old Mosque of Amr. At our feet stood the citadel, while the Alabaster Mosque and the line of arches marking the old aqueduct were clearly visible. The setting sun illumined the silver line of the Nile, touched the distant pyramids resting on the desert, and revealed the far-away step pyramid of Sakkara. Its glory seemed all to be gathered here, suffusing the whole panorama, and resting upon the scene like a silent benediction.

The island of Rodda divides the Nile, and was formerly connected by bridges of boats with both the island of Gizeh and Fustât, now old Cairo. It was formerly a place of commercial importance, and had extensive dockyards; according to tradition it is a place of Biblical associations, since a palace occupied by Pharaoh's daughter is pointed out, and also the place on the river where Moses was found in the bulrushes.

The old Nilometer, for measuring the depths

Citadel and Mosque of Mahomet Ali

of the Nile, which was erected in 716, is of interest. It consists of a square well, sixteen feet in diameter, having, in the centre, an octagonal column on which the ancient Arabic measures are inscribed. It was last remodelled in 1893. We visited old Cairo and the Coptic churches, six of which are situated in the precincts of the ancient castle of Babylon. The Copts are considered fine representatives of the old Egyptians, and they have succeeded in preserving their language and liturgy through twelve centuries of fierce oppression. The Fatimid period alone allowed them some measure of toleration; their religious forms are similar to those of the Greek church, but their discipline is more severe, their Lenten fast covering a period of fifty-five days, with abstinence from sunrise to sunset.

The Church of St. George will illustrate the peculiar arrangement of their religious edifices. Following the example of the older Egyptian Byzantine churches, the nave and tribune are uncovered and the side aisles have galleries. The nave has three divisions: first, a vestibule; second, a section set apart for women; and third, another section for men. There are the usual choir, sanctuary, and side chapels, and the division between the choir and the sanctuary is ornamented with carvings in wood and ivory. The church also contains Byzantine carving and mosaics, and is characterized by the usual

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richness in decoration. A flight of twelve steps descends into the crypt, a small vaulted chapel with marble columns situated under the choir. At the end of the nave is an altar, around which has sprung up the tradition that the Virgin and Child there rested during a month's stay, after the flight to Egypt. The Church of St. Sergius is similar in construction, as are others of the group, besides hundreds more scattered through Egypt. The dust of ages clung to our skirts as we left the desolate scene, and there was within us the consciousness that, for old Cairo, there could be no resurrection.

One of the places that might consume days in the inspection is the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, which it is impossible to describe in a limited space. But to the student of Egyptology and to the tourist it is alike important, because, in its monuments of stone and bronze, it presents visible proofs of a wonderful past, while the sarcophagi, mummies, and other remains taken from the tombs, reveal the life and habits of the early Egyptians.

With only two mornings for an inspection, we devoted one to a general view of the museum, and the other to the fine collection of our fellow-traveller, Mr. Theodore Davis, for which a special room is reserved. Mr. Davis courteously explained to us the different objects, or "finds"; these included artistic articles of household use,

a fine group of Canopic jars, and miscellaneous pieces of unusual merit (all from the tombs of the Kings at Thebes); the whole exhibit showing what an enthusiast, with time and means, can accomplish in the interest of a buried past.

An excursion of great meaning is that to the pyramids. Crossing the Nile, we followed its course to the former palace of Gizeh; then the way led inland, along what was formerly a fine carriage drive, but now one usually takes the tram to save time. Our arrival was exciting, owing to the number of persistent Bedouins who met us with donkeys and camels. A white donkey, named Snowflake, and an attendant, named Yankee Doodle, fell to me, while a camel, named Mary Anderson, was allotted to a friend. An inquiry as to why American names prevailed, revealed the fact that the names of the animals are adjustable, according to the nationality of the party to be supplied.

The appearance of the pyramids is familiar the world over, but an actual view of these monuments of hoary age ever inspires awe and reverence. As we ascended the plateau (twelve hundred by sixteen hundred yards), and rode within the shadow of the pyramids, our feeling was deepened by the view of the barren waste stretched before us, — yellowish sand and piles of debris accentuating the solitude of the place,

while the inscrutable Sphinx and other monuments added their silent testimony.

A more extended view revealed "the river of rivers," on each bank of which appeared a green line of foliage; beyond this could be dimly seen cultivated fields with intersecting canals, while tiny villages lent the human touch, and far away, Cairo, with her gleaming domes and minarets, became an appropriate background for the scene.

All the members of our party having previously visited the spot, we were spared the excitement of climbing the walls and entering the chambers, greatly to the disappointment of our guides, to whom the prospect of extra bakshish is always alluring. Our tour of observation consumed so much time that the usual programme of five o'clock tea at the Hôtel Mene was abandoned. On our arrival in the city, the mantle of night had fallen, — a peaceful close to a never-to-be-forgotten day.

Another afternoon's excursion was made by carriage to the old villages of Matariya and Heliopolis. Near the former place is an ancient gnarled sycamore, under which, so tradition says, the Holy Family rested in their flight to Egypt. The present tree was planted in 1672, but the credulous still beleve it to be a direct descendant of the original one. A fine spring which flows in the vicinity is also supposed to

The obelisk marking the site of Heliopolis

have lost its natural brackish taste on account of the infant Jesus having been bathed in it. A half-mile farther on is Heliopolis, the old City of the Sun. It is now marked by the solitary obelisk, which alone remains to remind us of a past that stretches untold centuries back of the Muslim conquest of Egypt in 640; and of a city that was the exponent of the most ancient civilization of the world.

The obelisk is the oldest Egyptian one known; it is of red granite, sixty-six feet in height, although it seems lower on account of the mass of debris at the base, and is inscribed with hieroglyphics. There remain a few granite blocks of the temple, designated the House of Ra, whose priests were so learned as to have attracted Plato when a student, to have drawn Herodotus into discussion, and to have laid the foundation of Moses' wisdom.

Heliopolis has been the scene of many stirring events, the victory of the Turks over the Mamelukes occurring there in 1517, while in 1800 General Kléber successfully led the French forces against the Turks. The memory of the active past serves to emphasize the present solitude of the place.

A favorite resort of the Cairo folk is the island of Gezireh; here a long avenue of lebbek trees furnishes a fashionable promenade, while games of golf, tennis, cricket, and polo, together with

the races, are a constant source of attraction. The once famous palace of Gezireh (the scene of great festivities at the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869) is now turned into a popular hotel; its grounds slope down to the Nile, where dahabiyehs are sometimes anchored; an inspection of one of these, the *Bedouin*, excited our admiration.

The time of our stay was drawing to a close, and Cairo was again to become "memory" with a past stretching back into centuries without number. Egypt has a human history that is almost appalling to the thoughtful mind; this limitless stretch of time may, in part, explain the peculiar, indefinable charm that Cairo has upon the imagination of the beholder, thus winning for herself the appropriate name of the "Mysterious City of the Nile."

✦

Port Saïd, *November 26th:* The return to Port Saïd in the afternoon was followed by our departure on another P. & O. steamer, the *Arabia*, for Bombay, India.

One enters the Suez Canal with peculiar sensations, as it is a waterway of vast importance, connecting the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and so narrow that the shores on both sides are distinctly visible. It extends from Port Saïd to Suez, and is nearly one hundred miles in length; it is artificial, with the exception of a channel

through Bitter Lakes and Lake Tinsuh. All along the way, we were virtually traversing the desert, Isma'iliya presenting a small oasis, fifty miles from Port Saïd. From the deck we watched the monotonous scene, hour after hour, the landscape being old and colorless, with great billows of sand in the foreground, and here and there occasional hillocks. Once we saw mountains of sand, called the Gebel Abû Batah range. Sometimes a few native huts would appear (the mere semblance of a village), then a stray camel or two, or a group of natives with their pigskins, intent on securing water. The Great Bitter Lake is a fine body of water, and it afforded us a temporary relief from the monotony of the Canal. There was a short stay at Suez, which has all the stir of a noisy modern port. We were now for a time in the Gulf of Suez, but saw nothing except a yellow beach and low outlying mountains; we longed for even a patch of grass, but, alas! this was the season of drought, and vegetation was slumbering.

But if Nature was dull and lifeless, there was no lack of jollity on board the steamer, for the passengers were mostly English, and there were constant games or other devices for "killing time," in which the English as a nation are so proficient.

We sailed out of the Gulf of Suez into the Red Sea, which afforded some variety of scene, as

there were occasional islands, that of Perim being the most important and a possession of Great Britain. It stands prominently out of the sea in its length of two miles, and seems almost destitute of vegetation, although there was a little settlement close to the shore.

Thus far, contrary to all expectation, we had had comfortable weather; but Aden, a few hours later, gave us a heated welcome. This small city of Arabia is picturesquely situated on the Arabian Sea, high up on rocky cliffs; we had anticipated a hurried survey of the city, but the heat was so excessive that only a few gentlemen ventured ashore; however, we had a little diversion on the steamer in the interval, as numerous natives appeared with amber beads, ostrich feathers (which are a noted commodity of the place) and fans; this provoked the usual contest in bargains.

The evening brought us compensation for a day of heat, with its consequent languor, in the shape of a gorgeous sunset; a huge ball of fire hung in the west and radiated great streaks of red, yellow, and blue, these fading away into the softer tints, and then came the most wonderful afterglow, the heavens being suffused, and the whole scene making one breathless, as if under a spell.

The Arabian Sea gave us an aftermath of heat, but, remembering with considerable satis-

The Suez Canal near Port Saïd

faction that the days of our transit were nearly over, we assumed an indifferent air.

✦

Bombay, *December 6th:* On nearing India, with its far-away past, I was convinced that I would be first impressed with its Oriental aspect, but, on the contrary, the approach to Bombay presented a decidedly modern phase. There is a fine, almost semi-circular harbor, with a modern quay, and tall buildings encircling the shore, the tasteful Royal Bombay Yacht Club in the front, the spacious new Taj Mahal Hotel to the left, having about a block of frontage on the bay, while farther back were other tall buildings. Dusky faces greeted us at the landing, and a Babel of voices in an unknown tongue, or rather tongues, since many tribes were represented, each with their separate dialect.

Arriving at the Taj Mahal, we felt a sense of strangeness, as the arrangement of rooms and the service were distinctly foreign. There were almost too many attendants or servants (two for each room, an upper and a lower one), and the waiters in the dining-room were more interesting to me than the menu, — the Portuguese wearing white uniforms with short jackets, pink vests, and black ties; the Mohammedans attired in long white tunics, with wide belts at the waist, loose trousers, and barefooted.

It was reserved for an afternoon drive through the crowded native quarter, however, to give us a striking impression of the India of the past. Every nook and corner of the narrow streets seemed a blaze of color — women in their full skirts of many shades of red (that color predominating), with diverse novel waist arrangements and a profusion of jewelry, bracelets, necklaces, earrings, and anklets. Men were in their many-hued turbans of various styles, with no clothing to the waist and a limited supply below. Then there were boys and small children, — the former with only a loin cloth, the latter as Nature made them, with silver chains bearing quite large hearts suspended around their waists, and with smaller chains around their necks, each supposed to ward off sudden calamity or disease.

But, if there was color in the dress, there was emaciation in the figure, — thin features, thin limbs, and flat chests being the prevailing type, a fair indication that their scanty supply of food does not furnish them sufficient nutrition. Northern India is the so-termed "famine district," and the famine of one year is said to have destroyed over four millions of people; pestilence is always threatening these natives, and besides, the demands for tribute of an enervated priesthood (who "toil not," alas! "neither do they spin") have to be met. So is it any wonder

Aden, Arabia

that poverty prevails and that sadness of countenance is everywhere seen?

The bazars are similar in arrangement to those in Cairo; but more novel wares are displayed, and less bargaining is resorted to. The European shops were satisfactory, and we invested at once in white felt topee hats lined with green, and also in ecru parasols similarly lined, for dire tales had been told us of the penalty we should suffer if we were not thus equipped, on account of the great power of the sun in midday; often the heat was known to bring on insanity (on the authority of a long-time resident of India). The wearing of that topee hat was a great personal sacrifice, as it was horribly unbecoming, and after some weeks of trial one of our party was brave enough to advise a second venture; a Calcutta style was tried, with no better results, so you can imagine the joy of the final "giving up"!

If the native quarters revealed to us an unknown life, so did a country drive, for there were trees and shrubs never before seen, and queer little thatched houses of the bungalow type. Groups of cocoanut and other palms were all lacking in freshness, as this was the dry season, and dust must prevail until the arrival of the "monsoon," or rainy season, in May. The domestic animals seemed to thrive, such as camels, donkeys, bullocks, and there

were many birds, the little mina and the green paroquets being of special interest, while immense black crows hovered about everywhere.

The European aspect of Bombay is imposing, and the public and municipal buildings are hardly to be surpassed, the railway station claiming the distinction, architecturally, of being the finest in the world. The dominant type of public building is designed in what is called Gothic Indian style.

The drive along Queen's Road is a dream of beauty. The private residences, each with fine grounds, are many and tasteful, those along Queen's Road being usually occupied by the military class or by officials in the civil service. Malabar Hill is also a residential centre, and a drive there affords one an extended view of the city. There also one may have a glimpse of the Arabian Sea, but a much better view is to be had from the grounds of the Towers of Silence, that strange exemplification of the faith of a peculiar people.

We had met a Parsee gentleman of culture and refinement on the steamer, *en route* for Bombay, which fact made us eager to learn something of this sect. They came to India from Persia, twelve hundred years ago, driven away on account of Mohammedan persecution. They are strict followers of the tenets of Zoroaster, their creed, briefly epitomized, being "Good thoughts,

Victoria Station at Bombay

good words, and good deeds." There are about one hundred thousand in Bombay; as a class they are well educated, and have great business capacity; hence they are prominent in commercial affairs, particularly in banking. They are generous and charitable, and are at the head of most of the philanthropic institutions of the city; many distinctions have been won by them from the English Government.

Their strange treatment of the dead shows what a strong hold custom and faith can have over a people; believing that fire is a symbol of Deity, and also revering the earth, neither cremation nor burial of the dead is permitted. The Towers of Silence, five of them occupying the most beautiful site on Malabar Hill, and surrounded by spacious grounds with trees, shrubbery, and flowers, hold the Parsee dead.

These towers are of whitewashed stone, two hundred and seventy-five feet in circumference, and twenty-five feet in height; the upper floors are of iron grating, with three circles, whereon the corpses are placed; the inner circle is for children, the next for women, and the outer one for men. Thus placed, the vultures, which have been hovering about awaiting their prey, complete the work, and soon only the skeletons remain; these are thrown into a circular well in the centre of the enclosure, where they quickly turn to dust. This well has perforated holes in the

bottom, so that the action of the rain can carry away the dust to still another receptacle, which in time reaches the sea. Previous to the ceremony, one hundred or more mourners, robed in white, may be seen walking up the hill, preceded by four men, carrying the bier on their shoulders. They pass into the house of prayer for a time, and then proceed to the Towers, where they are met by the only two men (of the outcast class) who are ever permitted to enter, to whom the body is consigned for the final rite.

And yet, in spite of all this gruesomeness, the Parsees are a happy, social people, and their entertainments, particularly their weddings, are described as presenting a brilliant array of bejewelled women, tastefully dressed in the soft tinted silks they so much affect, with the long graceful veils falling to the feet. This is the only head covering worn in a carriage or on the street. The men, however, usually wear the conventional European dress, but on ceremonial occasions a white costume is required, with a small black hat.

Another sombre feature of Indian life is the prevalence of caste, which no foreigner can expect to understand, so complex is the system. There are four general classes: the Brahman, or princely caste (this has four subdivisions); the military caste; the commercial caste; and the laboring caste, commonly called "coolies."

Queen's Road at Bombay

These in their turn admit of many subdivisions, and when we realize that caste is hereditary and that whatever a man's ambition he can never rise above his station, even though he seek to secure promotion, we may understand what a yoke it imposes on the people.

Another bar is custom, which is quite as iron-clad as is caste; whenever any improvement is suggested, either in dress or in living, the suggestion is usually met with the reply that it is prevented by custom. This applies particularly to the agricultural class, among whom the crude ploughs and other out-of-date implements cannot be replaced by modern ones, as it has been the custom to use the former. Even the carrying of heavy burdens on the head cannot be given up; woe to any one who suggests substituting the carrying of a basket! A laughable incident is told of a European gentleman who employed a number of men to carry sand; thinking to lighten their labor, he purchased wheelbarrows, but on visiting the scene of action a week later, he found the men with the barrows on their heads! No doubt, the reply to his protest was, "It is custom."

Another deplorable condition in India is found among women, particularly of the lower classes, as they are considered of a more inferior order than the men of the family and are treated with little respect, being virtually slaves.

The higher class lead secluded lives, but do not escape the inflexible law that demands the marriage of a girl by the age of fourteen, or the ostracism thrust upon the child widow, who, on returning to a home of which she was once an honored member, finds herself virtually an outcast. Her pretty clothes are taken from her, and she is required to do the menial work of the family; this is the Indian protest against the abolishing of the suttee, or the burning of widows on the funeral pyre of their husbands, — cruelties prevented by English rule, as are also the practice of child suicide and the passing of the Juggernaut car over the prostrate bodies of living victims.

These phases are not pleasant to contemplate, but are none the less necessary to know, if one is to form even a superficial idea of "conditions." It is gratifying to learn that still more reforms are advocated, and that there are to be more schools established, similar to the one originated by Ramabai, not far from Bombay, as a refuge for child widows. She received financial aid when in the United States a few years since. Mrs. Annie Besant has also established, at Benares, a school under Theosophical auspices, called Central Hindu College; this has for its object the combination of religious, moral, mental, and athletic instruction for Hindu youths.

Country scene in Bombay

The European residents of Bombay lead their own lives, and the social usages are quite the same as in England; the usual "sports" abound there, such as golf, tennis, and cricket, polo, and the races, while yachting has great prestige under the auspices of the aristocratic yacht club on Apollo Bunder.

The Victoria and Albert Museum has a fine building, but an unimportant collection; it stands in Victoria Gardens (a park of thirty-four acres, well laid out), and near the south entrance are the remains of the stone elephant which gave the island of Elephanta its name; the gardens are a popular resort. In another portion of the city is the best statue of Queen Victoria to be found in India.

An unusually fine market building is surmounted by a handsome clock-tower. There are large, well-equipped hospitals and a college, in addition to the number of buildings for public uses. One frequently sees gayly painted mosques and temples. Among the many ruins, those of Siva, called the Caves of Elephanta, are of most interest.

A steam launch was taken at the Apollo Bunder, and, after an hour and a half on the bay, we arrived at the island; the landing was not agreeable, and we were met with a chorus of voices from boys and men, crying "Memsahib" this and "Memsahib" that; some were

beggars, others were intent on renting their "chairs" for the ascent of the hill.

The caves are excavations in the solid rock from fifteen to seventeen feet in height; originally there had been a plan, showing the arrangement of columns and colonnades, but the depredations of the followers of Mohammed in the past are everywhere to be seen. The entrance to one cave, however, is well preserved, as is also a group, almost life size, of Siva, Vishnu, and Brahma, called the Trinity. The caves are said to be the home of many deadly snakes, but none appeared, and a deathlike stillness prevailed; once in the sunshine again, we met a snake charmer with a lively collection of what seemed to be cobras, but we declined to gaze upon them.

Further visits to the streets and bazars revealed new scenes, and such a variety of nationalities! As Sir Edwin Arnold has written: "Here are specimens of every race and nation of the East, Arabs from Muscat, Persians from the Gulf, Afghans from the northern frontier, black shaggy negroes from Zanzibar, islanders from the Maldives and Laccadives; Malays and Chinese throng and jostle with Parsees in their sloping hats, with Jews, Lascars, Rajputs, Fakirs, European Sepoys, and Sahibs."

My vivid impression of Bombay is a memory of the June-like temperature (in December),

A Tower of Silence

the lovely drives, and the never-ending panorama of the water front as seen from my hotel windows, sometimes dazzlingly bright in the sunlight, and again subdued, as the soft opalescent tints of the twilight enveloped the landscape in a shadowy haze. Before me lay ocean steamers, merchantmen, a man of war, yachts, and many smaller vessels, with rowboats of diverse pattern; to the left was the pier, while the English flag floated from the attractive yacht club. It was, however, a typical Continental view, and not an Oriental one, so sharp an impress has England made on a city and island which were not acquired by conquest (it is pleasant to note), but as the marriage portion of Catharine of Braganza, of Portugal, when she became the bride of King Charles II of England. This transference was a fortunate thing for Bombay, all foreign residents and tourists agree, but native appreciation, if there is any, seems to slumber, as is the usual rule where colonization exists.

The equipment of a party leaving for a tour through India is important, for a poor guide or an indifferent travelling servant (also called bearer) would mar the pleasure. Bedding and towels for each member of the party must be looked after (mostly for night travel, as the hotels now usually prepare the beds), the guides must also be supplied, and one must be careful

to have appropriate clothing for the journey. Your travelling servant is, according to custom, not expected to do any menial service (so considered), such as strapping your trunks, or removing your hand luggage from your room. This work is performed by so-called coolies; of course, a travelling servant may be so obliging as to offer to carry your handbag (as was often done by ours), but you must be duly appreciative of this show of favor.

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JEYPORE, *December 10th:* On the morning of our departure from Bombay, we each found a fat, brown, English "hold-all," enclosing bedding, which was added to our luggage, the aggregate requiring much additional space in our compartments. Our route to Jeypore lay through Ahmedabad, once a place of much importance, and still of interest on account of its artistic mosques. But the lack of hotel accommodations for a party deterred us from stopping over, and also prevented our visiting the celebrated Jain temples at Mount Abu, a ride of several miles to the mountains in a jinrikisha. I would, however, advise all tourists to take this trip, even at some personal discomfort, as the temples are said to be marvellously beautiful.

The arrival at Jeypore was in the chill of late evening; as we approached the Hotel Kaiser-i-Hind (the best the place affords), a blaze of

Entrance to one of the Caves of Elephanta

light showed us a large open veranda, furnished with chairs, sofas, and tables, and evidently the salon of the hotel. My room opened from the end of the balcony, and it was large and cheerless, so all hope of warmth vanished; a small, dark bathroom was at one side (with no light except when a door was opened), furnished with the regulation high round bathtub and a shaky washstand; neither of the outer doors would lock! The floors on opposite sides of both rooms contained ominous-looking square openings, suggesting the possibilities of certain reptiles which we had been told existed, but which we had not yet seen. After viewing all these "tranquillizing" influences, we retired, having first undone the distasteful "hold-all" for extra bedding.

The next morning dawned without the door having been opened and without the appearance of the dreaded lizards. The veranda salon presented an animated appearance; several men in turbans and wearing camel's-hair shawls (draped around the shoulders) were sitting on the floor, displaying their many commodities, which included embroideries, shawls, garnet beads (a specialty of Jeypore), necklaces of various kinds, together with swords, daggers, and the like, all warranted to be antique. "Memsahib" was heard in every direction, for the arrival of a party of supposedly rich Ameri-

cans had been duly heralded. Resisting their importunities for the time being, we entered an inner room and found comfort and a fairly good breakfast waiting us. Such persistency and eloquence, nevertheless, as were later displayed by those dealers in describing their wares are seldom heard! Fortunate for us that some of the articles were attractive enough to be purchased, stilling the clamor for a time! But as we had been told that this would be the usual programme on our arrival at any place in the Orient, the future prospect was not alluring.

While over a quarter of India's population as well as a third of its area is under native rule, the "beaten track" is subject to English régime. Hence the visit to Jeypore, the capital of the independent province of Rajputana, is always regarded as a new experience. We found indeed a unique city, situated on a plain, hemmed in by lofty hills, with streets and buildings the color of old rose pink, and with broad, regularly laid out thoroughfares, two long straight streets intersecting each other at right angles near the palace, thus forming four corners. Here is a fountain, and the point is a centre of life and action; crowds of people surge back and forth, almost trodden underfoot by the ever-present, ponderous elephants, camels, and bullocks, drawing the little *ekkas*, — every one disputing the right of way. Proceed in any direction and

Street scene in Jespore

more unusual street scenes present themselves along a single block than can elsewhere be found, and this in a city less than two centuries old! It is due, however, to the barbaric character of an environment where a gorgeous Maharaja, tigers, leopards, and elephants all figure in the scene, where the crowds always seem happy and life is one large "merry go round."

The Palace of the Wind is a peculiar structure; visitors are not admitted, and it is usually reserved for the guests of the Maharaja on State occasions, the ruler being very hospitable. It is said that a polite intimation on the part of a tourist that he desires to visit the interior, coupled with some slight credential, will cause one or two elephants and a body-guard to be placed at his disposal for the expedition.

Not much of the "Palace of Occupation" was seen; a large audience room was finely proportioned, but looked uninviting, as the rugs were rolled up and the furniture covered. The stables adjoining were, however, of great interest, as three hundred horses were in the collection, some of them of rare value. Later, we visited the elephant stalls and the leopard and tiger cages. In another locality the observatory, covering a large open space, was filled with the quaint old devices, now obsolete, for studying the heavens.

The long streets are lined with bazars of the

usual plan but much larger; workers in brass predominated, that being a specialty of Jeypore. There is a flourishing Art School where old forms of vases, lamps, and boxes are reproduced, the original designs being loaned from the Victoria and Albert Memorial Museum, which occupies an artistic building in the centre of spacious grounds. There one may find a rare collection of old brass, gold and silver enamel, wood carving, weaving and embroidery, all classified and arranged in historical order.

A native school, or college, greatly interested us; there were groups of boys in a number of rooms, all belonging to the best Rajput families. There are special rooms devoted to Sanskrit, English (here the boys recited a poem in unison), history, logic, philosophy, and the natural sciences.

There were a number of unpretentious Hindu temples, and the Maharaja is said to be quite punctilious in his observance of religious forms. He was absent from the city, but several brothers of his were seen driving, clad in long garments of gaudy-colored striped calico, and wearing small turbans; the dress of the women was also peculiar, the skirt being so full that as they walked they resembled balloons; they are noted for wearing a profusion of jewelry, — necklaces by the half-dozen, bracelets sometimes

A Hindu woman of Jeypore

nearly to the elbow, anklets, heavy earrings, nose-rings, and finger-rings without number.

Animals and birds in large quantities added motion and color to the street scenes, together with brightly caparisoned elephants, stately camels, and white bullocks with their long horns and dreamy eyes, drawing the little two-wheeled *ekka*, which sometimes carried four occupants. Peacocks flashed in and out at every turn (they are considered a sacred bird and are therefore protected), while blue-breasted pigeons came in clouds whenever there was a prospect of a feast.

There are processions of various kinds, the highest function of all being a wedding procession, where the brilliancy varies according to the amount of means that can be expended by the prospective bridegroom. In one afternoon we witnessed eight of these spectacles; the first was given by a man of wealth who was seated on an elephant, the palanquin of which was gorgeous in its decoration; he himself was richly dressed, as were the attendant friends. The procession was preceded by a band of music, and in the group were six nautch, or dancing girls; at intervals of about two blocks, the cavalcade stopped, matting was thrown down, and the dancers came and executed a slow-measured dance, which continued for about five minutes; then the procession moved on to

the next point, this programme continuing until the home of the bride was reached. All of this we witnessed. The other seven wedding processions presented variations; in one the principal actor was a boy of about fourteen who looked terrified; two of the processions consisted of poor men; sometimes carriages were substituted for the elephants, and the dancing girls were omitted, but there were always music and a crowd.

Elephants figured prominently in our trip to the old city of Amber, five miles distant, and the former capital of Rajputana. We left our carriage some distance away and were conveyed the remainder of the journey by two elephants, named Munsie and Bunsie, with gayly painted faces and trunks, furnished through the courtesy of the Maharaja. In this fashion we made our entrance.

The old city of Amber is situated below the palace, which is on the side of a mountain, with a long-stretching fort back of it; the situation, together with the gray walls of the palace and the fort, all makes a striking picture, reminding one of mediæval times; the palace is well preserved, many of the rooms are artistic, and the fine public audience chamber particularly impressed us. Here large gatherings are held in connection with ceremonial occasions at Jeypore; the Prince of Wales had

Interior view of Amber Palace

been entertained here two years previous, at which time the city of Jeypore was made resplendent with a fresh coat of the rose pink preparation.

Near the entrance to the Amber Palace was an exquisite little Hindu temple, dedicated to the terrible goddess, Kali, who delights in sacrifice; this was presided over by a revolting-looking priest, and there were evident traces of the daily morning sacrifice of a goat. Once a year one hundred goats are offered up, together with other animals; formerly human beings were sacrificed to appease the goddess, but this slaughter is now prohibited by law. In a well-kept garden back of the palace there is a fine collection of tropical fruits and of unfamiliar shrubs. This ruined city of Amber must have presented a wonderful spectacle two centuries ago, before the pageants and old-time customs were transferred to its modern prototype, Jeypore.

Another afternoon's experience in Jeypore seemed even more like a scene from a comic opera, — only the curtain is never lowered in this most spectacular city in India, if not in the entire world.

The pleasure of our stay in Jeypore was greatly enhanced by the intelligence of the local guide, who was of the Brahman class and broadly educated; he had an enlarged

idea of the benefit to be derived from a sojourn in the New World, but he seemed uncertain with regard to securing a position in New York. One of the gentlemen suggested that he might at first seek employment as a butler, but his reply was that it would be impossible for him to engage in any menial work on account of his caste; this is a mild illustration of the domination of social lines.

A little wave of excitement was created on the morning of December 12th by a slight earthquake; we were still further shaken up by the constant presence of the persistent venders whenever we were at the hotel, who even followed us to the station the hour of our departure for Delhi, when articles were purchased by us at half their original price.

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Delhi, *December 13th:* A greater contrast can hardly be imagined than that between barbaric, pleasure-loving Jeypore, and Delhi, a city full of old-time associations, whose triumphs of architectural skill and sculptured devices have won for it the admiration of the world.

The fort and palace, together with the adjacent mosque, called Jumma Musjid, are the chief centres of interest and the points we first visited. The two places suffered greatly during the mutiny of 1857, and the old Mogul

General view of Amber Palace and fort near Jeypore

capital has passed through so many vicissitudes that a little historical setting seems necessary.

Of the city's early history very little is known before the Mohammedan conquest, in 1193 A. D. There are, however, the ruins of two Hindu forts of the eleventh century in old Delhi (covering many miles south of Delhi), as well as the famous iron pillar of Kutub Minar, to be alluded to later. Delhi was not favored by the greatest of Mogul rulers, King Akbar, or by his son, King Jahangir; however, his grandson, Shah Jahan, built the fort in 1638, and later the palace and great mosque — hence the name, Shah Jahanabad, and in his connection with the Taj Mahal and palace at Agra, he won the title of the "Great Builder"; he also transferred the capital from Agra to Delhi.

A century later, the city was sacked by Nadir Shah, of Persia, and a general massacre occurred. Although finally defeated, he took with him many treasures, among them the priceless Peacock Throne and the valuable Kohinur diamond; the latter is now in the possession of King Edward of England.

Other changes followed, until, in 1804, British occupation was effected; but even then the descendants of the Mogul monarchs were allowed some show of royalty, until after the King's

treachery and deposition at the time of the mutiny of 1857. This must be briefly alluded to, as it is truly said, "Delhi is steeped in mutiny memories!"

Various causes have been assigned for this great mutiny of the Bengal troops, but it was probably due in part to a season of unrest, some minor event precipitating the crisis. The revolt occurred on May 10th, at Meerut, forty miles distant; at first there were but twenty-five hundred men, then other regiments joined them, and, on their arrival in Delhi, they attacked the civil offices, and the inmates were compelled to flee to the fort, where they were murdered.

The Fifty-fourth Regiment marched to the relief, but most of the officers were shot, and the native soldiers refused to act, — a precedent followed by the natives of other regiments; thus the rebels were largely reinforced, and they soon had complete possession of the fort, which was then well garrisoned by native officers who were thoroughly trained in English tactics. The mutiny was now complete, and English rule for the time being ceased; disturbances also spread to Agra, Cawnpore, and Lucknow, so the army was necessarily divided; however, the bravery of the British forces at Delhi was such that by May 20th the fort and palace had been regained. The

A gateway built during the seventeenth century in Delhi

The Pearl Mosque at Delhi

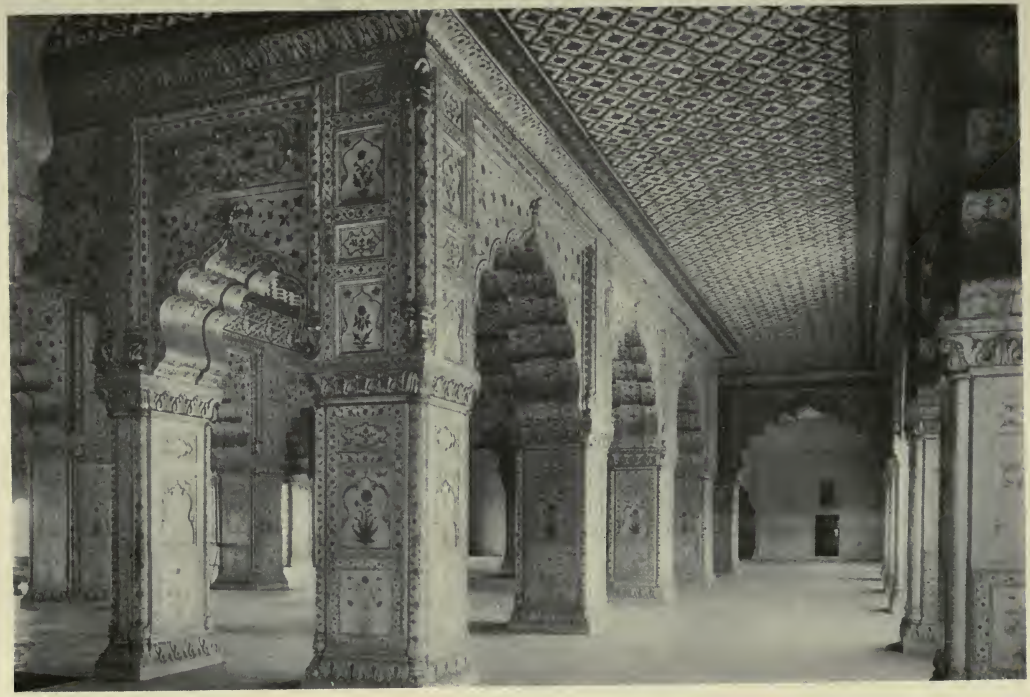
King was captured before Humayun's tomb (outside the city), and, the King's sons surrendering, they were shot in front of the Delhi gate of the fort. The victory, nevertheless, was only won through the sacrifice of many lives, the loss of officers being particularly heavy; the city also suffered greatly from the siege, and the beauty of the fort and palace was much impaired.

There are two fine gates to the fort, — the Lahore on the west side, and the Delhi on the south side, — both built by Shah Jahan, between 1638 and 1648. The fort is encircled by a massive red sandstone wall; we passed through the grand archway of the Lahore gate, into a vaulted arcade which Mr. Ferguson (the famous authority on architecture) considers the noblest entrance known to any palace. The arcade ends in the centre of the outer main court, measuring five hundred and forty by three hundred and sixty feet; the inner court is somewhat larger and is surrounded by cloisters or galleries. On the farther side of this inner court is the fine Hall of Public Audience, Diwan-i-Am, one hundred by sixty feet, where the proportions and the arrangement of columns and arches are perfect. At one end of this hall is a raised recess in which the Emperor used to be seated on the famous Peacock Throne, which Nadir Shah carried to

Persia; before the throne, and lower, was the seat occupied by the prime minister, while above it were placed the inlaid panels by Austin of Bordeaux.

The hall was restored under the direction of the late viceroy, Lord Curzon, and we saw Florentine artists renewing the inlaid work in the panels. The remarkable throne was six feet long and four feet wide; it stood on six massive feet, which, with the body of the chair, were of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The throne took its name from having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails extended, and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, pearls, emeralds, and diamonds as to be lifelike in its color. All this was surmounted by a canopy of gold, and supported by twelve pillars, richly emblazoned with gems, while a fringe of pearls ornamented the edge of the canopy. There were still more costly adjuncts, but these details must suffice; it is needless to add that the loss of the throne was considered a national calamity.

A gate on one side of this hall led to the inner court of the palace, and to the Hall of Private Audience, or Diwan-i-Khas, which is among the most graceful assembly rooms in the world. It is ninety by sixty-seven feet, and is built entirely of white marble, inlaid with precious



The Hall of Private Audience in the Palace, Delhi

Jumma Musjid, Delhi

stones; at either end of the hall is the famous Persian inscription:

> "If heaven can be on the face of the earth,
> It is this, oh! it is this, oh! it is this!"

Not far removed from here are the royal apartments, consisting of three suites of rooms, with an octagonal tower projecting over the river Jumna. These rooms are all finely decorated. Beyond them are the Rang Mahal, or Painted Palace, — the residence of the chief Sultana, — and the royal baths, consisting of three large rooms fitted in white marble, elaborately inlaid. Opposite to this is the Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque.

There are more buildings that could be described, but some were injured at the time of the mutiny, and others have since been removed, presumably in the interest of modern requirements.

We made our exit through the Delhi gate; between the inner and outer arches stand the Chettar elephants which were replaced by order of Lord Curzon. The Jumma Musjid is raised on a lofty basement; it has three gateways, four corner towers, two lofty minarets, and three domes. We ascended one of the towers and had an extended view; inside there is a spacious quadrangle, three hundred and twenty-five feet square, in the centre of which is a fountain for ablution; and on three sides

there are sandstone cloisters. An immense concourse of people assemble here for prayer every Friday; the mosque in arrangement is very similar to the congregational mosques of Cairo.

The Kalun Musjid, usually called Black Mosque, dates from 1386. It is of peculiar construction, having two stories, and is somewhat Egyptian in appearance. A Jain temple was so hemmed in by streets that its appearance was much impaired, but the interior was beautiful in design and finish.

The street known as Chandni Chauk fully sustained its reputation as a shopping centre; it is over a mile in length and is always a scene of sparkle and commotion; on it were the usual bazars, but also many larger stores, as Delhi is considered the finest shopping point in India, particularly in precious stones, — jewelry being the commodity most heralded, as we learned to our sorrow.

On arriving at Maiden's Hotel (under English management, but semi-Oriental in its arrangement), we complacently viewed our rooms on the second floor, opening upon a gallery and overlooking a large court. Here at last, so we thought, was a haven of refuge from jewelry intruders, but, alas! we were no sooner located than they appeared, — not the impecunious class, but dealers with shops and a bank account, — bringing with them a vast

array of really beautiful gems, which were tempting but high-priced. To say that, on an average, three of these men knocked at our door during the morning bath, while as many were waiting for us at the luncheon hour, literally camping out on the balcony during the evening hours, is no exaggeration. Then the cards they presented, the insinuations they indulged in with regard to the other man's goods (who was waiting outside)! It really was amusing, but it grew tiresome, and was demoralizing, because one was compelled to "bargain" if anything was purchased at all, the first scale of prices being purposely exorbitant.

A day's visit to old Delhi was most interesting; it is a ride of eleven miles to Kutub Minar, through sand and debris, comprising a portion of an area of forty-seven miles, covered with the remains of seven, once prosperous, cities. Several of the ruins were of interest, and they had a history, but I will describe only the well-preserved mausoleum of Emperor Humayun, which gains in importance from having been the model of the Taj Mahal at Agra. It stands on a lofty platform of red sandstone, and consists of a large central octagon, surmounted by a dome with octagon towers at the angles; the red sandstone exterior is artistically picked out in relief with white marble. The windows are recessed, and the lower doors are filled with

beautiful lattices of stone and marble. In the centre of each side of the main octagon is a porch, forty feet high, with a pronounced pointed arch. The cenotaph of the Emperor is of white marble, without any inscription; his wife and several other persons, including two later Emperors, are buried here also. As was quite the custom of the time, the tomb is surrounded by a garden of thirteen acres. Farther on, was the Tomb of a Saint, a perfect gem! It is built of white marble, is eighteen feet square, and is surrounded by a broad veranda. Around the covered grave there is a low marble rail, and over it a beautiful canopy, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; in the walls are finely pierced screens. Near this tomb is a handsome red sandstone mosque, called Jumat Khana, and in the vicinity are a number of other important tombs of artistic design, two having elaborately carved marble doors, the design being like lacework.

The culmination of the morning's trip was at the Kutub Minar enclosure; the magnificent ruined Mosque of Kuwat-ul-Islam occupies a large portion of the space, and dates from the latter part of the twelfth century. The main entrance was through an arched doorway, the courtyard was surrounded by cloisters formed of pillars purloined from Jain temples and piled one upon another. Most of them are richly ornamented, although many have been defaced.

The tomb of Emperor Humayun

The famous Hindu Iron Pillar stands in front of the ruin; it is one of the most unique antiquities in India, and is a solid shaft of wrought iron, twenty-three feet, eight inches high and sixteen inches in diameter; it has a deeply cut Sanskrit inscription, and is so individual in its character as to prove a distinct reminder of a decayed past.

The most prominent feature of the landscape is Kutub Minar, rightly named the Tower of Victory. Some have thought it of Hindu origin, but the now accepted opinion is that it was built by the Moguls, after the conquest. It is two hundred and thirty-eight feet high, and has five stories with balconies, each story being decorated with bands of inscriptions. The first three stories are of red sandstone and are fluted; the two upper stories are of white marble and have been restored. The diameter of the first story is forty-seven feet, three inches; that of the upper story, nine feet; three hundred and seventy-nine steps lead to the summit, and ninety-five steps lead to the first gallery, from both points of which we obtained a fine view of ruins in every direction.

Tughlakabad lies five miles east of Kutub Minar; the fort is so high and massive as to be seen long before the point is reached. The enclosure covers nearly four miles and contains a ruined mosque and palace. Outside the wall is

the tomb of Tujlak Shah; it is situated in an artificial lake, and is connected with the fort by a causeway, six hundred feet long and supported on twenty-seven arches.

Of this tomb Mr. Ferguson says: "The sloping walls and almost Egyptian solidity of this mausoleum, combined with the bold and massive towers of the fortifications that surround it, form a picture of a warrior's tomb unrivalled anywhere."

The day's experience included luncheon at a "rest house" near Kutub Minar; this term applies to a simple semi-hotel, provided by the Government for the convenience of members of the military and civil service and their families; it is situated in places where there are no hotel facilities, and, when unoccupied, the public may share in the convenience.

The long, intensely dusty ride to Delhi,[1] past ruin after ruin, gave us leisure to reflect on the ravages of time and the mutability of all earthly things.

Another afternoon drive about Delhi revealed new points of interest, including some which are associated with the mutiny, such as the Ridge

[1] In 1877 Delhi acquired prominence as the place where H. M. Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India. The magnificent Coronation Durbar of H. M. King Edward VII of England was also held there by Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, on January 1, 1900.

Northern colonnade of the Islam mosque, showing ruined arch

where the British troops were stationed and from which a fine view is afforded; Flagstaff Tower, where the women and children were assembled on May 11, 1857; and the very inadequate Mutiny Memorial Monument, erected to commemorate the heroic deeds of the officers and soldiers who fell during the summer of 1857.

But the scene that will linger longest in my memory is the panorama of the massive walls, towers, gateways, and the half-ruined palace. Then, one can hardly forget the Pearl Mosque, which is of such rare beauty as to prove a fitting memorial to the "Great Builder," Shah Jahan; the latter has a prototype in modern times, — none other than Ludwig II of Bavaria, whose palaces also linger in the memory as a dream of beauty.

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Agra, *December 18th:* No one can visit Delhi and Agra without being impressed by the rulers of the golden period of the Mogul Empire, the great Akbar standing forth prominently as a wise potentate and the strongest personality in Indian history, certainly in Central India. His son, Jahangir, was not his equal, but his mantle of power seems to have descended to his grandson, Shah Jahan, who, like him, was famed in the matter of building, as we have seen at Delhi, and furthermore were to see at Agra, our next

point of observation. We arrived on the afternoon of December 18th and proceeded to the Hôtel Metropole.

As the train approached the city, we caught a glimpse of that incomparable creation, the Taj Mahal, and were immediately under its spell, so we at once took carriages and were conveyed there. As we drew near, the massive, finely proportioned gateway burst upon us. The entrance is of red sandstone, with Moorish arches and pavilions, while a wall of masonry, with turreted corners, encircles the grounds. At the centre of the two adjacent sides are gateways of similar construction to the entrance. One is, however, unprepared for the white-domed vision beyond, which at once inspired admiration and awe. The first view was at sunset, and the atmosphere was filled with a golden haze that rested lovingly on the graceful turrets and dome. We lingered on to catch the moonlight effect, and as the twilight faded and the outlines became shadowy, there was a peculiar illusion, which was heightened by the first glimmering silvery light, soon to be succeeded by a full radiance which illumined the white marble pile and the whole environment. We sat spellbound amidst the loveliness of the scene; no one spoke, and this silent tribute of respect was shared by other "lookers on."

Our last visit was in the full effulgence of the

Kutub Minar, the Tower of Victory in Old Delhi

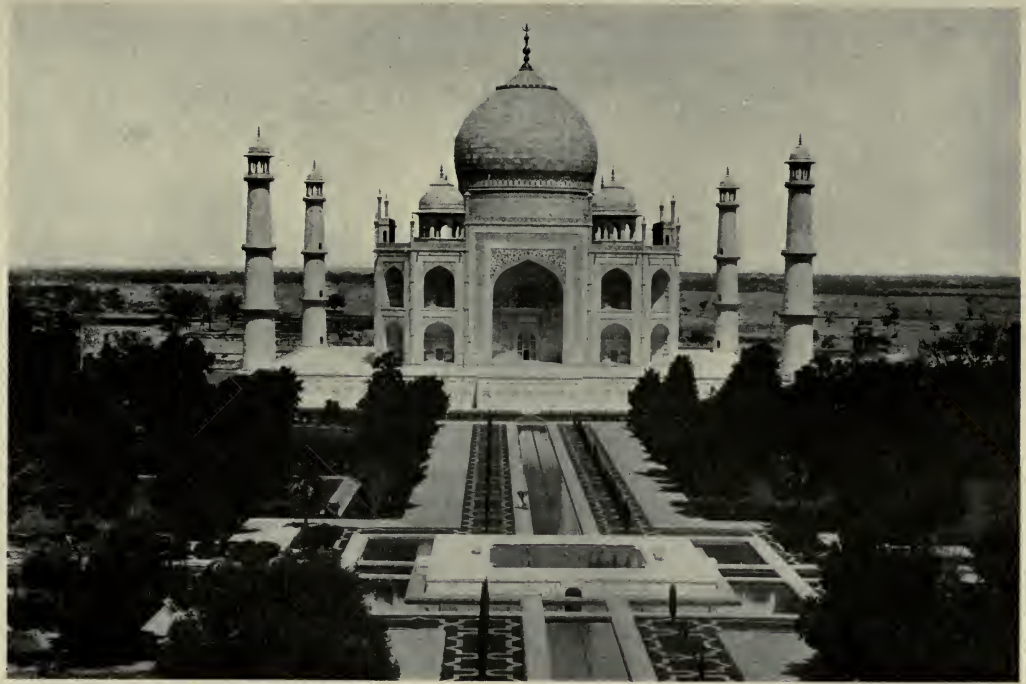
morning, when we were able to obtain new points of view, and to visit the adjacent red sandstone mosque, as well as the corresponding opposite edifice (which is an audience room). Some of the party crossed the river Jumna, which runs back of the grounds, so as to see the reflection of the Taj in the water. No words of mine can fitly describe the impression, but figures sometimes aid the imagination. The foundation is three hundred and thirteen feet square and eighteen feet in height, and the edifice itself is one hundred and eighty-six feet square, with a dome rising to the height of two hundred and twenty feet. At each corner of the foundation stands a tall, graceful minaret, one hundred and thirty-seven feet in height. Add to this the statement that it took twenty thousand men seventeen years to complete the work, at a cost variously estimated at from $17,000,000 to $20,000,000, and you may form an idea of the delicate workmanship and artistic skill which the Taj represents. But simplicity is, after all, the keynote, and there is also a rare personality in its outlines reflecting feminine grace. This is distinctly felt when viewing the cenotaph (the real tomb is in a crypt below), which is, like the entire edifice, built of the whitest of marble and decorated with rare, beautiful designs, while the screen which encloses the cenotaph of the Queen is also of

marble, carved in a lacework design of exquisite beauty.

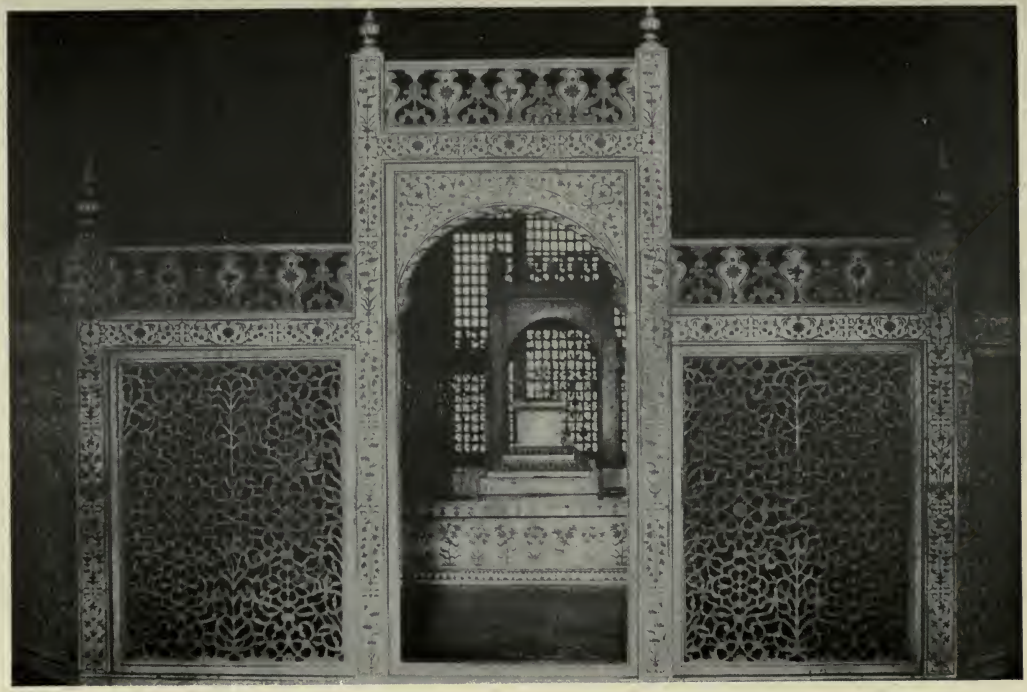
The diamonds, pearls, rubies, and other precious stones which once embellished this and every other part of the edifice, were taken away by ruthless invaders of India; and their places filled by colored stones with little loss of effect. Shah Jahan's cenotaph lies unenclosed at the left, showing that it was not included in the original plan. Indeed, it had been the intention of Shah Jahan to build for himself a mausoleum, of corresponding style, yet of dark marble, across the river Jumna; the shadow which rested on his later life prevented the idea from being carried out. But the creation of this tribute to all womanhood typified in his beloved wife is a monument which time cannot efface. Arjamand Banu Begum was a Persian princess of rare beauty and of great personal charm. She died in giving birth to her eighth child, and through all the years had held the supreme place in Shah Jahan's life; despite the Oriental custom of having other wives, she had won for herself the title of Mumtaz-i-Mahal, "The exalted of the Palace." Hence the Eastern habit of placing a mausoleum in a garden was peculiarly fitting for so peerless a queen; in this instance it forms a perfect setting for the Taj.

The garden was redeemed from a hopeless tangle (into which it had fallen), under the

Gateway leading to Taj Mahal



Taj Mahal



Screen in Taj Mahal

Shah Jahan and his wife in whose memory the Taj was built

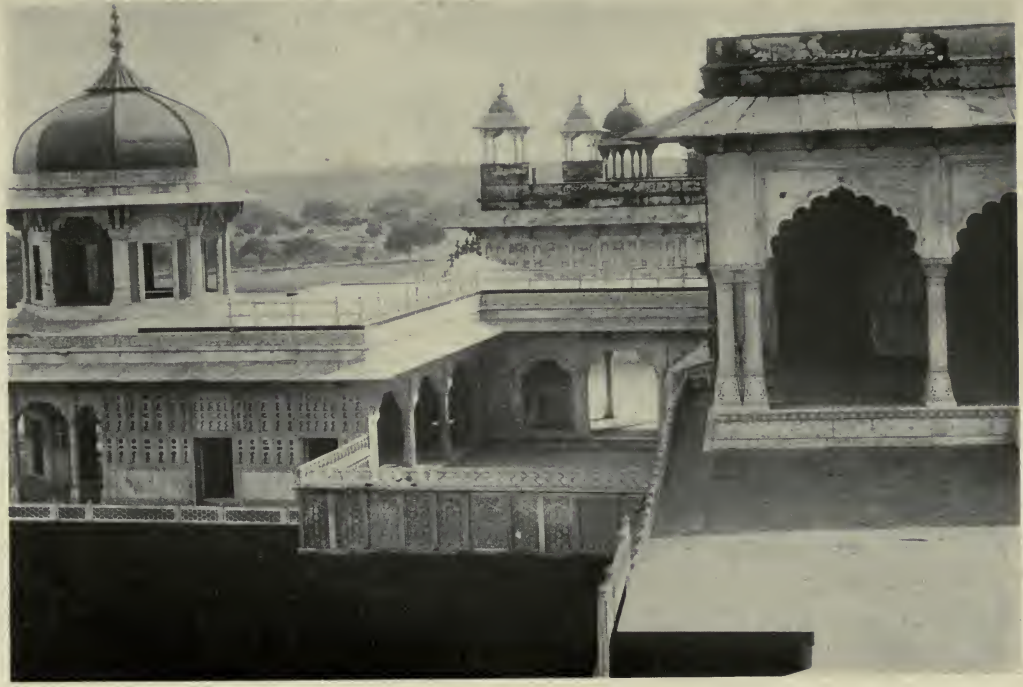
direction of Lord Curzon, who did so much to stay ruin and devastation. It is laid out in a conventional style, one square being devoted to roses, another to poinsettia, while long stretches of foliage plants here and there, with a mass of dark green cypress trees, give it a breadth of view that is enhanced by a marble avenue, leading from the entrance to the tombs, the sweep of avenue being broken midway by a marble seat from which a fine view of the Taj is afforded. Running parallel were marble aqueducts which contained, at set intervals, playing fountains; these were inactive, however, at the time of our visits. One could return to the Taj day after day, as the subtle influence of its beauty and its spiritual significance are ever present. Sad indeed was the fate of the builder, Shah Jahan, who ruled from 1620 to 1658 and who was then deposed by his son, Aurangzeb. The latter transferred the capital to Delhi, causing his father to languish seven long years in a small suite of rooms in the palace at Agra as a prisoner, his only companion a devoted daughter.

While the centre of attraction in Agra is the Taj Mahal, the fort, palace, and Moti Musjid (Pearl Mosque) are of equal interest. Here we see the impress of three rulers, Akbar (the grandson of the noted Mogul king, Baber, and son of Humayun, both of whom lived at Agra), Jahangir, his son, and Shah Jahan, his grandson.

Akbar removed to Agra, from the old capital Dteb-Fatehpur-Sikri, about 1568, but the only monuments that are now attributed to him are the massive walls of the fort and the red palace. Jahangir built the palace which bears his name, but as it is somewhat gloomy in appearance, his chief claims to distinction as a builder are the tombs of Itimid-ud-Daulah and Akbar's tomb at Sikandra. Shah Jahan built the palace which contains the beautiful Diwan-i-Am, or Hall of Public Audience; the Diwan-i-Khas, or Hall of Private Audience; the Shiah Mahal, or Mirror Palace; the Saman-Burj, known as the Octagon, or Jasmine Tower; the Mina Musjid, or Gem Palace (the private mosque of the Emperor); with many other notable edifices. The Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, is furnished with a superb exterior setting.

Having described similar halls in the palace at Delhi, I will only briefly enumerate some distinguishing features of each of the buildings just mentioned. All were either injured or defaced in the mutiny conflict of 1857, which raged in Agra from May 10th to October 10th, six thousand women and children, with a few men, having found a refuge there during the siege. A feature of the Public Audience Room is a grille in the back wall, through which the Sultanas or members of the Zenana could watch the proceedings below; and in the centre of the

Agra Palace and part of wall and gateway to the fort



An Octagon Tower of the Agra Palace

hall is a raised alcove of white marble, richly decorated in low relief.

The Hall of Private Audience consists of an open colonnade in front of an enclosed room at the back. The illustration shows the front overlooking the court, while beyond is the Octagon Tower, the residence of the chief Sultana. In the court a portion of the marble pavement is made to represent a pachisi or chess board, and it is said the game was played with slave girls, who were used instead of the customary chessmen. The Octagon Tower is built out over the river Jumna, as will be seen in a later picture.

The portion known as the Mirror Palace is unique, as it consists of two dark rooms furnished with fountains and an artificial cascade arranged to fall over lighted lamps. The walls and ceilings are decorated with innumerable small mirrors which were restored in 1875. The palace measures seventy by forty feet, and is built at the east end of a garden two hundred and fifty feet square, planted with flowers and shrubs. Underneath the structure are subterranean apartments for use during the summer heat, and from here passages lead to still cooler rooms in another portion of the fort.

In the southeast corner of this Anguri Bagh, or garden, are three finely decorated rooms which were once the private apartments of Shah Jahan. The Jahangir Mahal, or palace, is

noticeable on account of the bright red tiles used in the upper portion. It also has a fine domed hall which leads into a large central court.

But the crowning single feature in this fort (which is over a mile in extent) is the Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque. Mr. Ferguson considers it to be "one of the purest and most elegant buildings of its class to be found in the world." It ranks next to the Taj Mahal among Shah Jahan's creations. The entrance gateway is of red sandstone and is approached by a lofty double staircase. The exterior is faced with slabs of red sandstone, but the interior is built of marble, white, blue, and gray veined. The courtyard of the mosque is deservedly celebrated. In the centre is a marble tank for ablutions, and a marble cloister runs around three of its sides. A flight of steps leads to the roof of the mosque, from which a fine view is obtained.[1]

A pleasant excursion across the river led us to the tasteful tomb of Itimid-ud-Daulah. The entrance gate is fine, and the approach through spacious, well-kept grounds gives one a wide perspective. The façade is of marble with considerable inlaid work. Itimid-ud-Daulah was a Persian High Treasurer, and the grandfather of the Lady of the Taj. The tomb was built by

[1] This seeming repetition refers to a second Pearl Mosque.

The Pearl Mosque

Akbar's tomb in Sikandra

Shah Jahangir, as was that of King Akbar at Sikandra, five miles distant from Agra and a delightful excursion to make. It has an imposing gateway and is situated in the midst of a veritable park. It is of red sandstone, inlaid with white marble, and is a pyramidal building, four stories high, the first three being of red sandstone and the fourth of marble. The base measures three hundred and twenty feet, and the fourth story one hundred and fifty-seven feet (narrow stairways leading upward), which indicates a gradual decrease and tapering in size. A massive cloister runs around the lower story, and the fourth story is occupied by the marble cenotaph of Akbar, directly over the crypt which contains his tomb. The cenotaph is engraved with ninety-nine names of the deity. This story is surrounded by a white marble cloister, and on the outer side of each arch is an oval-shaped recess, filled with delicate lace-work carving of varied patterns in marble. The effect is unlike anything elsewhere seen. There are several other historic tombs in the vicinity, and many points of interest all the way to Akbar's old capital, Fatehpur-Sikri. This is twenty-two miles distant, a day's excursion, and easily reached in automobiles; although it took some faith to trust one's self to the rather indifferent chauffeurs.

✦

Fatehpur-Sikri: This royal but long-destroyed city is sacred to the memory of the Emperor Akbar, who built a gorgeous structure and selected the site through the advice of the renowned Saint Selim Chisti. He eventually abandoned it on account of its unhealthy location, and transferred the capital to Agra, where, as we have seen, he built a fort and the red palace. There is an unusually imposing gateway on one side of Fatehpur-Sikri, leading up to the mosque, but we made our entrance from the adjacent side; hence our first view was like that in the illustration. A large, five-story building to the left served as a recreation place for the ladies of the court, while back and to the left of this was seen the beautiful dome of the mosque, said to be almost a counterpart of the one at Mecca. So many and varied are the buildings in this fort that it is inexpedient to do more than allude briefly to them.

The three palaces of the Sultanas are notable for their beauty, variety, and wealth of ornament, the Sultanas being Miriam, the Portuguese Christian; Rakinah, Akbar's cousin; and the Turkish Sultana. The Emperor also has a suite of several rooms. The palace of Birbal, Akbar's prime minister, is, architecturally, the most perfect of any in the enclosure and was built for his daughter. The rooms allotted to the Zenana are spacious. Near the recreation

General view of Fatehpur-Sikri

building is the famous pachisi or chess board, similar to the one at Agra, where Akbar and his vizier, sitting opposite, marshalled the slave girls to and fro.

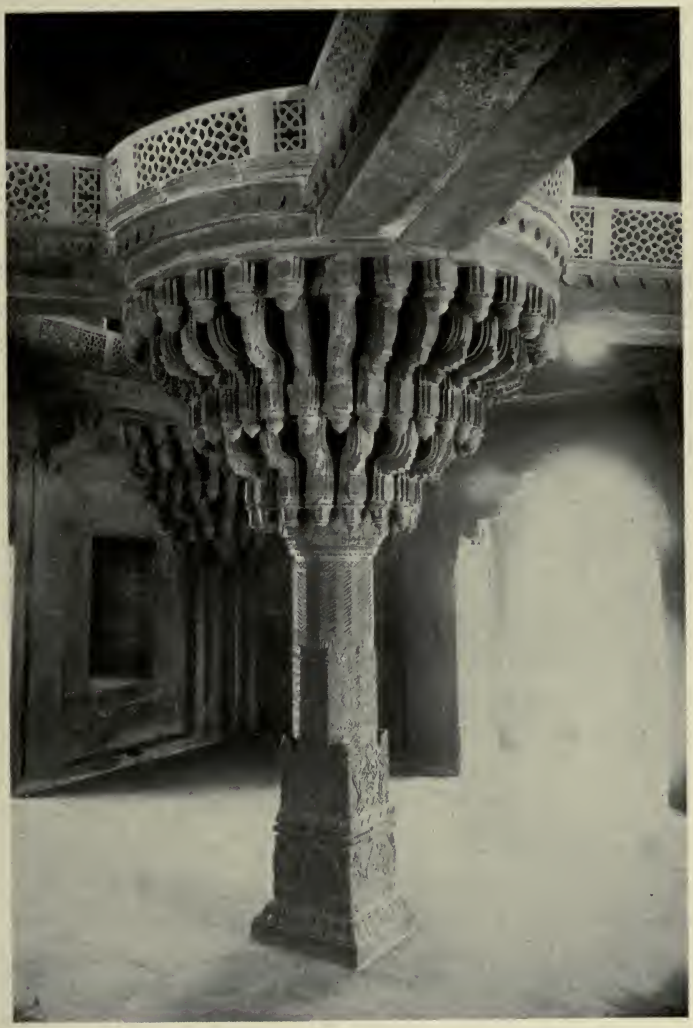
The plan of the mosque is unusual in its construction, and so is the massive gateway. Passing through the latter, an exquisite monument presents itself in the tomb of Selim Chisti, the venerable hermit saint, who lived a retired existence in a cave and yet who was the controlling force in Akbar's life. The place is simple, and displays such delicacy of skill in its composition as to excite admiration. It is surrounded by a beautiful white marble lattice-work screen, ornamented with brass, and the canopy over the tomb of the saint is inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The photograph is very effective, but, like many others, it has to be omitted (I have five hundred scenes of the tour). The public audience room is encompassed by cloisters. There is a treasury, a mint, a record office, and a building with three large rooms known as the Minchauli Anch, which is said to be the place where the Emperor played hide-and-seek with the ladies of the court; this is probably an erroneous statement.

The most unusual building is the Diwan-i-Khas, the council chamber. From the outside it seems to be two stories high, yet there is really but one story with a large central pillar which is surrounded by an immense circular capital.

From this radiates four stone causeways to the corners of the room; these are enclosed by an open trellis with stone balustrades. The shaft of the pillar is finely carved, and all is in perfect condition, due to careful restoration. It is said that the Emperor sat in the centre of the pillar when he held a council, while the four advisers sat in the corners. Stone staircases lead to the roof, where a glimpse of the whole enclosure is afforded. A novel view is obtained down a stone-paved roadway, leading to a large court, at the north end of which is the deer minaret, or circular tower, seventy feet high, decorated with protruding elephants' tusks in stone. From the lanterns at the top, the Emperor is said to have shot antelopes drawn under the column by beaters employed for that special purpose.

Reading between the lines, one learns that Akbar was a very peculiar character, domineering and despotic, yet generous to the immediate members of his household and to his favorite courtiers, — he was very cruel, however, when they displeased him; very broad in his religious views; and although a devoted Mohammedan, he was tolerant of all religions, and there are accounts of religious discussions taking place, in which every shade of belief was represented. He decreed that his daughters should all marry Hindu princes.

Our guide told us that formerly there were



A column in the Audience Hall (Diwan-i-Khas)

underground passages and apartments, but he did not state, as did another guide to a party of tourists at Agra, that these apartments were for the disciplining and torturing of the members of the Zenana and even of his wives. Taking into consideration the attention he gave to the comfort and pleasure of the ladies of the court, as seen in the palaces and the large recreation building extant, this statement appears inconsistent, and so it is necessary to give him the benefit of the doubt. The "auto" ride back to Agra was accomplished without any broken limbs, and another red-letter day was ended.

Before leaving Agra one should either visit the Taj Mahal for a final look, or, from the Jasmine Tower of the palace, gaze through the intervening two miles of space to catch its shadowy outline as seen by Shah Jahan during those seven solitary years of vigil. I chose the latter method for convenience' sake, after visiting the bazars, and in consequence was rewarded with a never-to-be-forgotten view.

Delhi and Agra are indissolubly connected by their rulers and by historical events; in leaving them one feels as if never again would so much of unique interest be presented in the line of architectural skill and poetic sentiment.

✦

CAWNPORE, *December 24th:* We took a night train from Agra to Cawnpore, arriving there

early on the morning of December 24th and stopping over a few hours to break the journey. Cawnpore is full of mutiny memories, and we visited some of the historic points, going first to the Ghat (steps) where cruel Nana Sahib burned, or murdered, a boatload of Englishmen; also to other scenes of horror. Then we went to the memorial well, and to the memorial church with its peaceful interior, which was being decorated with greens in true English fashion, for the service of the morrow, when "Peace and good will to men" would ring out, and for the time being mutiny memories would be forgotten. We drove to the park, where, as an accessory to a certain artistic building, there is to be seen an exquisite angel of carved marble, a memorial erected by the Government. Next, we visited some bazars of no special interest.

✦

Lucknow, *December 24th:* After luncheon, we took the train for Lucknow. On the way, Murray's "Lucknow" was re-read, and another mutiny chapter added. Lucknow is the capital of the province of Oudh. In 1813 the English conferred the title of king on the ruler, but, for reasons of distrust, withdrew it in 1856, and at the same time discharged eighty thousand high-caste soldiers, — an action which produced instant dissatisfaction and was one of the direct causes for the mutiny. We arrived

Jasmine Tower and distant view of the Taj

The ghat at Cawnpore

at Wutzler's Royal Hotel in the late afternoon, and felt gladdened by the comfort and good cheer that awaited us, — a hopeful sign inasmuch as the morrow was Christmas Day. A drive to Wingfield Park and a visit to an exquisite tomb mosque ended the sight-seeing day.

Christmas without the usual morning service seemed peculiar, but the law of the majority in our party prevailed, and we drove instead to the Fort and Residency, the centre of interest since 1857. The awe and solemnity inspired by that visit, with the Christmas bells ever and anon breaking the silence, can never be forgotten. The Residency is situated in the centre of a large park which was the scene of a siege lasting from July 1 to November 17, 1857, three thousand men, women, and children, besides the military, being there for safety. The number of refugees was reduced to one thousand by September; the large rooms on the ground floor of the Government building, with two stories above and extensive subterranean rooms, made their stay possible, but involved great suffering and horrible death as the siege went on. The large banquet hall of the Residency near by was converted into a hospital. Both buildings are now in ruins. But the roofless Residency with a tangle of vines (and a decrepit stairway that leads upward) furnishes a fine

view of the whole scene, which in its very quietness bespeaks bravery, endurance, and heroic suffering.

The buildings of Lucknow are not important, with the exception of the Jumma Musjid, the great Imambara with its fine gateway, court, and arcades. The Imambara Mosque has two minarets, and the great Imambara Hall, one hundred and sixty-three by fifty-three feet and forty-nine feet high, is one of the largest vaulted galleries in the world. The palaces of the late king of Oudh, the clock tower and other mosques and tombs, were visited, for, as usual, the persistent guide insisted on our seeing all the "sights" (exaggerating the descriptions, it always seemed, in proportion to their lack of importance), and it was "Memsahib this" and "Memsahib that." Christmas Day, with a June temperature, soon came to a close; the dinner was somewhat English in its many appointments, with its roast beef and plum pudding, — other home touches being added by our ever-thoughtful Director. There was good cheer, but we silently thought of home and the friends far away.

✦

Benares, *December 26th:* Benares is the sacred city of India, and the river Ganges with the ghats is the point where thousands upon thousands of worshippers congregate, coming

The Residency at Lucknow

from every point where Hinduism prevails. We had anticipated revolting scenes, and were not disappointed, as the superstition of the devotees, the grasping conduct of the priests, and the disgusting practices in the name of so-termed religion all contributed to that end. We arrived during the afternoon of December 26th, going to the Hôtel de Paris. A drive was instantly proposed, and we were taken to the Maharaja's palace, with grounds laid out conventionally, the trees and shrubs representing peacocks and animals of different kinds. The palace was spacious but tawdrily furnished; it is noteworthy as being the home to which the Maharaja and his family repair whenever they feel the approach of death; there is a superstitition among the Hindus that death must occur on the north bank of the sacred river Ganges, in order to become a monkey after death (monkeys are considered sacred); for if the demise occurs on the opposite side of the Ganges, one would surely become a donkey.

We next turned toward the celebrated Monkey Temple, a pretentious but inartistic structure of red sandstone, presided over by the monster wife of Siva, the Goddess Kali, who is seated on an interior shrine and almost terrifies the beholder by her demoniacal smile, her neck being wreathed with skulls. The Goddess of Blood demands a daily sacrifice, usually a

goat and sometimes even a buffalo. At least twenty terrible-looking priests were in attendance upon her when we arrived and were ready to slay the inoffensive goat if money was forthcoming. We, however, declined to witness such a spectacle. Monkeys, disgustingly old and fat, were everywhere, and filled large trees surrounding the temple, two hundred at least being visible. Beggars, mendicants, and priests were abundantly in evidence.

In an attempt to throw some small coins to some children, I was nearly crushed, the crowd closing around me and separating me from my party, until a tall Brahman priest with a huge stick checked the mob and I escaped, to be admonished by the Director of the party, who declared that I must never repeat the experiment, however much my sympathies might be drawn upon by the scenes that impressed me.

The following morning we proceeded at 7 A. M. to the scene of all others in Benares, the bathing ghats. These are steps leading down from the plateau to the river on the banks of the Ganges and extending a distance of nearly three miles. Seated in a native small boat, we sailed leisurely up and down for hours, watching the unusual spectacle. The Brahman priests were everywhere (there being thirty thousand in Benares who live on the offerings of the pilgrims), some seated under umbrella-like cano-

Bathing ghat, Benares

Burning ghat, Benares, where cremations occur

pies, some under tents, others bathing, and others performing certain sacred offices for the devotees who had come hither in state, on elephants or camels, by train or on foot, all intent on securing an increase of religious zeal. The crowds bathing in the sacred river are a continuous spectacle. There are piers built out into the stream for convenience, filled with pilgrims of every hue and variety of dress and undress, some simply wearing the loin cloth, which startled us at first, but now seemed the legitimate outcome of a lean purse and a hot climate.

In addition, there is a continuous refrain of voices in solemn supplication to one or more of the many thousands of Hindu gods, for it has been stated that there are two hundred thousand divinities in India. At one point there is a burning ghat, and one morning we witnessed the preparation for two cremations, one of a poor man and the other of the wife of a Maharaja. The two ceremonies differed little, except that the wood for the funeral pile of one cost a mere pittance, while the sandalwood for the latter cost six hundred rupees. The corpse is carried on a small litter, or bier, made of bamboo sticks (a man is robed in white and a woman in red), and deposited in the Ganges, feet foremost; care is taken that the whole body be immersed in order that purification may be complete. The relatives arrange the pile of wood, about

eight logs being required. Then the body is transferred to the pyre, and the torch is applied by one of the family, the others sitting solemnly around in a circle. When consumed, the ashes are scattered in the river Ganges. It is a gruesome spectacle, however much it may be in the interest of sanitary science; but less so to me, who had witnessed the distribution of the bodies at the Towers of Silence in Bombay.

It will be seen that the principal commodity in Benares is holiness; but there is one creditable industry, namely, the manufacture of brass. Several shops were visited, but we liked the modern styles less than the old Benares brass with which we were familiar.

One thought was uppermost while in Benares; I had pondered over it before in our visit to India. It was that with the masses Hinduism to-day means superstition and idolatry, in spite of the fact that the earlier teaching was of a pure character. That the cultivated Hindus accept the practices and the priesthood is a mystery as subtle as the law of caste or the iron law of custom. It is a depressing thought, and causes a profound feeling of thankfulness that Providence placed us in a fairer land.

The missionary effort of England, America, and other countries has for years been directed toward changing the condition of the masses, but the law of caste is such that, to use a set

The Tope of Sarnath and the Jain Temple near Benares

phrase, if a man become a Christian, he is ostracized, even by the members of his own family, unless they too follow his example. He is also ostracized as regards any business he may follow, and the sacrifice he is forced to undergo seems almost too great for human endurance. Still, according to missionary reports, this sacrifice is frequently made, which is equivalent to true heroism. Naturally, the progress of proselyting is slower in India than in any other country of the Orient, but it is the consensus of opinion that a greater extension of hospitals in charge of so-termed missionaries and a greater extension of schools for the young are the leaven that will work satisfactory results in the future. Another reassuring sign is the establishment of the Central Hindu College at Benares by Mrs. A. B. Besant, the Theosophist. This is intended to elevate the Hindu youth, combining religious and moral education with mental and athletic development. We saw only the exterior of the building.

Four miles from Benares, at the site of the old Benares, called Sarnath, is a most interesting ancient monument known as the Tope of Sarnath. It is the best preserved of any in Bengal. It was erected in Deer Park to mark the spot sanctified by the presence of Buddha. It was explored in 1835 and found to be a stupa; but containing no relics, it was evidently in-

tended to indicate the spot where Buddha first assumed his mission as a teacher. The tope consists of a stone basement ninety-three feet in diameter and solidly built of stone. Above the stone is brickwork rising to a height of one hundred and twenty feet from the plain. The lower story has niches evidently intended for a figure of Buddha, and below this is a band of sculptured ornaments of great beauty; it is thought from the evidences of ornamentation that in date it corresponds to the best period of Delhi. There is an interesting temple in the vicinity, and there formerly was a large Buddhist monastery. One also finds acres of mounds and debris indicating a large Buddhist foundation in the days when Buddha reigned supreme.

We left Benares for Darjeeling the evening of December 27th, and the prospect of a glimpse of mountain scenery in the famed Himalaya foothills, eight thousand feet above the sea, was exhilarating after the depressing scenes behind us.

✦

Siliguri, *December 28th:* We arrived at Siliguri early the following morning, December 28th, and were at once transferred to the Darjeeling and Himalayan Railway (two-foot gauge with open cars), a triumph of engineering skill on account of the sudden and wonderful curves which continue from the beginning to the end and cause the famous Horseshoe Curve

A view of Darjeeling and the Kanchanjanga Range

of the Pennsylvania Railway to sink into insignificance. The ride was exciting, as every bend revealed something new and startling. Leaving the plain of Bengal behind us, which is a feature of interest, we commenced the ascent; first through a jungle of cane and grass, both very high, where tigers, leopards, bears, deer, and the like have their home; and next through a forest with few familiar trees save the giant oak. Higher up the graceful bamboo is seen, and still higher fruit trees are plentiful; then small tea plantations appear, and a more peaceful landscape. Another bold curve and the glorious snow-capped Kanchanjanga range is in full view, — a perfect panorama, the atmosphere being clear and the sky almost cloudless. It was one of the supreme moments of life. We were now nearing Darjeeling, having made a gradual descent during the last half-hour.

✦

Darjeeling, *December 28th:* The Woodlands Hotel, picturesquely situated on the side of a lesser mountain, became our abiding place for all too short a time. Darjeeling is beautifully located upon a ridge, seven thousand feet above water level. The mountain side is picturesque with its sprinkling of villas and bungalows, tall mountains towering up as a background. The average temperature is eighty degrees in summer and thirty in winter; hence it is a favorite resort.

There is a sanitarium here, called "The Eden." The mountain views prove a great attraction; the Kanchanjanga range is seen beyond the intervening mountains, with a vast chasm in the foreground.

The Mall is the principal promenade, and winds around Observatory Hill, from which fine glimpses of the country are to be obtained. In the vicinity is St. Andrew's Church, with interesting tablets, and near by the summer residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

We were admonished to hurry our luncheon in order not to lose the opportunity of seeing the celebrated bazar of which we had heard so much, even in Bombay. I do not refer to the regular street bazar, but to a bazar at which crowds of peasants from different provinces congregate once a week for the sale of silver and turquoise jewelry, which is mostly exhibited on their persons, supplemented by a small bundle which is carried; but the transactions are very primitive and unlike those at any other bazar. Then there are the quaint things they wear, — artistic chatelaines with articles generally suspended and thrown over the shoulder, instead of worn around the waist, immense earrings, finger-rings, bracelets, and anklets; also large round silver pins for the hair, suspended between two long ornaments resembling an elongated corkscrew — all linked together with a narrow black ribbon

A Nepaulese group

tied in a bow. The wearing of this latter head ornament was very grotesque, and I bought one taken from the hair of a peasant, besides purchasing some other articles which now serve as a reminder of the quaint scene. The dress of the men, women, and children was peculiar, and varied according to their province, such as Bhutias, Tibetans, Nepalese, Pelaris, Ghorkas, and others.

Their shrewd faces were illuminated with smiles as they realized the success of a bargain which was doubtless far in excess of the value of the article purchased; or failing of a bargain their persistent attempts to secure one were amusing. As we walked around through the motley crowd, powerless to express ourselves except in the universal language of pantomime, with mountains all around us and the Kanchanjanga still in view, we felt as though we were a part of a play, it seemed so unreal. Later we visited the street bazars, all of them furnished with articles claimed to be antique. In the evening the proprietor of the hotel gave us an interesting description of scenes in Tibet, illustrated with lantern views.

The cold of late December now became intense, and it required some courage to be called at three o'clock in the morning for an expedition to Tiger Hill to see the sun rise. A half-hour after, nevertheless, saw our departure, and

you would have smiled at the spectacle I presented, seated in a chair with six bearers (two for a relay), rugs and cushions piled around me, the crowning feature being a red blanket which, at the last moment, one of the bearers draped around my shoulders. It was moonlight when we left the valley. The view of each mountain and gorge was marvellous, so unlike daylight, as the moon ever throws elusive shadows about all things it touches. Before we reached our destination, the first streak of dawn was faintly outlined against the horizon, as if heralding the approach of some great spectacle, which soon came in shades of gold and pink; then bursting forth like a great ball of fire which illuminated the whole scene, even the distant Kanchanjanga range being suffused with a pinkish glow. We held our breath and were thankful, for the guide had told us that a perfect sunrise was a rare occurrence. Mount Everest, 29,002 feet high, eighty miles distant, and the highest peak in the world, as usual was but dimly seen. After the excitement of the morning, the hot coffee and rolls which were provided for us proved most acceptable. We lingered on for a half-hour, amused that even above the clouds human nature is the same, as every bearer produced rings or other trinkets for our inspection and possible purchase. The descent was made in the blinding sunlight, and indeed it was

so warm that we laid aside our blankets, and we noted the different aspects which all Nature wore.

A nine-o'clock breakfast followed, and we were ready for other experiences. The descent to Siliguri was not unlike the ascent, with the view reversed. A night train conveyed us to Sara Ghat, where we arrived early in the morning and were taken across the river Ganges to Dumonkdeah, where we took a train for Calcutta, one hundred and sixteen miles distant.

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CALCUTTA, *December 31st:* There is, in a certain sense, a link between Benares and Calcutta; the latter is situated on the Hooghly River, which is an outlet of the river Ganges, but no resemblance exists between India's modern winter capital and the city of superstition. We arrived in Calcutta on December 31st, and repaired to the Strand Hotel. An afternoon drive to Eden Park proved delightful, and on every side we saw attractive surroundings.

January 1st dawned brightly, and found us at 7 A. M. driving to the fine esplanade, called "The Maidan," and extending two miles. We were on our way to witness the great annual military review by the Viceroy, now Lord Minto. Presentation Day is the term here applied to New Year's Day. It was a gala occasion indeed, and the equipages of the rich, and the smaller

vehicles of all descriptions, encircled the barrier that intervened between the spectators and those who were to furnish the display. There were also hundreds on foot, some of them in the brilliant native dress of various colors, with their many-hued turbans. This was specially noticeable in the livery of many of the native carriages, where gold trimmings were profuse, and the same scheme was carried out in the dress of the two coachmen and two footmen, the latter being called *syces*. The militia presented a splendid appearance, and the infantry marched with the greatest precision, but the cavalry, as usual, carried off the honors as regards spectacular display, particularly the native cavalry with their picturesque dress. Lord Minto and his aides were elegantly decked in their accoutrements and elicited much cheering.

We returned for a nine-thirty breakfast, and left afterwards for a sight-seeing expedition, having been warned not to expect much in this line at Calcutta. St. Paul's Cathedral — English — was interesting on account of the many memorials and statues, one of Bishop Heber having much merit. Fort William and the grounds of the Government House, the Dalhousie Club, the Black Hole, and other points were also visited.

The Black Hole is so often mentioned in connection with Calcutta that a few words of ex-

The Government House in Calcutta

planation seem necessary. It was at the time of the siege of Calcutta in 1756 a small room in the barracks, twenty-two by fourteen feet in size, and sixteen feet in height. One hundred human beings were crowded into it on the night of June 20th, and there were only twenty-three survivors in the morning. A memorial obelisk was erected by one of these survivors, and this was restored by order of Lord Curzon.

The Imperial Museum is a very large building and has extensive geological and archæological departments. It also possesses a fine library.

We omitted the burning ghat, remembering the one at Benares, but a Hindu temple revealed another repulsive goddess, Kali, and the sacrifice of the goat had just occurred. The river front has a ghat for bathing.

A drive to the distant Botanical Gardens proved of much interest, and the largest banyan tree in the world was there displayed, having four hundred and sixty-four aerial branches and covering over an acre in extent; there were also long avenues of palms.

Lacking the fine harbor of Bombay, Calcutta is still a city of great commercial importance and of many natural attractions and fine public buildings. It is, however, a place of decided contrasts, imposing streets of residences being not far distant from as wretched a native quarter as may be seen in any other Indian city.

To the casual tourist Calcutta seems a large English city (eight hundred thousand inhabitants), especially so in the life on the Maidan, the centre of attraction and fashion. Eden Park is also greatly frequented, and the race-course is the finest in India; but, notwithstanding, Calcutta has not the charm of Bombay. The Strand Hotel gave us an elaborate menu for our New Year's dinner, which was supplemented by flowers and bonbons, and we all voted the occasion, even if in a foreign land, a success. And so I link Lucknow and Calcutta together in the holiday column of my memory.

I have before alluded to the sad, dejected faces of the natives of North India; the Bengali seemed a trifle more melancholy, as is their reputation. We did not regret our departure, although it meant the loss of our faithful Indian guide, Dalle, and our travelling servant, Jusef, both with their long India bordered shawls artistically thrown over one shoulder, and their high white turbans rolled round and round the head, the finishing touch being a tall conical ornament that stood up in the centre. This is significant of their territorial province, styles of turbans varying with the locality. The early hour of 6 A. M. found us departing on the British and India line for a steamer trip of three days, Rangoon being our destination.

The trip was restful, but afforded little variety,

An avenue of palms in the Botanical Gardens

and we hailed our arrival at Rangoon with delight early on the morning of January 6th. By a late decision we concluded to go on at once to Mandalay and leave Rangoon to be visited on our return. Taking a train at noon, we were favored by journeying in *de luxe* cars, sacred to the use of high officials, and so complete in equipment as to include bathroom, shower-bath, and other conveniences. The afternoon ride was through a fertile country, rice and bananas being the principal products. The rice crop had been garnered, and piles of bags were ready at every station for shipment to Rangoon (the amount shipped is two hundred thousand tons annually). Later we visited a field where rice was being harvested. It is not unlike wheat in the sheaf, but smaller. The country process after cutting is first to pound the rice, and then winnow it so as to remove the hull; this is done by throwing it in the air, by means of a round flat plate with a handle. Machinery is used in the cities.

✦

BURMA: We were now far from the centre of things, in a remote corner of Southeastern Asia, hidden in the midst of mountains, which were for ages the safeguard against Indian invaders and the aggression of China. Proselyting Buddhists, however, found their way from India and brought civilization with them.

There is a great diversity of races in Burma, various foreign tribes having come there and remained, making a mixed population. There are now about sixty thousand Palaings wearing the Chin dress. The Kachins, a warlike people, formerly made raids on the Burmans who lived on the border of China, the Chins dwelling among the hills. The Karens are numerically the strongest and live in the delta of the Irrawaddy. They had been an oppressed people, but achieved their liberty under British rule, and it is estimated that one hundred thousand abjured Buddhism and became Christians. The Chins are the oldest, having come from China two thousand years ago.

Southern Burma was under British rule before the middle of the nineteenth century, but it is only since January, 1886, that England has controlled Northern Burma. King Thebaw's downfall was caused by his numerous cruel acts to foreigners, which compelled the British to take steps to check him. His headquarters were at Mandalay, and his deserted palace is the centre of attraction to-day. The most prominent feature is the fort, in and about which are grouped the palace of the King, the houses of Government officials and residents of the military quarter.

The palace was erected by Mindon Min, King Thebaw's father. It covers an immense area and is encompassed by a high wall of red

Fort Dufferin and the moat, Mandalay

Mandalay palace and its tower, called The Centre of the Universe

brick, in which are twelve gates, each one surrounded by a conical cupola, with layers of upturned eaves after the peculiar fashion of the country; the same thing is characteristic of China.

The fort is entirely surrounded by a moat, one hundred feet wide and twelve feet deep. Five bridges also lead from five of the gateways. The moat supplies drinking water for the city and is covered with the purple lotus blossom. Its width and extent make it a characteristic feature of Mandalay. Roads run parallel with the walls and lead to the entrance of the palace gardens, once very beautiful.

The palace is a square of twenty or more buildings, built of teak, painted red, and covered originally with gold leaf. The roofs have layers of upturned eaves, and the buildings are richly decorated with colored ornamentation, while the worn gilding and faded reds are blended in the peculiar shading which time alone can give. There are many audience rooms, these usually furnished with elaborately decorated thrones, as is also the audience room in the beautiful adjacent palace of the Queen; her throne and the King's great throne in the principal audience room under the lofty cupola (called pyathat, and termed by the people the "Centre of the Universe") are especially imposing and rich in decoration. On either side of this audience

chamber are large audience rooms; these were used for some time after the British occupation as a church for the soldiers, and the Queen's palace was turned into a resting place for the Upper Burma Club; now both the church and the club have appropriate edifices of their own. Between two of the principal rooms is a screen, utilized as a wall and panelled in glass, mosaic, and mirrors, which is very effective and reminds one of the glass room in the palace at Amber.

From the high hill at Mandalay, one may gain an excellent general view of the many pagodas and monasteries in which the city abounds; for this is verily the land of the pagoda. The most beautiful of all, called the Incomparable, was destroyed by fire. One of great interest was built by Mindon Min, and called the Kuthodau, or, more generally, the 450 Pagodas, but there are said to be seven hundred and twenty-nine cupolas surrounding the great central pagoda, each containing an alabaster slab upon which are engraved some texts of Buddha taken from the Pali Bible, the King thinking thus to perpetuate them, — the whole surrounded by a wall, in which are built two richly decorated gates.

Situated very near the so-termed 450 Pagodas is a group of attractive pagodas in carved wood and plaster of different designs. In the centre is an unfinished marble pagoda, called Kyank

The Arakan Pagoda

One of the four gateways to the 450 Pagodas

taw Gyi, which contains a huge attractive figure of Buddha, twenty-five feet high.

On the same morning we visited the glass monastery which once on a time had been very imposing. Here we saw the Bishop and a number of novice priests receiving instruction, taking, I imagine, a kind of postgraduate course. All were most affable and seemed happy, as does every one in Burma. At this monastery two of our party were given copies of a portion of the Burmese Bible.

Monasteries are also very prominent in Burma, and they are usually boys' schools, both for young and adult people.

In the afternoon we visited the great Arakan Pagoda, a shrine which pilgrims of the Buddhist faith frequent from all over the world. It is built in the form of a square tower, rising in a series of terraces, growing smaller and ending in a finial at the summit. There are also battlements with finials capping the top. The whole is gilded and is very magnificent in appearance, even to the gilded figure of Buddha, which occupies the principal throne. The day we were there, the throne was surrounded by worshippers, and the long passages leading from the pagoda to it were densely thronged. There are four smaller passages, each being filled with stalls where is displayed almost every conceivable article, even to fruit and flowers. Near one of

the passages are two large tanks filled with grayish water where are kept the sacred turtles. The turtles were fed while we were present and seemed very tame. In the adjacent enclosure we saw many large bells of graduated size, for which Burma is famous. In an enclosure young men were playing the game of football, called "Chinlon," in that country, which means "round basket," the ball being about six inches in diameter. The players stand in a circle a few feet apart. The ball is thrown by one, and the player nearest to whom it falls kicks it in the air, and attempts to repeat this feat several times in order to keep the ball up, but failing to do so, the next player gains possession and throws it, and so on.

The visit to the Queen's Golden Monastery was peculiarly interesting. It is a fine specimen of native architecture, made of elaborately carved teakwood, finely gilded, but showing the marks of age. In the large central room, from which leads a smaller room separated only by columns, the so-called golden image of Buddha (also bejewelled) rests on a raised dais, and in front is a long table containing a great variety of votive offerings to the deity from a widely scattered circle of believers. The columns surrounding these rooms were profusely decorated with glass ornamentation, and the effect was startling. The Bishop in his robe of yellow

The Queen's Golden Monastery

Karen women in Mandalay

silk — the color of the Buddhist priesthood — was gracious, and the young priests very jolly. We received several presents of long narrow books written on palm-leaf, the text being a translation in modern Burmese from the old Pali Bible. It is unnecessary to add that we left compensation, the sale of said books being forbidden; hence such is the way of evading the law!

This monastery contained, like the Silver Monastery, a school for children. On our departure, an interesting little episode occurred. A young priest draped his long yellow robe around one of the gentlemen, in veritable Roman toga style, the right arm and shoulder being exposed. Then one of the party took a photograph, promising to send a copy to the monastery,

The support of the Buddhist monasteries depends on charity, and a procession of priests from each monastery goes about with mendicant bowls or baskets, each morning soliciting food and fruit, everything being placed in one receptacle. Rice, however, is the principal contribution.

We also visited the Aindaw-Yah Pagoda, the oldest in Mandalay. This is entirely gilt, from base to spire, and presents an imposing appearance. It is surrounded by a large square or platform on which are placed various other shrines containing small images of Buddha.

The cause of there being so many pagodas in Burma is that thereby the builder gains renown and paves the way for greater happiness in a future state. For the above reason the pagoda is seldom repaired. The builder desires to be approached as "the builder of a pagoda," and invariably addresses his wife as "O wife of a pagoda builder." Architecturally the pagoda, in general, may be described as having a spire, massive throughout, rising from a circular, square, or octagonal base, in a succession of tiers or circles, of which the upper is always narrower than the one beneath it.

The principal industry of Mandalay is the weaving of silk, for which it is very celebrated, and a visit to the bazar was most interesting. Unlike the bazars previously described, this was a large, high building, filled with aisles and furnished with long tables, at the back of which sat the saleswomen; all the business of the bazar is carried on by women. There was a great variety of silk weaving of every conceivable shape and style, the sarong being prominent. This is a long colored garment which the women of Burma wear pinned tightly around them below the waist, unlike the fuller skirt we had seen in India, the dress being completed by a short, loose jacket which shows a white under-vest and a long, wide sash. The market was also very interesting, in a small building next or adjoining the silk bazar.

Burmese country house near Mandalay

It may be well to speak here of the happy, contented, pleasure-loving Burmese women. Indeed, their condition could have been envied a few years ago, even in a portion of our own United States, as they can hold property in their own right and are entitled to their earnings. This causes them to be very industrious as well as executive. It is possible that the sunny aspect of Nature may partly be responsible for their joyous appearance, as it certainly causes the men to be very indolent and quite willing that their wives should carry on their business, provided they are left undisturbed to enjoy life in their own way.

The women are very fond of dress, and, unlike the women of India, wear only real jewelry; travellers see a profusion of solitaire diamond rings, every one of which is said to be genuine.

There is no caste in Burma and no division of class; in the olden time any one might become a prince or a prime minister if he had the ability to rise. There is little expression of art or literature, the life being very simple. The people are indeed children of Nature, and the only expression of taste is to be found in their pagodas and monasteries. Their silver work and wood carving are fine. The houses in the country are usually built of bamboo, raised from the ground on poles, four to six feet, as protection against floods, reptiles, and other

mishaps. The floor usually consists of split bamboo, the thatched roof of elephant grass. The sides of the house are of bamboo, opening to the street on verandas. Some have second stories. Around these homes birds and animals and naked children are everywhere to be seen.

Among the incidents of our stay at Mandalay I remember a native dance, called "Pwe," given one evening in front of the hotel. This was a little on the order of a vaudeville, consisting of a mixture of talk, song, and dance. The performers were arranged on a high platform. The women were dressed in the extreme of Burmese fashion, having long pink silk sarongs tightly drawn around them, jackets and long sashes, and with flowers in the hair. They appeared in the dancing and the singing, while the two men furnished the dialogue. The music was anything but melodious, and the talking we could not understand; but from the applause of the large number of spectators gathered around, we assumed, however, that it was funny. The movement of the dance was very slow and measured, as had been all the dancing we had witnessed in the Orient. The effect was rather spectacular, seen in a dim light, with trees for a background. Whenever a dance of this kind occurs, it soon gets noised about, and large gatherings of people arrive, and they group themselves around, sitting al-

A national dance at Mandalay

ways on the ground and observing a profound silence except when they applaud.

Near our hotel was an English Wesleyan mission, directed by the Rev. Mr. Bestol. A friend and I visited it, and found it very interesting and cheerful, — the home of the missionaries, and the assistant teachers who supervised the boys' and girls' school, and the dormitories. They seemed to be doing a very good work. On the occasion of our first call, they had all gone on a picnic, quite after our usual Sunday-school fashion. We also heard of other missions of merit.

At 5 P. M. we left our hotel for the landing of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company to pass the night on the steamer *Siam*. We were now on a model river vessel for three days. The scenery was varied and picturesque. At points from the water's edge there were terraced slopes of vegetation, trees of many kinds and hues, the dark green foliage alternating with the light green of the graceful bamboo, while creepers and flowers peeped out here and there, also clumps of toddy palms rearing their lofty heads, while the ever-prevalent pagoda glistened white or golden through the branches. As the steamer carried freight, occasional stops were made, and this gave variety to the scene.

We arrived at Pakoku about 4 P. M. and anchored for the night. The shore was lined with

piles of bags, boxes, and other usual accessories. Natives were seen in all directions with a new array of articles, some bearing baskets suspended from bamboo poles across the shoulders, while bullock carts and other primitive vehicles, together with the variety of style and color of the attire worn by the natives, made a scene truly picturesque. We also stopped at Mirout. Here were mud volcanoes, which some of the party visited, being carried there in bullock carts, and found them rather interesting, the volcanoes emitting mud instead of lava.

We arrived at a place near old Pagan at four in the morning, and never can I forget the spectacle presented from my stateroom window. There was total darkness, save where long lines of natives with lanterns, coming from the woods in every direction, were seen carrying boxes, bales, and baskets of freight to the shore. Once at the landing, the rush and commotion and waving of lanterns were truly Burmese. The next point in our progress was old Pagan, where we saw many pagodas, but we were told that there were as many as a thousand in the days of her prosperity.

On the river we constantly passed shipping of various kinds, sometimes huge rafts of teakwood propelled by natives, mostly devoid of attire; the peculiar Burman paddy boats of old Egyptian style are used for transporting

On the Irrawaddy River, near Sagoing

unhulled rice. A more peaceful trip cannot be imagined, and it has been compared to a passage up the Nile.

✦

PROME: We arrived at Prome the evening of January 12th, but owing to some hours' delay we were disappointed in not having the expected drive or visiting the celebrated pagoda. We took the night train for Rangoon and were so fortunate as to have the *de luxe* cars again.

✦

RANGOON: We reached the city early the following morning. Rangoon is located on the ocean and is furthermore aided by the Irrawaddy River, which is navigable for over nine hundred miles. It has an unrivalled location for future growth and permanence. Rangoon's increase has been phenomenal for this latitude; in 1852 it was a small fishing village; in 1904 the inhabitants numbered two hundred and fifty thousand, and there has since been a marked increase. The population is divided into Burmese, Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians, with a sprinkling of other nationalities, — a variety which is distinctly recognized in the life of the city. It has a large export trade in rice, lumber, and oil, and a visit to one of the factories is almost always included by tourists.

The shipping at Rangoon presents a picturesque variety, as ocean steamers, river steam-

ers, paddy boats, and quaint smaller vessels are always in evidence. The civil and municipal buildings do not, however, compare with those of such rival cities in India as Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras. The bazars in the European quarter are unusually fine, and it was a pleasure to visit them, silks, curios, and silver work being well displayed. In the native quarter those of the inhabitants to be seen on the street (previously described) had no distinctive character, but the native silk bazars were mostly in a large, low, poorly lighted building, divided into aisles. A visit to this neighborhood showed the happy-go-lucky features noticed in Mandalay.

Indeed, life in Burma is like a comic opera. I realized this one morning when going about simply to be amused. The market and pavements were crowded with persons of different nationalities, — the pineapple man with his tray of fruit, the Burmese girl with her pretty stall of cigars, the Hindu seller of betel, the Chinaman under his swaying burden of cooked meats and strange luxuries, the vermicelli man, the Indian confectioner with his silver-coated pyramids of sago and cream. It is of all crowds the most cosmopolitan. Here is the long-coated Persian with his air of breeding and dignity, jostled by the naked coolie with rings in his nose. The lady beauty of Japan dashes

General view of Rangoon

by in her jinrikisha drawn by a Chinese coolie, and the exclusive Brahman finds himself shoulder to shoulder with the laughing daughter of the soil who has never heard of caste.

✦

Shwe Dagon: The centre of attraction in Rangoon, however, is the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, which is famous wherever the Buddhist religion prevails; it is situated on an eminence, one hundred and sixty-six feet above the sea-level and towering up three hundred and sixty-eight feet. It is a very imposing structure, exceeding in height even St. Paul's Cathedral in London. This proportion gives it an air of dignity and repose, while its gilded surface from base to finial causes it to be truly magnificent.

The structure has no interior, being built solidly of brick over a relic chamber; hence its platform with a circumference of about fourteen hundred feet is the place for worship and also for many small pagodas. The great pagoda is of conical shape and is divided into twelve parts, and of these the ti, or umbrella, valued at £60,000, is the most costly and remarkable, and was the gift of King Mindon, the next to the last king of Burma. While from its great height it is scarcely visible, it is really thirteen and one-half feet high and is hung with about fifteen hundred bells, many of them gold. When heard at night, the effect is magical.

The southern entrance has a pair of gryphons, and beyond them is the entrance arch, which is inferior to the rest of the edifice. Here may be seen venders of many kinds, selling gold leaf (which is used by pilgrims on the surface of the pagoda), books, papers, toys, and offerings to place on the altar; and the scene around the stalls is instinct with life and gayety. Brightly dressed women and children, coquettish girls, nuns, and beggars all assemble here.

There are four flights of stairs, east, west, north, and south, leading up to the platform; the southern one being mostly used, as it looks down upon the thoroughfare. The western stairs have been closed to worshippers, as the place is now a British fortress.

It is impossible to describe the many objects of interest on this immense platform. Four chapels at the foot of the pagoda are guarded by colossal figures of the sitting Buddha, and in the farthest recess, in a niche, is a small Buddha, the gilding of which is discolored by the smoke from many thousands of tapers and candles.

On each side of the pagoda are chapels with tapering roofs and upturned eaves, and within them are seated images of the Buddha covered with gold. These attract large numbers of worshippers, and with the myriad waxen tapers produce an impressive effect.

The chapels are decorated with screens of

Shwe Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon

Entrance gateway, Shwe Dagon Pagoda

Chapels on platform around Shwe Dagon, Rangoon

fine wood carving. The coloring is also very striking, the outside being of vermilion and gold, the inside of green, gold, and purple.

Hundreds of Buddhas of various sizes are seen in all directions, sitting, standing, and reclining; and on the outer edge of the platform are small pagodas, each with its ti, or umbrella, and also holding its usual offerings of fruit, flowers, or small gifts. Seen at twilight and as the candles are being lighted, it is almost bewildering, even uncanny, as I found one evening when there alone with my guide, the renowned Abraham, who, even though a rigid Mohammedan, assumed a devout attitude.

Another prominent pagoda is the gilded Sule. This is situated quite in the heart of things, near the Strand, and is graceful in proportions. The platform also contains many interesting shrines. A fine distant view of the Sule is obtained from Hytche Square.

There are many monasteries (virtually schools for boys), the finest being at a suburb called Kemmendine, which is also a centre for the manufacture of kalagas, or blankets, usually red with figures in appliqué. We enjoyed several pleasant drives while in Rangoon, the favorite one being to Royal Lake and through Dalhousie Park; if taken in the late afternoon, one will see a gayly dressed, fashionable throng, either driving or walking. I had met Mr. and

Mrs. W. T. Graham of the Burma Civil Service on the steamer from Port Saïd to Bombay, and I was indebted to them for two drives, — one to their country home, which was an attractive two-storied bungalow with galleries and low windows above and below, quite unlike the thatched houses seen in Upper Burma. There were contrasts in the general dress and appearance of the natives; pink was, however, still the prevailing color in the sarongs, sashes, and jackets of the women, and the long hair of the men was the custom. The intermarriage between Burmese women and Chinamen was said to be very frequent, some of the women preferring the hard-working executive Chinamen to the indolent Burmese. And, according to the opinion of a gentleman I met later, who had made a study of the subject, the intermarriage of the ever-prevalent Chinamen with races of the Orient, where caste does not prevent, is in time going to work a great racial revolution.

One morning we rose at 5 A. M. for an early excursion to see elephants haul teak from the river-bank to higher ground, where the logs would dry before transference to the sawmills. We went at this time so as to avoid the heat, and also because the elephants rest after 11 A. M. The illustration will show the process, but it was an amusing sight to see five ponderous animals moving slowly along, propelling the logs

Elephants carrying logs at Rangoon

The Gilded Sule as seen from Hytche Square

with their trunks, and ever and anon trumpeting; not being versed in elephant expression, I was left in doubt as to whether the sound meant joy or sorrow. We visited another similar scene near a large sawmill which we explored under the leadership of the manager.

A trip to a rice-mill had been spoken of, but, not having breakfasted, we preferred to return to the hotel. Tea and toast were served at rising, if one desired it, during our entire "Tour." Another novel excursion was a long drive to some half-ruined Buddhist temples, a monastery, and buildings assigned to the peculiar rites which precede the cremation of a Buddhist priest; two bodies were seen in curious-looking receptacles, awaiting the culmination of events.

We were disappointed in not seeing a "ceremony," but were told to come in the evening and witness a temple dance, and, I believe, also a semi-dramatic ceremony. Some of the party did so, but I remained in the hotel to write letters, as we were to leave the following morning.

I have alluded to Abraham, our guide in Burma, as a devout Mohammedan, but he had numerous characteristics which rather caused distrust, one of them being his extreme deference to the ladies of the party, when according to the tenets of his religion we were all "fiends incarnate"; the other was his apparent abject ac-

ceptance of all Buddhist ceremonies, which we knew at heart he detested. However, "guides" became a prolific study, as time went on.

The weather had been hot in Rangoon; so, in spite of our pleasant Burman experiences and the joyousness of things in general, we hailed the steamer voyage as affording some measure of relief. We sailed at 7 A. M. on January 17th, on the steamer *Palmicotta*, for a voyage of four days to Madras. As usual, nothing occurred to mar the even tenor of our way; the ship was comfortable, the passengers affable, and the sea on good behavior.

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MADRAS, *January 21st:* We arrived at Madras early on the morning of January 21st. The view of the city from the pier was disappointing, but the drive of about two miles to the Hotel Conemara showed much natural beauty, the trees in particular being very fine. Hot weather met us at Madras, but as it is a city of magnificent distances, driving was a necessity, and hence less exertion was required. In the park and at the Botanical Gardens we saw more natural beauty and took the long drive to the sea front, where the fashionable people of the city of Marina go in large numbers, and which leads past fine municipal buildings, the college, and other places of importance. St. George's Church is pleasing, with its quota of memorial

General view of Madras

statues, and the close is very attractive, reminding one of England. The drive through the native quarter, called Black Town, presented unusual features. The fort and parks were visited, as were also some rather attractive bazars. The museum is interesting from an historical standpoint and has many statues and bas-reliefs, some relating to Prince Gautama and some to Hindu gods; there are also relics of saints. It is particularly rich in specimens of armor and jewelled swords.

Madras seems quite as unlike the cities of Northern India as does Rangoon, and comparatively few of the thousands of tourists who frequent Northern India ever visit Southern India, a great distinction between the two being made. It is, however, conveniently near the great Seven Pagodas, which we did not visit, and is the gateway to the famous Dravidian temples which presented much interest.

We left early in the afternoon in order to visit Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madura, and for two days sleeping-cars were to be our home. There are no hotels in these cities, the wonderful temples serving as a substitute, while the English railway restaurant afforded us a certain amount of sustenance. The ride to Tanjore was through a lovely country with beautiful palms, groves of vari-hued trees, and occasionally a tangle of vines.

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Tanjore: On our arrival at Tanjore in the afternoon we went directly to the forts which enclose the temple, palace, and gopuras. The temple is in the little fort. The gopuras claim first attention. They are really gateways, a feature peculiar to Southern India. They were intended as a fortification to protect the temples from foreign invaders, and are imposing in size and structure — towering up (some nine stories high) course after course, and literally covered with carvings of animals and gods, all colored in red and gold. We passed through a gopura ninety feet high, next through a passage one hundred and seventy feet long, then through a small gopura, when we arrived at the large outer enclosure of the temple, four hundred and fifty by eight hundred feet. This is further surrounded by cloisters and open to outsiders, who are not, however, permitted to enter the great temple of the adjacent halls. But even at a distance we could admire their barbaric splendor.

We were also entertained by the gorgeous temple peacock (considered sacred), of enormous size, which, with outstretched tail, posed for us with as much evident vanity as a coquettish girl. There are smaller shrines and temples distributed about the great enclosure, and in one temple is an immense bronze bull. The tower of the great temple is only thirty-eight feet lower than the Kutub Minar described in "Old Delhi." In

The Great Subrahmanya Temple at Tanjore

the northwest corner of the enclosure is an exquisite small temple called Siva Manya and dedicated to the son of Siva. It has a tower fifty feet high and a base forty feet square, adorned with pillars, and these are continued along another cloister, fifty feet long. Mr. Ferguson writes: "It is as exquisite a piece of decorative architecture as is to be found in Southern India." The great fort seems like a continuation of the small one, and in it are situated the palace and Schwartz Church.

The palace of the Princess of Tanjore is an immense structure and was built about 1550 A. D. It has no merit architecturally, but possesses certain features of interest; one of these is a large Durbar room which contains bas-reliefs on the wall, and a platform of black granite, on which stands a white marble statue by Flaxman of Raja Shah Foji, who was a pupil of Flaxman and who was next to the last Raja. There are also to be found here portraits of the various members of the royal family and a bust of Lord Nelson. In addition, we came across an unusual library for India, dating from the end of the sixteenth century, and containing eighteen thousand Sanskrit manuscripts, one half of them written on palm leaves. Our English guide showed us a portion of the palace occupied by two ladies, relatives of the last Raja, this being a courtesy extended to them

by the English Government and which ceases with their death. The Schwartz Church dates from 1770 A. D., and the aged missionary is immortalized in a monument designed by Flaxman, which contains eight figures beside the reclining one.

The Tanjore and Trichinopoly districts were the scene of the earliest work of the Protestant missionaries in India, and the Roman Catholic missionaries antedated them by half a century. Churches of these faiths are scattered through this and the adjoining districts. We had a late luncheon in the restaurant of the railway station and then repaired to the train. I have great dislike for a sleeping-car, so it can be imagined that the visit to the Dravidian temples was made under difficulties. We proceeded to Trichinopoly, arriving there early and having a long day before us.

✦

TRICHINOPOLY: Trichinopoly, like Tanjore, has a history full of vicissitudes, in which the French and that picturesque figure, Lord Clive, appear. The temple of Sri Ranngam is situated a mile from the bridge and three miles from the fort, the entrance being through a gopura forty-eight feet high; the sides of this passage, one hundred feet long and forty-three feet high, are richly ornamented. The monoliths which serve as pillars are forty feet high, and every

Fort Rock, Trichinopoly

detail is on a gigantic scale; this is the largest Hindu temple in India. The outer enclosure alone is twenty-four hundred and seventy-five by twenty-eight hundred and eighty feet, and has its elephant, but it wears a commercial aspect (being filled with bazars) which detracts from the dignity of the scene. As we penetrated to the interior temple, the buildings diminished in size and importance; the gopuras, however, are imposing (there are nine in all), with their profuse decoration, all being painted and all varying in size.

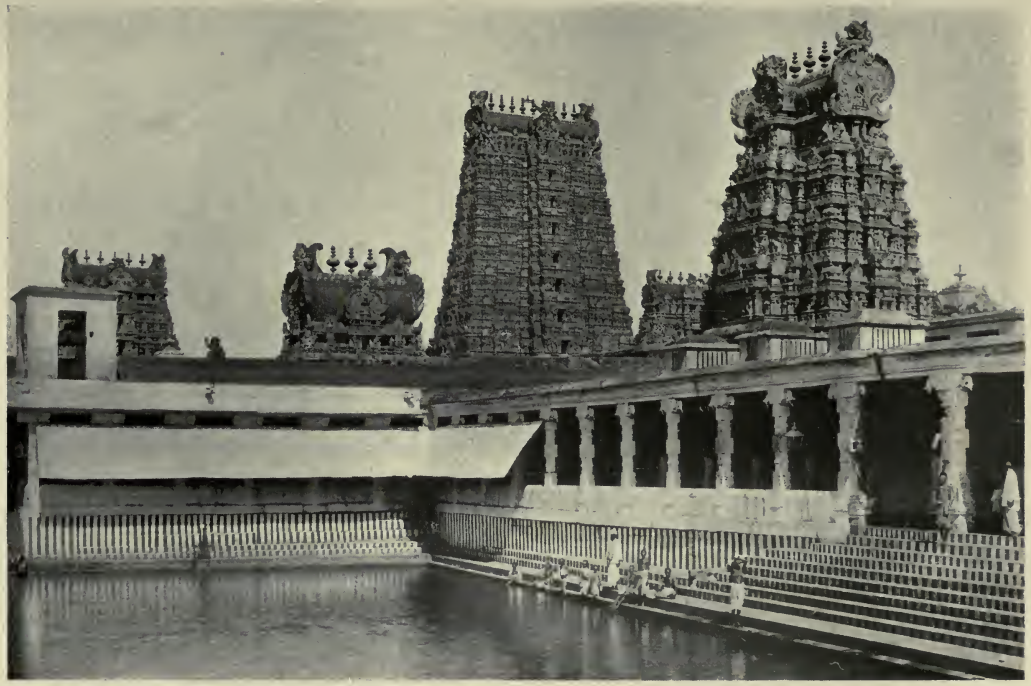
In the court around the central enclosure is a hall of about one thousand pillars; these are of granite, eighteen feet in height. On one side the pillars represent men astride rearing horses, the horses' feet being supported by the shields of men on foot beside them. This temple was built about 700 B. C. The tanks are of interest in Trichinopoly, but less so than in Madura.

The great rock is the most noticeable feature, tunnelled out of which is a circular staircase with a gateway leading to interior temples, and on the sides of this passage are pillars with peculiar capitals which seem to indicate Jain origin. The way upward was dimly lighted, and all manner of accidents seemed possible. In fact, there was a very serious accident in 1849, when five hundred persons were killed. At one landing there was a school of small boys; at another,

there were groups of worshippers making their descent; turning to the left, we saw a small temple of Siva. In the dim light everything seemed weird and unreal. The view from the top of the rock was far-reaching, gopuras and temples gleaming through the green foliage. There were sacred elephants here, as at Tanjore, standing in the usual receptive attitude; for them small coins were more acceptable than food, showing how adroitly they had been trained.

✦

Madura: Another very early arrival at Madura, and the programme of the day before was repeated. Although Madura is a large place, the temples, gopuras, and palaces are the chief attraction. The famous Palace of Tirumala Nayak is splendid in its appointments, having large, airy halls and audience rooms (similar to the Diwan-i-Khas of Delhi and Agra) with richly decorated ceilings, and the bedchamber is resplendent with carving and gilding. There is a fine view from the roof of the great temple. The nine gopuras are tall, massive, and barbaric in their decorations, which consist of horses, lions, elephants, gods and goddesses. The great shrines of Siva and his consort are almost interminable in their extent, and there is a long vestibule or hall divided into aisles by carved columns. This formed a reception room for



The Golden Lily Tank, Madura

Entrance to the Madura Temple

the King in early times, a great contrast to the present scene of tumultuous venders with almost every variety of goods, who are more noisy than their brothers of North India.

Within the temple there are many shrines and many Tamil worshippers; high-caste Brahmans are also there to minister to the supposed wants of the higher gods. Galleries led us out to still other shrines, where are installed additional images of gods, who on fête days are carried about in gold and silver chariots of untold value. All the most beautiful portions of the temple as it now stands were built by Tirumala Nayak, the great Madura ruler of modern times, who ascended the throne in 1623 and reigned thirty-six years.

One of the quadrangles opens out on a tank. An arcade runs around the tank, and the walls are painted with representations of the most famous pagodas in India. On the north side is the belfry — strange to relate, an American bell hangs therein. Here too is the Hall of a Thousand Pillars, and this is even more remarkable than the same-named hall at Trichinopoly, on account of the marvellous beauty of the construction. Near the hall is the great gopura, and opposite this is the new gallery, of a magnificent plan but unfinished, known as Tirumala's Choultrie. There is so much of interest and detail connected with all of these Dravidian temples

that one should plan to have more time to devote to them. The cursory examination we were afforded measures the disadvantage of an itinerary. We left after luncheon for Tuticorin, and arrived there at 5 P. M.

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TUTICORIN: Tuticorin, on the Gulf of Manaar, is the port of departure for Colombo, Ceylon. We had only a hurried glimpse of the city, showing white buildings, white sand, and the blackest natives we had yet seen. We inferred they were Tamils. A pleasant night on the steamer followed.

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COLOMBO, *January 25th:* The morning of January 25th saw our approach to the fine harbor of Colombo, and we felt that at last our dream of viewing the beautiful island of Ceylon was to be realized. Our first impression was received at the landing jetty, where it seemed as if every nationality had its representative, so varied was the appearance of the natives, — the Laskas from the Malay Peninsula, the Hindus from India, as well as Tamil coolies, Arabs from Aden, Buddhist priests, and Mohammedans. We found excitement on our arrival at the hotel, owing to the expected appearance of the ex-Empress Eugénie and her suite, as well as Sir Thomas Lipton and numerous other notable guests.

Street scene in Colombo

The ride to the hotel, located on the sea, had shown us unusual luxuriance of vegetation and wonderful trees both in fruit and in blossom. This fact was emphasized by a long afternoon drive, beginning in the native quarter with its attendant bazars and ending with a long country tour for at least an hour through a forest of palms of many varieties, the tall talipot towering high — higher even than the fruit-laden cocoanut palm, — while bread-fruit trees, jack-fruit trees, and bananas made a pleasing variety. A little diversion occurred when a boy climbed a tall cocoanut palm, procuring a fine specimen, and opened it for us to try. We passed the Victoria Bridge, which took the place of the bridge of boats, returning to our hotel by a way that revealed still more tropical wonders. The fine Galle Face Hotel, with its sense of spaciousness and restful ease, the illuminated grounds, the band, and the dash of the waves caused that first Saturday evening to seem almost perfection; one and all felt willing to linger on indefinitely, but, alas, the iron-clad itinerary must be met, and a week in the mountains was to follow!

Colombo is a fine place in which to study types, and nothing is more peculiar than the Cingalese man, with his long hair braided in a knot at his neck, with the broad shell comb resting on his crown; on State occasions the chief waiters at the hotel appear in an exceed-

ingly high head piece perched above their customary shell ornament, which they told us was the style of a hundred years ago.

The jinrikisha man here is the first person to gain your attention; so winning are his ways and so rapid his pace that he is justly popular for a short spin to the very interesting shopping district, where almost everything may be found, the jewels holding the interest of the stranger above all else. But, alas, the pearl, Ceylon's home product, is to be had only at fabulous prices and not then in its perfection. We had heard of the lure of the pearl in the Gulf of Manaar (separating Ceylon from India), and of all the fairy-tale adventures involved in the search for it, and so we were disappointed in our failure to see perfect specimens.

The heat in Colombo was not oppressive, but, as in other places, there are flying pinkahs and electric appliances for cooling the air; then there are fans in one's room to use at will, for these Easterners like comfort and secure it at whatever cost, and the denizens of the West soon fall into their ways, even adopting the English custom of four o'clock tea. The spacious entrance hall at the Galle Face Hotel presented an animated appearance, with beautifully gowned ladies, and their attendants, seated around little tables sipping tea and consuming fruit-cake and sandwiches. ✦

NUWARA ELIYA: On Tuesday morning, January 28th, we left Colombo for the north. The mountain resort of Nuwara Eliya is a great boon even to the inhabitants of sea-swept Colombo; and it is also appreciated to its full by the tourist who has been surfeited with the close atmosphere of cities or grown tired of sea voyages. We had been told that the scenery combined the wildness of Switzerland with the peculiar charm of the Welsh mountains; hence we felt that a new experience awaited us. The railway ride there confirmed our first impression of Ceylon's fine growth of trees and shrubs, the road leading first through lowlands with endless cocoanut and other palms; while of all the blossom-laden trees the gold mohr, with its wealth of scarlet blossoms, surpasses every other. Later, rice-fields and tea plantations alternated, the latter even covering the sides of mountains. The scenery grew bolder as we went along, and at the Junction we took the narrow gauge for our mountain climb. This ascent was another triumph of engineering skill, winding around long and bold curves.

Nuwara Eliya is located sixty-two hundred feet above the sea, but, surrounded by mountains, the country has the appearance of being a valley. The Grand Hotel, in bungalow style, is prettily located in well laid-out grounds, with a fine view. In the morning we drove to Hak-

galla Botanical Garden, and on our way there we saw a striking feature in great masses of rhododendrons. The road to the gardens through an avenue of trees was inviting, and as we turned to the right we had a fine view of the west peak of the Hakgalla rock; passing on up the drive, we saw a large lake, the banks of which were lined with ornamental trees. There is here a pleasing vista of flowering plants, tall palms, and varied trees; we examined an immense tea plant twelve feet in diameter, a fine clump of tree ferns, and a peculiar silver fern from New Zealand, — also a wax palm from New Granada, the leaves of which are covered with a wax substance from which good candles can be made; and a fernery with twenty-six thousand plants. There is also a flower garden, a house for the propagation of plants, and a laboratory for scientific research, besides many other interesting features in this truly complete garden.

We visited a tea factory, and an attendant showed us the entire process of preparation, even to the wrapping of the tea in packages. During the afternoon we drove to Ramboda Pass, six miles distant. From the top of the pass, six thousand feet high, there was a panoramic view of mountain scenery with the Katinale valley below and the gray-crested Peacock Mountain as a centrepiece. Nuwara Eliya is a famed summer resort, with beautiful walks,

General view of Nuwara Eliya

tennis, cricket, and social clubs; the English Church is finely located, with the usual well-kept close.

✦

KANDY, *January 30th:* We left Nuwara Eliya, on the morning of January 30th, for Kandy, arriving there at 2 P. M. The train passed through a country similar to that before described, only there was a greater descent, Kandy having less altitude than Nuwara Eliya. We had anticipated much of Kandy, Ceylon's ancient capital and the scene of action in the days of the old Kandyan kings. It is said that when Adam and Eve were banished from Paradise they repaired to Ceylon and located at Kandy, it being the nearest approach to Paradise. A few days' stay there sufficed to show us that the legend was partly justified.

The city is situated in a valley with stretches of mountains on either side, a lake nestling in the centre of the place and in the midst of a perfect wealth of trees. Nature seemed to challenge our admiration.

The afternoon drive to Peradeniya convinced us that the claim of one of the greatest botanical gardens in the world was well founded, for here we saw revelations in plants, shrubs, and trees, the new varieties of palms seeming wonderful. A talipot palm was in blossom, towering high to heaven, but we knew that its course was nearly

ended, for when it attains about half a century of vitality it droops and dies; this seems a strange anomaly of Nature. Great groups of rubber trees (largely exported from Ceylon) and immense groups of tall bamboo trees were also in plenty.

Kandy, in the Eastern world, derives its greatest renown from being the home of Buddha's tooth, and the Temple of the Tooth attracts great crowds of pilgrims of the Buddhist faith from many lands. It is said to have been brought here in the sixteenth century, and the small temple in which it was then placed has been enlarged and made a shrine where costly gifts are laid by devotees from China, Japan, the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and other remote points. Buddhism claims the larger portion of Ceylon's subjects, having in comparison with Hinduism a small following in India, where it originated. The tooth is said to be the left eye-tooth of Prince Siddhartha, taken from his ashes twenty-five centuries ago, but it is believed that the original tooth was burned by the Catholic Archbishop of Goa, Portugal, in 1650, and a spurious one substituted. However, it is worshipped as the real one, and the morning following our arrival, we attended the 9.30 service at the temple, where a crowd was in attendance, seemingly enjoying the hideous music of the tom-toms and instruments of a similar Oriental

General view of Kandy

character. The tooth is not shown except on rare occasions, but through a glass door we saw its jewelled casket and the table on which it rests.

There were many offerings before this relic and before other images of Buddha which are to be found presiding over all temples. Much superstition was evident, but the sacrifices and practices that are to be seen in the Hindu temples are here wanting. It is a sad reflection, however, that Buddha's noble teachings could not have borne better fruit.

The library of the temple held many richly bound Buddhist books, written on leaves made from the talipot palm. The leaves bound together are long and narrow, and are held in place between heavy covers. The priests, as in Burma, wear a yellow silk robe draped like a Roman toga. They are seen everywhere, going about in the early morning with a begging bowl; they are ever courteous and apparently well bred. Cremation is practised, as with the Hindus, but the rites preceding it are far more imposing and cover days of peculiar ceremonies, while the Hindus practise almost immediate cremation. A visit to the Government art school and museum followed, and then a beautiful mountain drive where hill and valley alternated; the views were past description.

In the afternoon we were permitted the cour-

tesy of a visit to the Governor's residence, the family being absent. The grounds were large and well laid out; the rooms spacious and furnished with a view to comfort and to meet the requirements of the climate. We were interested in learning that the ex-Empress Eugénie and her suite were about to arrive to take up their residence for a time. A so-termed Lady Blake's drive followed. This was also largely a mountain ride with more fine views; but we surpassed ourselves on the following day in the tour we took, and our adjectives were soon exhausted; so it is natural that we should vote Ceylon the finest land we had thus far visited.

Sunday was passed quietly; we attended a 6 A. M. service in the English Church, and saw a number of natives in attendance, ladies appearing in low dresses and with uncovered heads. They were richly clad; so it was evidently the custom, even though to us it seemed peculiar.

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ANURADHAPURA: Monday, February 3d, we left Kandy to visit Anuradhapura.

Before proceeding, it seems desirable to introduce an historical digression. The history of Ceylon is shrouded in mystery, but, from chronicles compiled by the early monks, a real foundation or beginning has been determined upon, proving that the Cingalese under Wigeyo invaded Ceylon in 543 B. C. and conquered the

Entrance to the Botanical Gardens, Kandy

Temple of the Sacred Tooth in Kandy

aborigines of the soil. It is deemed probable that they came from neighboring continents, and that their descendants possessed character and determination; that they were builders is shown by the erection of splendid edifices at an early date, and after the arrival of the royal Buddhist missionary, Mahindo (son of an Indian king), 306 B. C., fine dagobas and monasteries were added, each successive ruler seeming ambitious to excel his predecessor.

Anuradhapura was the first capital, but owing to many vicissitudes and several invasions of the Malabars of Southern India, the capital was moved many times, Kandy being the sixth; it preceded Cotta, near Colombo, the latter being the present capital. In 1532, on the landing of the Portuguese at Colombo, the last blow was struck, and soon the great cities of the Empire were deserted and left in the hands of foreigners. The best dagobas were crumbling, immense tanks broken, and general devastation succeeded where splendor had long reigned. The annals of these centuries, the recital of the achievements and the failures of the various rulers, read like a romance, and it seems sad that a people thus endowed could not have retained their character and independence, although under English rule the island seems prosperous.

The first mention of Kandy is at the beginning of the fourteenth century, when a temple was

built to receive the sacred tooth and other ruins, the possession of which made it an important centre of the Buddhist religion and eventually a royal residence; it became the capital of the island in 1592. From that time until the final establishment of the English rule in 1803, it was repeatedly captured and burned by the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English; it consequently presents no architectural monuments nor any pretension to antiquity.

But it has a better claim to the remembrance of posterity in the fact that for three hundred years it was the centre of the national movement to resist the aggressions of the foreigner. After the British occupation the King was allowed some authority, but owing to certain indignities offered to English subjects, war was declared in 1815, the King taken prisoner and transported to India, where he died in 1832. Ceylon has since been an English colony. The Kandyans are brave and fearless in appearance; they never wear the Cingalese comb, as this is a badge of the low country. The women dress differently from those in India.

The city presents a wide field of interest for the archæologist, and incidentally for the tourist. We were to have a new experience here, as we were to be housed in a "rest house," the term applied to a Government semi-hotel, usually of a simple description, but serving as a great con-

Ruins of Anuradhapura

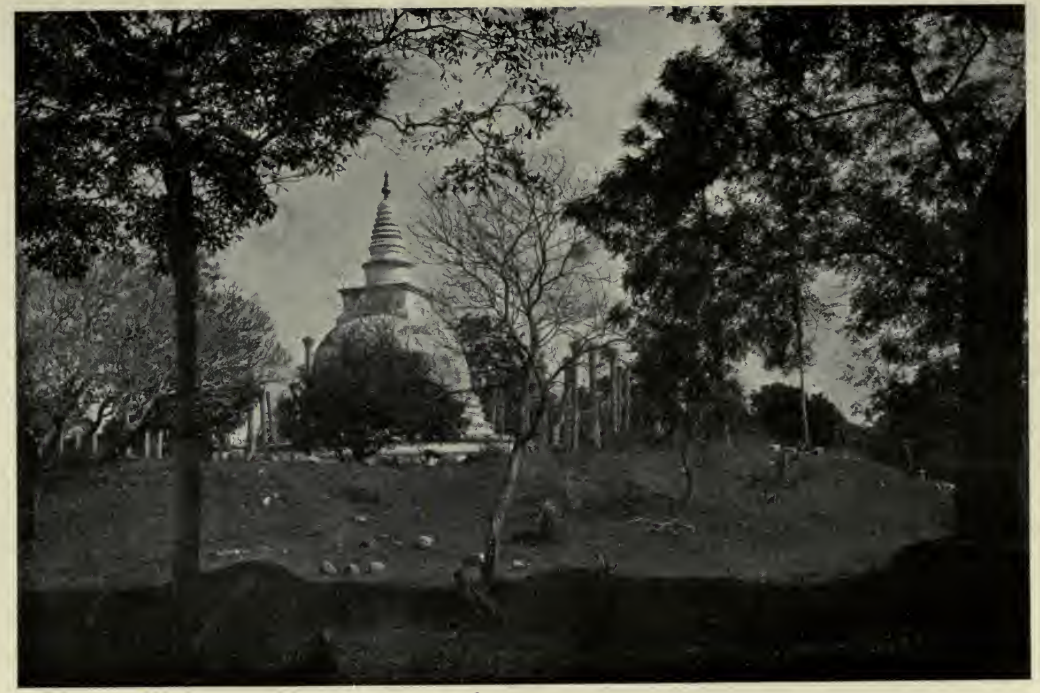
venience to Government officials in the many places throughout the English islands where there are no hotels. We found the one at Anuradhapura prettily located in a setting of green, with a garden in front. The present little town has a population of about three thousand, and is the capital of the north central province of Ceylon.

The tour of the ruins is divided into a consideration of the outer and inner circles, each comprising a drive of several miles. On the afternoon of our arrival we took the outer circle and went past towering ruined temples called dagobas, remains of palaces once spacious and imposing, long rows of stately columns covering a wide space, ruined towers, statues, some headless and some showing traces of their former skill, immense tanks, and remains of buildings of many descriptions which are awaiting the patient investigation of the archæologist. Much in this line has already been done, and active work is now being carried forward on some of the dagobas, the contribution of Buddhistic pilgrims who come from far and near largely aiding the cause. There is also a local archæological society which seeks to systematize the effort.

The ride to the inner circle and the more distant points consumed another four hours, and an eight-mile excursion will later be alluded

to. The special objects of interest may be mentioned, with an indication of what the ruins represent, as they may have general value. The sacred road is a feature of the place, for it is the pathway the pilgrims have trod for over two thousand years. The Thuparama is the oldest and most venerated of all the dagobas. The largest one is the Jaytawanarama, built about the close of the third century A. D. by King Mahicena. The height, including the pedestal, is two hundred and forty-nine feet, and its diameter three hundred and sixty feet; moreover, the contents of the dome of brickwork and the platform on which it stands are said to contain twenty million cubic feet. It is also stated that, with the facilities which modern inventions supply for economizing labor, the building of such a structure at present would take five hundred bricklayers from six to seven years, and would involve an expenditure of at least $5,000,000. Only the glory of the old outline is now left, and its four chapels have crumbled almost past recognition.

Of interest is the Isurumuniya Temple, constructed by King Dewenipiatissa, 300 B. C. The temple is carved out, and circles around a formation of natural rock; its shrine is approached by two terraces, the steps being in a state of fine preservation. The outer wall of the upper terrace is ornamented with a re-



Near the Sacred Road, Thuparama Dagoba

markable series of seventeen mural frescos in low relief, the subjects being grotesque, and there is a large tablet on the south wall consisting of a group of three women, a man, and attendants. Close to the entrance of the shrine is a large sitting figure holding a horse, and carved out of the face of the rock are the heads of four elephants in low relief. The stone doorway is a fine specimen of carving, and the pillars which support the porch in front of it are beautifully proportioned. The temple has been restored.

A priest's dwelling-house is near, and the priest was officiating at the shrine at the time of my visit. I was alone; he signified that I was to keep silent, and then offered up a prayer to Buddha in my behalf, for which I was doubtless expected to deposit a coin in a contribution box. As I did not disappoint the expectant priest, he courteously presented me with his card, and this is the name inscribed thereon: "Sangharakkhita Mahathera, the High Priest of the Isurumuni Vihara." Another interesting dagoba with a most unpronounceable name is now being restored through the pious contributions of pilgrims. The present height is one hundred and fifty feet, with a diameter of three hundred and seventy-nine feet. It was originally surrounded by two large paved platforms, the inner one being raised above the

other. Around the outer wall there was originally a complete circle of elephants, each elephant being furnished with tusks of real ivory. The Moonstone Steps are finely preserved. There is still a striking frieze of lions running along the upper border of the platform, and around the base of the dagoba are five large upright statues and a small sitting one, the tallest said to be that of King Dutugemuna.

There are wonderful tales told of miraculous work done through the celebrated bo-tree, a branch of the oldest historical tree in the world. It was planted two hundred and forty-five years before Christ, and its story has been handed down in a continuous series of authentic chronicles. This is believed by Buddhists to be a branch of the sacred bo-tree in Buddh Gaya, India, under which Prince Siddhartha sat on the day he attained Buddha-hood, this branch having been sent from India; it has been sacredly treated, enriched with stone carvings and braces, and honored with magnificent ceremonies by repeated dynasties; it has also been spared during the successive invasions of the land. The Chinese traveller and author, Fahiam, visited it in the fifth century, and has left an authentic record of it as well as of some buildings in this ruined city. There are fine columns and many remains of the King's palace still standing; in addition to which,

The Moonstone Steps

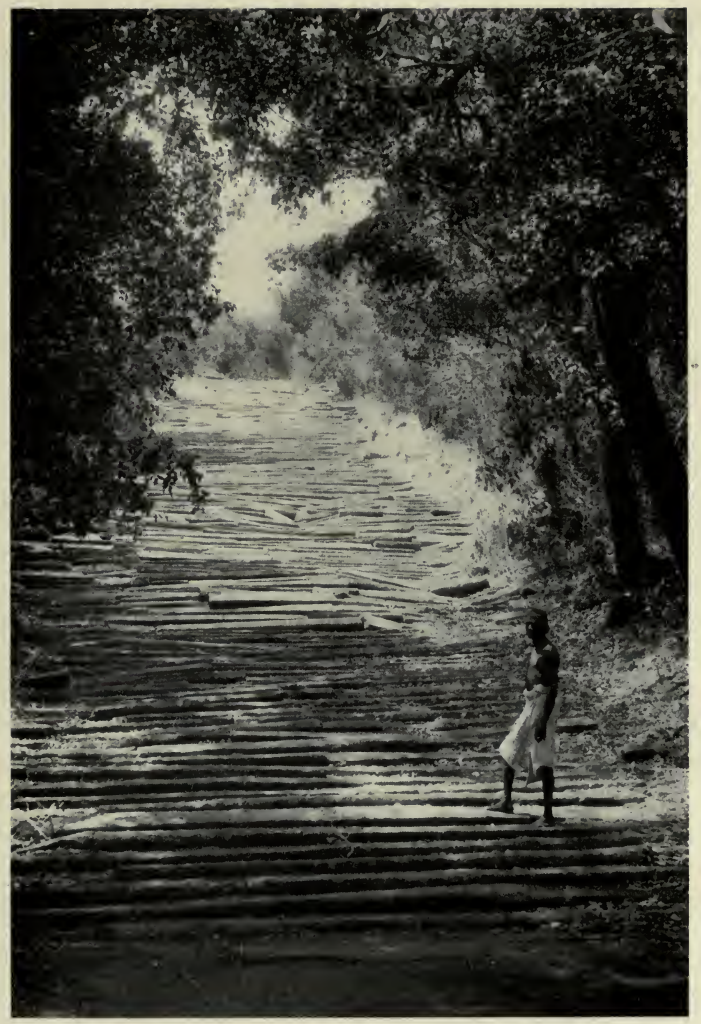
the monasteries and tanks all show artistic skill.

Perhaps a clearer idea of the former splendor may be had by a brief recital of what chroniclers and archæologists prove to have been the plan of the Buddhist Brazen Temple, now a collection of sixteen hundred monolithic granite pillars, standing twelve feet from the ground and arranged in lines of forty each way; they cover a space measuring two hundred and thirty-one feet north to south and two hundred and thirty-two feet east to west. This formed the foundation of the great Brazen Temple, erected by King Dutugemuna in the second century B. C. These columns supported the building, nine stories in height, and containing one thousand dormitories for priests. The roof was of sheet copper, and the walls were embellished with beads which shone resplendent like gems. The great hall was supported on golden pillars resting on lions, and in the centre was an ivory throne with a golden sun and silver moon on either side, while above it glittered Imperial Chinta, the white canopy of dominion. It was destroyed, then rebuilt, and the second restoration occurred in the twelfth century, thus showing the vicissitudes which this and other ruins have passed through.

The excursion to Mihintale, eight miles distant, was made alone with a guide, at six in the

morning, the other members of the party preferring another excursion. The drive was mostly through what was termed a jungle, meaning a roadway cut through the forest and left in its natural state; hence there was a tangle of vines and underbrush, and the effect was very fine with the great variety which the tropical vegetation affords. Reaching our destination, we left the carriage for a walk of three quarters of a mile through a forest to the base of a mountain from which ascends eighteen hundred and sixty-four wide marble steps, divided into four flights, with a landing for each, paths leading to the left or right of the landings to some object of interest.

The stairs were not difficult but rather continuous, as we found before we reached the top. In the middle of the last flight was a narrow path leading to the snakes' bathing-place; this is formed out of solid rock and measures about one hundred and thirty feet in length. At the back the five-headed cobra has been carved in high relief; it is seven feet high and is represented as rising from the water. The sanctity of the mountain-top in the eyes of Buddhists is said to be due to the fact that on the summit alighted the royal missionary, Mahahindo, when he came from India, 307 B. C.; he there met the King, who was out hunting, and having listened to a discourse, the King



Mihitale Steps

became an ardent Buddhist, a fact which later resulted in the conversion of forty thousand of his followers.

✦

CEYLON: The Ambustala dagoba now marks the spot of the meeting. It is built of stone, the terrace around it consisting of numerous columns. There are ruined statues, columns, and carved capitals scattered about, showing that formerly this was the basis for a group of buildings. There are also oblong cuttings in the rock, supposed to be the foundation of cave dwellings never completed. One more flight of stairs leads up to the gallery, surrounding the Mahaseya dagoba. The view from this highest gallery is magnificent; the great plain gave a wide vista, while beyond was an outline of the distant mountain range; nearer we saw great masses of green, through which shone the three great dagobas of Anuradhapura.

Before leaving the summit we held a conversation with the aged priest through an interpreter, and, retracing our steps, drove to the rest house for a ten-o'clock breakfast made up of coffee and rolls; then, returning to our temporary home in Anuradhapura, we pronounced the morning's excursion a success.

In the afternoon we took a drive with a guide through the inner circle, when there occurred the incident with the priest previously related.

At 6 A. M. the following day, we returned to Colombo, and again enjoyed the tropical vegetation, the views of mountain and valley, of rice and tea plantations, and the glimpse of native life which the short stay at stations afforded. Time thus passed in the mountains and country of Ceylon is indeed fraught with delight. We had an object lesson in the habits and customs of the so-called hill-country, Kandy furnishing many marked examples; there was particularly the large two-wheeled cart with oxen as propelling power. We were also interested in the Rodiyas, living in the outskirts, a people oppressed on account of a curse pronounced by a king many years ago, one of the conditions being the prohibition of clothes above the waist, both for men and women. The latter are noted for their beauty, and excel as singers and dancers, but they suffer under the stigma of immodesty for the reason given above.

Three restful days followed; the hotel wore a homelike air, and the time was full of content and quiet enjoyment. Ceylon fascinated me from the first, and after the trip to the mountains and a more perfect realization of the natural advantages of the island, the impression deepened.

The native people also struck me as being cheerful, but with more strength of character than the Burmese, and possessing a certain

Street scene in Kandy, Ceylon

kind of dignity that was pleasing. The bazars too were found unusually interesting on a closer inspection, and offered many new and novel articles.

While there were carriage drives, this was our first introduction to the jinrikishas, and we found them most convenient and a novelty; only there was an uncomfortable feeling that the jinrikisha man in Ceylon was too slight for his occupation.

The street scenes presented almost as cosmopolitan an aspect as those at Rangoon, and with quite as varied a mixture of nationality.

There was a notable carriage drive of eight miles to Mt. Lavinia, a seaside resort with only a hotel perched on a hill, while below on the sandy beach were many fishing-boats. Here we whiled away an hour, and had afternoon tea.

On Saturday evening, February 8th, we bade adieu to Ceylon, taking passage on the steamer *Delhi* of the P. & O. line, which was to be our home until the 14th. We were assigned pleasant rooms, and the general environment was agreeable. There was little of incident on the trip until we landed at Penang, Malay peninsula, on the morning of the 13th. We made a special tour, and noted many beautiful homes with surrounding grounds and a general air of thrift. We were once more reminded of Great Britain's

supremacy in the Far East; it is surprising, the vast amount of colonizing, as well as civilizing, she has accomplished.

In Penang, Chinamen were everywhere seen and Chinese business houses predominated. The Malay was, however, to be found as he should be on the Malay peninsula. At first it was difficult for us to realize that we had left the East, Penang being the portal of the Far East, of which Singapore is the gateway, her harbor being a famous shipping point.

At 11 A. M. we were sailing on for that port, which is regarded as the Paris of the Far East by the wealthy nabobs who frequent the city. The Chinese coolie who officiated as jinrikisha man was a sturdier specimen of humanity than the one seen at Colombo, and we could enjoy a ride without the conscientious scruples experienced at the former place.

Arriving at Singapore, we found we must postpone our visit there, as the steamer *Rembrandt*, of the Dutch line, was soon to leave for Java.

It was late in the afternoon when we sailed from Singapore; we caught some glimpses of the shore and noted the finest group of the traveller's palm we had as yet seen; also some pretty bungalow homes close to the water's edge, with tiny gardens enclosing palms and flowers.

The canal in the old city of Batavia

There was scarcely a ripple to be detected, and the elements were hushed; the brilliant rays of the setting sun shed a halo over the peaceful landscape.

We imagined there must be some premonition of the event which was to take place in the night, namely, the passing of the equatorial line; and we tried to keep our senses alert in order not to miss the subtle significance of so unusual an event, but in the morning there was the humiliating reflection that sleep had "won the day"! At noon we began to realize that we were at Summer's door and would soon learn the true quality of the tropical heat, of which we had had as yet only a prelude.

The Java Sea was as placid as the Strait of Malacca had been, and there was little to break the monotony save a passing steamer, a glimpse of Sumatra's shore, and an occasional island. Another night passed, and in the morning we were at the harbor of Tandjong Priok, which is nine miles from the city of Batavia. We arrived there in a pouring rain; we were now in a land where rain is prevalent, this being the wet monsoon season.

After a very slight custom-house inspection was completed, we left by train for Batavia, one of the capitals of Java. We were at once impressed with the variety of the landscape and the tropical richness of the trees and shrubs.

The Dutch aspect of the architecture and the canals were evidence of the influence of the fatherland, but the natives seemed to be a mixture of Javanese and Malays, while the Chinese, as elsewhere, were to be seen in large numbers.

The canals are the principal feature of the old city of Batavia; but along the streets one detects also many business houses and banks, some of the largest being Chinese.

The Hôtel des Indes is located in the new city called Werengen. On entering the enclosure which surrounds the hotel, a large banyan tree was the central object directly in front of the hotel proper, situated nearly in the centre of a square.

On three sides of the square are arranged a continuous series of one-story suite of rooms opening in front on a wide veranda, shut off from the adjacent suite by screens of stained glass and shaded by glass and awnings. This was the salon of the suite, furnished with rugs, chairs, centre table, and writing-desk. Here all waking hours are supposed to be passed. The largest homes of the residents are similarly arranged; such an exterior forms the large drawing-room, often beautifully furnished. It all seemed new and novel to us, but the climax was reached when we saw even matrons on exhibition in these show boxes, dressed in loose jackets,

Batavia, Java

sarongs drawn closely around them, and their bare feet simply encased in sandals; also stout Dutchmen in pajamas, and sometimes this costume was worn in the dining-room with the utmost unconcern, showing how customs vary in different countries.

The charming bungalow homes in the new city, surrounded by spacious grounds, pleased us, as did the business houses; some fronting on canals which were spanned by artistic bridges. The Museum of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences was rich in exhibits of Sumatra's and Borneo's products and handwork, as well as in Javanese antiquities and in articles of silver and gold workmanship, which were novel in design and skilfully executed. The building is classic in its lines and very pleasing.

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February 18*th:* An early train, 6 A. M., for Buitenzorg gave us the freshness of the morning for travel, and the two hours thus consumed were filled with exclamations of delight over the beauty of the scenery. Soon after our arrival at the Hotel Belle Vue, we drove to the Botanical Gardens, where, like Peradeniya in Ceylon, a revelation awaited us. Masses of pink lotus, white lilies, Victoria Regia, and other varieties of the lily family formed great patches of color on the miniature ponds that were their setting. Orchids in greenhouses and on trees put forth their

graceful flowers; palms of every description, candle trees with myriads of almost realistic candles which were suspended from the branches, sausage trees with veritable bolognas hanging from the limbs, bread-fruit trees, lovely vistas of the graceful banana, and groups of other foliage or shrubs surrounded us in abundance.

The Governor's spacious residence looks out upon the park on one side, and a pretty summer-house overlooking a valley gave a picturesque touch to the place.[1] The ride around the city showed lovely homes set in varied greens, and a general air of thrift and prosperity prevailed.

The hotel is charmingly located and has pleasant features. It fronts on a garden, with a wide gallery overlooking the city. A square court in the rear is encircled by a series of rooms, with the front gallery looking on the court, and the back gallery facing a valley (the house is built on a side hill) through which runs a river with a tiny village on its border; while beyond a wide vista of cocoanut palms rises a range of mountains, Mt. Salak being the distinctive feature. Both galleries are well furnished, and here guests assemble when in the hotel. The view from the rear gallery I have never seen

[1] Buitenzorg divides the honor with Batavia of being a capital, and its beauty of location and fine climate (seven hundred feet above the sea-level) make it a favorite resort, as well as the centre of the wealth and fashion of the island. In Buitenzorg one might linger on indefinitely and never count the days.

View of Mt. Salak from the Hotel Belle Vue

surpassed in breadth, except perhaps by that in Granada, when from Miss Laird's balcony (near the Alhambra) we looked down upon the city, with the mountains beyond.

The Javanese view was enjoyed for hours, as a heavy rain prevented our afternoon ride, and the letters that should have been written were somewhat neglected, owing to the view described.

One shrinks at being called at four o'clock in the morning, at having breakfast at five, and at taking a train at six, but such was our experience on February 19th. One leaves Buitenzorg for Garoet as the first streak of dawn appears; as we sped along, we realized more and more what tropical vegetation and abundant rain could produce, for the vivid greens and dewy freshness of the foliage surpassed even Ceylon's landscape, which in its turn had surpassed anything before seen, even our own South and Southern California not excepted; Java is indeed the garden of the world! With remote mountain views on either side of us and nearer aspects of palms and trees bearing names unknown, there were interspersed rice plantations, unlike the flat fields of Burma, cultivated in terraces rising one above the other on hilly slopes. An occasional tea plantation lay here and there, and some traces of coffee plantations; the cultivation of the bean has been partly aban-

doned owing to the blight about ten years since.

As the train climbed upward, our destination being Garoet, two thousand feet above the sea-level, the scenery grew less marked, but we were still encircled by the Gedeh Mountain range. The great Garoet plain consists of wide level stretches and extended rice-fields, less marked by terraces than those we had seen before; therein is situated the quaint village of Garoet, a favorite hill resort, where we found the noted Hotel van Horck with its reputation for neatness and restful hospitality. The one-story building has suites of rooms looking out on a spacious garden, conventional in style, with its wealth of trees, shrubs, and flowers, also busts and statues. A large oval bed of brilliant crotons on one side of the garden, and another foliage bed that formed the base of a pyramidal vase on the other side, were especially admired.

The pretty little village of Garoet seemed to breathe a spirit of contentment, and it is quite a resort for people from a lower altitude. It is also the starting-point for various excursions, some of which we took, but the daily rains proved an obstacle. The afternoon of our arrival we drove to a pretty lake, but a sudden rain prevented a sail to the island in an exceedingly quaint little kiosk, which rests on two long boats. The bad weather also prevented a visit to the

A village scene in Garoet, Java

Hot Springs, where baths of a rather primitive character are furnished.

The most noted excursion is to the crater of Papandajang. We departed on this quest, about five in the morning, driving eleven miles to the rest house at Tjiseroepan, where ponies and sedan chairs were furnished for the ascent, a distance of about six miles. Four of our party selected saddle horses, and four preferred sedan chairs (I took the latter). The chairs are carried by four men, two in front and two in the back, supporting on their shoulders long bamboo poles on which the sedan is placed. They were similar to those used in the ascent of Tiger Hill, at Darjeeling, but seemed to be more like palanquins, for one could half recline therein.

The ascent once begun, our eyes were riveted first on one side of the narrow roadway and then on the other, so diversified was the view: first patches of bananas, then palms and bamboo which formed an archway. Such was the continued landscape, while intervening spaces were devoted to the cultivation of coffee. The chicona plant, from which quinine is made, was also seen, and one or two patches of tea plantations. A picturesque feature of this ride was a double hedge made of two rows of bamboo poles with an occasional horizontal support, between which were vines, low palms, and unknown plants; as we ascended farther low

ferns formed a fringe at the base of the hedge. Never have I seen anything lovelier than this trellis of Nature, which extended about half-way up the ascent; then the way grew narrower and we were in the real jungle. Here surprising wonders awaited us, towering palms and other trees, vines and giant ferns, some of which had taken root in crevices of a tall palm, producing a round basket effect. This was three times repeated on the trunks of several palms, a stray seed having, perhaps, settled there. It seemed to me as though the palm, if it could, would utter a protest.

The higher we went, the larger and more varied grew the ferns. There had been flowers all the way — wild phlox, the primrose, the creeping periwinkle, and white and red dentura, together with many trees of brilliant foliage similar in color to our Autumn tints. There was also a very tall bush with clusters of bright yellow blossoms, in size much like our wild rose. When nearer the crater, the trees became small and the vegetation more sparse, until we reached the point where we left our chairs and commenced our final ascent, about one quarter of a mile, over broken pieces of lava. Then we arrived at the halting-point and gazed on the near crater, inhaling the sulphurous fumes, hearing the rumble, and seeing the clouds of vapor as they issued forth, with a mixture of

The crater of Papandajang

bright yellow sulphur. The volcano is now inactive, the last eruption having taken place in 1772, when forty villages were destroyed. At this time the side of the crater towards us was broken. It is altogether a fine spectacle.

Having partaken of our breakfast at ten-thirty, we prepared for our descent, when, alas! a pouring rain set in, and as the slight covering of the sedan chair afforded little protection, there was no avoiding a thorough wetting. We had thought of the fine views we would have in our descent, and were now glad of the occasional backward glances we had taken during our upward climb. These were fine, of great breadth, embracing distant mountains, nearer ones, and an occasional plain which is a characteristic feature of a Java landscape. The descent was very steep in places, and the footing of the men was rather uncertain; hence it was a relief when the task was accomplished. We viewed some new features every now and then, a noticeable one being a group of twelve very large banyan trees of the variety known as Werengen in a field near the rest house; their white gnarled trunks and limbs suggested the forest primeval.

The next morning we drove twelve miles to Leles, past the broad Leles plain, and nearly all the way through a shaded avenue of trees, at times forming a natural archway. The lake

was most picturesque, with its three islands and varied shore line. On one side there was a small cultivated mountain sloping to the water's edge. A heavy rain prevented the afternoon excursion.

We left Garoet on February 22nd, for almost a day's railroad journey to Djokjakarta.

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DJOKJAKARTA, *February 22nd:* We arrived at Djokjakarta on Saturday, February 22nd, at 4 P. M. A drive followed, showing us an older and prettier place than Garoet, with a large Chinese quarter, in which the shops lacked much attraction.

The Sultan's palace was pointed out; it was by no means imposing. We saw his elephants, but declined to enter the enclosure where the tigers were confined. Some of the houses were Dutch in style; others were Javanese of the one-story bungalow type, with open fronts. Early the following day, at 6 A. M., we drove to the ruined temple of Prambanam, and nine miles from Djokjakarta, we visited Chandi Kalasan ("chandi" means a mausoleum), a beautiful ruin, unfortunately too dilapidated to afford much satisfaction, but from the remains that have been found archæologists base their belief that it was incomparably beautiful in conception and workmanship. We also went to another temple, Chandi Sewo, about half a mile distant,

The ruined temple of Prambanam

Bas-reliefs in the Siva Temple, Prambanam

The stairs leading to a Prambanam temple

which also showed marks of great beauty. We drove on, perhaps a mile farther, and came to a wonderful group of temples, dating about the same period, known as Prambanam, where we saw what excited our wonder and admiration. Though the ruins did not contain a single genuine Buddha figure, holding only many images of Hindu gods, archæologists find ample proof that they were built by Buddhists (they have been called Hindu temples).

Time will not, however, permit an elucidation of them further than to state that Dr. Gronneman, a celebrated writer and archæologist and an accepted authority, believes that a number of monuments and bo-trees have within a few years been hewn out around the base of each of the temples, these being covered with the traditional parasols; many of the dagoba-shaped bells have also been found, — a symbol of the tree under which Prince Siddhartha attained Buddhahood. Dr. Gronneman also calls them Prambanam. The ruins form a group of eight temples or chandis, — three greater and three lesser ones in two parallel rows, — the former on the west, the latter on the east side of the spacious square, with two smaller ones at the ends. These were doubtless mausolea built over the ashes of princes or chiefs. The temples were probably constructed toward the end of the eighth century, and unfinished sculptures show that

the work was stopped before completion. It is stated that possibly this may have been caused by the overthrow of the Empire at that time. There are two flights of stairs on each side, the lower leading to a landing which is raised a few feet above the terrace, but in the corners between the stairs and the wall of the basement are miniature temples of exquisite workmanship, the front and side walls of which had niches, each containing a high-relief figure of a man or a woman. The upper flight of stairs (three sides lead to the entrance to three chapels with pyramidal roofs of their own) have suffered much devastation.

The largest of the temples has a broken image of Siva, more than life size. This, together with the nature of the bas-reliefs, has caused archæologists to name it the Siva Temple. In like manner the second temple has been called Brahma, and the third Vishnu, thus including the Indian triumvirate of gods. On the upper walls of the basements of all the principal temples are several series of sculptures, each following one division of the wall. Most of the niches contain small lions with curled manes, while some in the projecting part of the wall have three heavenly nymphs standing in a stately manner with arms interlaced. A series of sculptures which has been preserved almost intact on the inner side of the parapet wall of the Siva Temple is a repetition of the first part of the

The Three Graces in the Lara Jongram Temple, Java

Rama legend as told in the Indian epic, "Ramayana," and it is thought that the corresponding series of the other temples may have represented the sequel to that history. A ponderous cornice richly ornamented, which is now almost gone, runs over this series of sculptures. Another series was found on the walls of the temple itself a few feet higher than the terrace, and still higher up there is a more continuous series, but the arches and figures are lost in the almost general wreck which time and the elements have wrought. Only a hint of the character of these ruins has been given, but with the aid of the illustrations, some idea of them, of their entire beauty, as well as of the imposing majesty of the sculptures, may be gained. The Loro Jonggram Temple has a celebrated bas-relief in an elaborate niche, called the "Three Graces."

About a quarter of a mile distant from the Prambanam there is another group of temples covering the largest circumference of any other group in the region. The principal temple, much surpassing the others in size, stood on a raised rectangular terrace, enclosed by a low wall with a gateway in the middle of each side. A little lower there were twenty-eight temples forming a rectangular enclosure, and another more spacious court was enclosed by forty-four temples. There was a still larger rectangular terrace with eighty temples, and a

lower terrace with eighty-eight temples, making two hundred and forty in all; hence, by exaggeration, the name, "One Thousand Temples." Each of the temples, which diminish in size, forms a square with a little approach and small *steos* leading to the inner room. The largest temple of the group was rich in detail and sculpture designs, which, like the Prambanam group, relate to the Indian triumvirate, Siva, Brahma, and Vishnu, with the same evidences, however, as to Buddhist origin. There were still other ruined temples in the vicinity which could not be visited, but we drove back the nine miles to Djokjakarta, feeling that we had had a rich morning's experience and also deeply impressed with the labor, patience, and skill which these ruins represented.

We arrived at the Hotel Mataram in time for luncheon in the pleasant open dining-room, leading to a garden filled with trees, from whose branches were suspended orchids of various hues. February 24th was the date fixed for a trip of twelve miles by carriage to the Buddhist temple, Boro Boedor, but the late rains of the monsoon season had carried away a bridge that must be crossed; hence a grave doubt arose as to whether we would be able to go. Our enthusiasm, however, led us to take the risk, with the result that on reaching the scene of the wreck we found an improvised footbridge and another

The old temple at Mendoet

train awaiting us on the opposite side. Our railway journey terminated, we took a carriage for a drive of several miles, stopping on our way at the old temple of Mendoet, small but very perfect in its construction, with fine bas-reliefs and large architectural ornaments; also some immense savage gargoyles, which were especially noticeable.

We ascended the stairs to the inner room, where was a large-sized figure of Buddha, with the attendant figures at each side called his sons, Buddhavista, meaning "future Buddhas." Driving on, we came to another missing bridge. Here we were taken across on a rude raft, the carriage following, and then the horses. As we drew near Boro Boedor, a feeling of awe came over us, for we were to behold a temple which for centuries had been buried from the sight of man. Indeed, until the debris of time was removed, after English occupation in 1811, not a hint of its existence even had been known. This work was undertaken by Sir Stamford Raffles before the cession of Java to the Dutch in 1816, and carried on, aided by eminent archæologists. Much has been done by the Government and by an Archæologist Society since 1885, and at the time we were there it was said that about one thousand workmen were employed on the temple.

The approach being over a hill, the view of the

temple is suddenly disclosed, but from the rest house we had a side glimpse. This is confusing at first, and the structure seems too broad for the height, thus lacking in impressiveness; but as one approaches and the huge mass takes on color and expression, with the many-sided pyramids of dark gray stone, the mass of cupolas, spires, and walls surrounded by a high central dome, the impression taken altogether becomes almost overpowering. It is a structure difficult to describe, but a few outlines with the aid of the illustrations may give you some idea at least of its size and impressiveness.

First, it is not a building in the ordinary sense and has no entrance. It is the top of a hill, artificially lowered and encircled with galleries built by human hands. The lowest terrace, which is shown in the picture, forms the upper portion of a terrace wall, which is still submerged below the soil. This terrace has thirty-six sides, measuring three hundred and seventy-four feet in diameter. Below is a larger terrace, square in shape, estimated at five hundred feet; it is underground, while above it is another of the same shape as the middle terrace, from which it is reached by stairways on each of the four sides. Some years ago it was discovered that three terraces were of a later date than the original internal structure, which is more slender in shape, and that they were constructed in order to sup-

port the latter when it began to show signs of settling. The base of the lower terrace has been exposed in places in order to obtain photographs of the beautiful bas-reliefs, but it was subsequently covered, inasmuch as it would have been a grave mistake to run the risk of leaving it permanently exposed.

The building above the three terraces consists of four parapeted galleries, erected upon the internal walls of the lower gallery, and of four upper terraces, the three highest of which are circular. The topmost terrace is crowned by a large cupola, or dagoba. The Boro Boedor, from its base to the top of the cupola, has a height of ninety-seven feet, while the elevation of the hill to the lower step is about fifty-five feet, making a total of one hundred and fifty-two feet. Each of the lower galleries is about seven feet wide, the walls on either side being lined with sculptures which, if they could be extended in a line, would cover three miles. We walked around the galleries and ascended the steps.

In the lower gallery there is, beneath every Buddha, a representation of a man, on either side of which are groups of three figures, each bearing lotus flowers and fans.

The inner circle of the second gallery contains, in the upper row, bas-reliefs representing scenes connected with the history of Prince

Siddhartha (Gautama) from his infancy to the period when he attained Nirvana.

The third gallery wall contains one hundred and eighty bas-reliefs, depicting the apotheosis of Buddha. The fourth, in eighty different scenes, pictures the rewards given to kings who have been Buddha worshippers, while the fifth contains a large number of images of Buddha and of two kings, probably the founders of the temple. Other bas-reliefs that are interspersed represent fanciful subjects and scenes from life or are illustrations of legends; one of the latter deals with the turtle, which is regarded as sacred by all true Buddhists.

Staircases ascend from gallery to gallery in a straight line on each of four sides. These have pointed arches with carved keystones, and formerly were guarded by heavy banisters and carved lions. The parapeted walls of the galleries were once decorated with four hundred and thirty-two niches, each with three turrets, and contained four hundred and thirty-two life-sized Buddhas, seated on lotus cushions.

The three upper circular terraces are individually adorned with thirty-two, twenty-four, and sixteen openwork bell-shaped cupolas, or dagobas, each containing a Buddha in sitting posture. Inside this circle rises the central dagoba of huge, imposing dimensions, the final crown to the whole structure. This is modelled after the

Boro Boedor, in Java

Stairway of Boro Boedor, Java

Boro Boeaor, Java, showing one part of the gallery

same type as the smaller ones, but its walls rise perpendicularly from the base, which has the form of a huge lotus cushion in a beautiful frame, and ends at the top in a slightly rounded dome rising at least twenty-seven feet above the highest terrace. Of the cone which formerly surrounded this dagoba nothing is left except part of the pedestal, a stone block afterwards fashioned into a seat five feet high by ten feet broad. This is reached by some rough stone steps. The cupola, or dagoba, was at one time entirely closed, but when opened some years ago it was found to contain a large unfinished figure of Buddha.

Our party climbed to the seat alluded to, and what a view presented itself! — a wide valley or plain, miles in extent, surrounded by the towering Minoch mountains in the distance, with lesser mountains seemingly as foothills, but nevertheless some of them volcanic craters; villages almost concealed by the masses of foliage, with whole tracts of palms and masses of green, — and all bathed in the glorious sunlight. We sat spellbound, and finally descended the long flight of stairs feeling we had had a morning's experience which never could be repeated. In the words of Dr. Gronneman (to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for his explanations), "upwards of a thousand years have since rolled over the Boro Boedor; earthquakes and ash showers

have disjointed its walls, and rank vegetation has disintegrated its foundation, . . . and short-sighted fanatics have defaced its works of art, but still the ruin stands there, an imposing fact, a powerful creation of the thinking mind, an epic in stone, immortal even in its decadence."

We walked to the pleasant rest house, called Passagrahan, for our luncheon. Soon the rain which had threatened us fell in torrents, but neither this fact nor any other obstacle dimmed our enthusiasm as we sped on our homeward way. To prove my own absorption in the day's programme I would state that I amused the party on our arrival at the train by saying to our Malay servant, "Buddha, will you take my wrap?" his name being Pandox.

The next morning I drove about Djokjakarta in search of photographs and found the place much more attractive than I had supposed. One long avenue of trees in particular impressed me; on alternate sides were the tamarind and the canary tree, forming a perfect arch overhead. This continued for a long way, and there were various other shaded streets that attracted my attention.

Djokjakarta is a place of importance, the capital of a native State; the Sultan preserves some semblance of power and lives in regal style, keeping up all the ceremonials of his high office. This was one of the last provinces to yield

A public square in Djokjakarta, Java

to Dutch rule. There is a Dutch resident to whom the Sultan must pay deference and from whom he accepts advice. We did not see the Sultan, but we saw four sons of his out driving, dressed in red and each carrying a red silk umbrella, the emblem of royalty.

The life at Djokjakarta is much like that of old Java, and the peasants are said to be of a higher type than those corresponding to the coolie class in India and Ceylon, many of this class in Java being Sudanese. There are several strains of blood in Java, and a mixture of Arab ancestry with Mohammedan faith; for centuries, Java passed through many transitions, and it would be interesting to trace her history backward.

Djokjakarta being but twelve miles from the Indian Ocean, the heat is never oppressive, and the breezes from sea and mountain produce an agreeable temperature, as I found one morning, much to my delight. The bazars were not enticing, but there were various attractive articles for sale at the hotel, — cardcases made with tiny feathers, portemonnaies, woven baskets, and, above all, sarongs, the product of a large factory near by, which has been fostered by English and Dutch women as a kind of philanthropy for the teaching and employment of girls, as the "manageress" at the hotel explained to us. These sarongs are four and a half yards long by one

and one-half wide, the fabric, though heavier, being similar to calico. The patterns are quite artistic, and the process of designing, drawing, stamping, and weaving is complicated.

The Water Castel was formerly like a summer-house in an Oriental garden, with its underground chambers and all manner of appliances for luxurious ease. It has now fallen into decay; the aqueducts and fountains are stilled; the statues are covered with moss, and the gardens are a perfect tangle. It was the device of a Portuguese architect of a century ago.

The streets were less crowded in Djokjakarta than one would expect in a city which ranks the fifth in Java; everywhere there were groups of really happy-faced children, and mothers looking like mere girls, with infants carried usually on the left hip, sometimes in a sling over the shoulders. In Java, as in other countries we have visited, there is no middle-aged class among the women; they are either young or old, although in reality not old. One is considerably handicapped in Java unless Dutch or the dialect can be spoken, for, in learning from others the true inwardness of things, we are powerless without language, however much we might supply certain physical needs by the use of pantomime.

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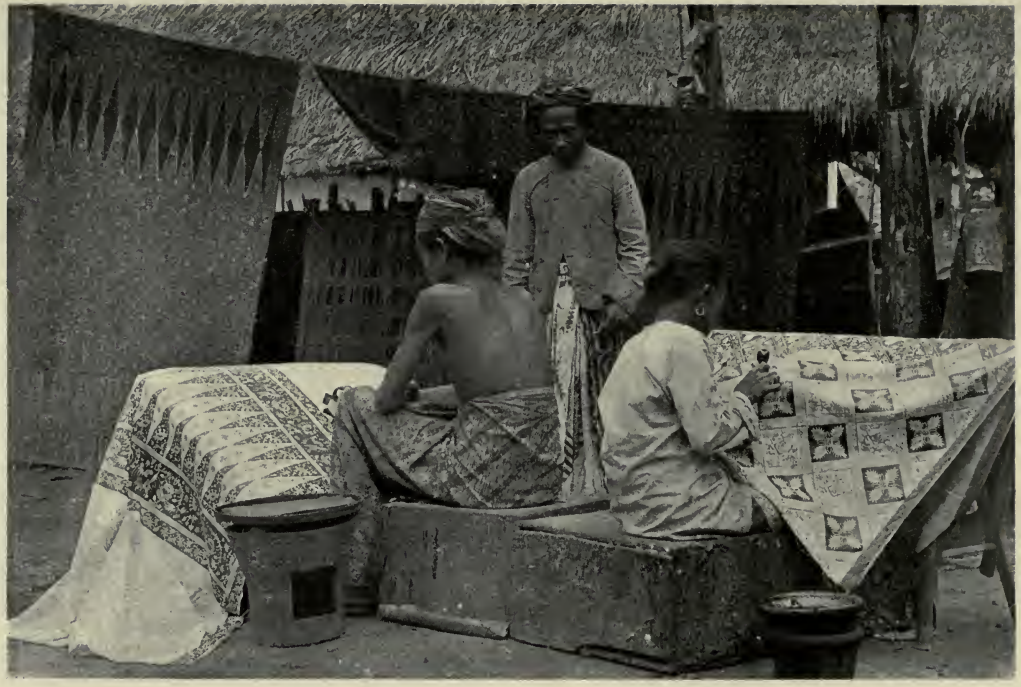
Maos, *February 25th:* At 2 P. M. on the 25th of February, we took the train for Maos, in order



Designing sarongs in Batavia

to break the long railway journey to Batavia. The ride of three and a half hours carried us through the same diversified landscape of fertile fields or plains of rice, palms, and bamboo, with mountains in the distance. One feature, however, deserves special mention; it was a country roadway, visible at frequent intervals for at least two hours, and lined on each side with tall trees which met in many arches. This was evidently a highway or postroad, worthy of emulation in other lands, and planned by the Government, a veritable blessing to man and beast.

We passed a comfortable night in Maos at the Government rest house, Staats, and left at the early hour of 6 A. M. for a return journey to Batavia. We found that when we reached a junction, our train diverged over a new route, giving us a different outlook, not unlike our first experience, but, it seemed, with finer mountain scenery. First we climbed to an altitude of about twenty-two hundred feet; then gradually descended, our objective point, Batavia, being at sea-level. Many of the high mountains showed cultivation to the very top, while the plains with their alternate groups of bamboo, cocoanut, and other palms, were green with the new rice crop, the cultivation of this commodity being different in Java from that in Burma. Great care is expended on the culture of the rice, the tiny plants first being put in small wet enclosures;

then, when sufficiently developed, they are planted separately by the small army of workers, in receptacles made for them, and set with the greatest regularity. The workers consist usually of women or young girls, and the varied colors of their dress — or undress — presented a marked feature. We also saw more coffee cultivated than on any previous route, and it is to be regretted that the blight of ten years ago has taken this old form of industry from the Javanese. Strange as it may seem, we had no Java coffee in Java, the land of the celebrated brand; nor did we see anything but a very strong extract of coffee (to which was added a large quantity of milk), good and convenient, no doubt, but not at all like the real article.

We arrived in Batavia during the afternoon; the hotel wore a homelike air, and we passed a restful twenty-four hours with only a drive as the regular programme. I have already treated of the marked natural advantages of Java, and of the temples; too much cannot be said of this "Garden of the East," with its varied landscape of alternating mountains and plains, its wealth of trees in myriad forms, its shrubs which in their luxuriance seem tree-like, and its tangle of vines and blossoming flowers. But it appeared to me as if this holiday side of nature and the workaday aspect of the life in Java did not harmonize, and I wondered if this condition was

Landscape near Batavia

caused by Dutch thrift being grafted on to the native Javanese temperament, which in its incipiency was simple and disinclined to much exertion. Certain it is that the women of Java, while apparently contented, look careworn and have deep lines in their faces, and the perfect cultivation of the soil,[1] which is largely done by women, shows that constant toil must be required of them. Added to this is the care of a bevy of little ones — more infants to the square yard than I had ever seen before.

These true children of Nature are seemingly trusting and believing, and they ask no better fate than they have. The question obtrudes itself, Would life have been easier if the English had not again ceded Java to Holland in 1816, after only a five years' tenure? This query regarding the Orient in general also comes up: Is it better to leave the peoples undisturbed in their ignorance of the broader life and higher conditions, or to try to teach them ways foreign to their nature, — efforts which might end in failure? This is the problem that confronts the philanthropist at every turn, and were it not for the possibility of alleviating the condition of womanhood, it might be well to abandon all charitable effort. Scientists believe, nevertheless, that while it will be a slow, laborious pro-

[1] There has been a yearly revenue of $20,000,000 for some time.

cess, much can be done in time; it behooves us who have our homes in a country where it is a pleasure to live not to turn a deaf ear to appeals like that made by Ramabai, who at Pina, near Bombay, is laboring to uplift the condition of child widows in India. The great volume of missionary effort is also turned in the same direction, and through schools and hospitals the social workers are paving the way toward better conditions, in spite of the criticism of some who derisively speak of the failure to "save souls," without thinking that the first step is to emancipate the body.

When I regard the condition of the women of the Orient, I feel like starting an immediate crusade — in Egypt they are slaves or toys; in India, bound by the iron laws of custom and caste, sad and dejected; in Burma, happy because independent on business and property lines, thanks to the English Government; in Ceylon, cheerful but with no recognized positions; in Java, children of toil; in Siam, fearless and intrepid in temperament, but subject to the conditions of the Orient; in China, Manchuria, and Korea, seemingly impassive but bound by traditional customs, enforced for centuries; in Japan, bright and winsome, true children of Nature, still held by the customs of years, however much the barriers are being broken down by the progressive policy of the country.

Javanese vegetable sellers

As tourists remaining but a short time in a place, we did not have the pleasure of meeting the higher class of women in any of the countries visited, but I saw a Javanese lady in Kyoto who dined several times with an English lady; her self-possession and dignity of manner were pleasant to note, while her responsive smile showed quick intelligence. She had been the wife of an English gentleman for twenty years, but still wore the graceful kimona, which showed her good sense. Strange as it may seem, the founder of Buddhism, with all his teaching of love to mankind, filial duty, kindness to animals, and moral precepts in general, failed to extend to women, for whom he is said to have had little respect, any encouragement other than the abolishing of the law of caste. But, notwithstanding, he had many women followers, some even becoming nuns.

The vehicles of the countries we visited were always individual, and I have failed to allude to the peculiar sadoe of Java, a two-wheeled cart drawn by a small horse, a seat for four persons being placed over the axle. The driver is comfortable, but the passengers with no backs for support are tossed about unmercifully. This sadoe has a canopy top; it is like the jinrikisha, convenient for a shopping excursion, but I pity any one who attempts to take a long drive in it! One morning I went out alone, and in turning

a street corner I was nearly thrown and my packages flew in every direction. I felt that I needed a little sympathy, but the imperturbable Dutch coachman(?) never even smiled, so I concluded it was an every-day occurrence. A dignitary with attendants on each side carrying umbrellas is amusing.

The variety of fruit is greater in Java than anywhere else we had been; the bananas, however, while fine to look upon were coarse and had little flavor; the pineapples were not as excellent as in Ceylon, nor were the mangosteens. A photograph I have shows at least twenty-five varieties of fruit; the pisang being universally used, as well as the rambutan, durian, pomalo, and papaya. The breadfruit and jackfruit grow to enormous size.

At luncheon (*riz taffel*) I again noticed a peculiar dish being served. This consisted of rice, vegetables of various sorts, four or five kinds of meat, and a wonderful mixture of condiments, the variety sometimes including twenty, all placed in one receptacle similar to a deep soup-plate and evidently enjoyed by the partakers; this was only one course of the luncheon!

The Dutch ways of dressing in Java are truly remarkable; for instance, sarongs, thin jackets, and almost bare feet were often seen in a dining-room. To me the culmination of this unconventionality came later; the heat was so

A Javanese dignitary and his attendants

oppressive that after luncheon I was glad to enjoy a rocker on my gallery, and might have envied the couple on the adjoining gallery had I been differently educated. For, strangely, the lady wore only a sarong of thin material, a diaphanous jacket, and very low sandals; she might almost have posed as a life model. As a foil, her husband appeared in pajamas.

At 3 P. M. on February 22nd, we took a train for Priok port, which was nine miles distant. The steamer *Orange* (of the Dutch line) was waiting for us, and we were soon sailing for Singapore. Once more we passed the equator without one thrill of excitement, and, after thirty-six hours, were at Singapore, where we were at once transferred to the steamer *Nuen-tung* (the Chinese for "good luck"), North German Lloyd line, bound for Bangkok, Siam, the trip requiring four and a half days. The steamer was small and only fairly comfortable; the service was Chinese. A pleasant feature of the arrangement was an improvised dining-room on the upper deck; here all our meals were served, and most of our time passed, the temperature being high enough to prevent the chilling of the food, which is an indication that the heat must have been rather oppressive when in our state-rooms. Hence two-thirds of the passengers slept on deck, resulting at about nine in the evening in a veritable transformation scene. In India we

had escaped insects and reptiles; we were very fortunate also in Burma, with only a few singing lizards in Ceylon; but on this steamer the cockroaches which appeared at night were marvellous in size and blackness. Once I imagined there was one on my pillow, and turning on the electric light, found I was mistaken, but there were a dozen or more on the washstand and walls — very animated specimens, to judge by the way they fled.

From the Strait of Malacca we passed into the China Sea, thence to the Gulf of Siam, and lastly to the broad Menam River, with banks showing masses of foliage, and with tiny Siamese villages or isolated houses built close to the water's edge, supported on piles, with thatched roofs and sides.

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Bangkok, *March 4th:* Arriving at Bangkok, we took the steamer launch for the Oriental Hotel, which is situated on the river-bank. The canals leading out of the river reminded us of Batavia. A drive in the afternoon of our arrival, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. ——, a medical missionary, as a non-professional guide, was a new experience and an agreeable one, for during the afternoon and evening we learned many things about the King that a native guide would not have told us. The report showed the King to be progressive in his tendencies; as the re-

The King of Siam

sult of several trips to Europe, he has introduced railways, telegraph and modern business appliances, and is making a great effort to beautify the city and to improve sanitary conditions, having employed French engineers for that purpose.

I think it might be well to give a slight historical background in order the better to understand the conditions of Siam. It is thought that the aborigines of Siam were driven out by Laos tribes from the North and that they then adopted the name Thai as a sign of victory, Siam signifying progress.

In 1350, Ayuthia, a few miles north of Bangkok, became the capital; for three centuries Siam was prosperous and opened trade relations with China. There were, however, many raids and much fighting until 1536, when the King was taken prisoner.

The Portuguese commenced trading with Siam early in the sixteenth century, and soon after gave the Siamese military aid against their border foes, the troops coming from Goa. As a reward for their services they were offered land on which to settle. Later, the soldiers married Siamese women and became domesticated. As they had brought their Catholic priests with them, conversion of the natives followed, and some of the old settlements retain their Christian character to this day.

A few years after the Portuguese advent, the

Dutch came, but the English did not arrive until 1620, and during the latter part of the seventeenth century the three nations were seeking trade relations. Great toleration and friendliness to other countries seemed to have been practiced even in that early day; French missionaries were also welcomed. Soon after, a Siamese embassy left with presents for King Louis of France, but they were shipwrecked on the way. Later, another embassy went to Versailles, and Louis XIV, much flattered, sent a return embassy, which was accorded a great reception in Lopburi, where a treaty was signed in 1605, sanctioning the presence of French missionaries. There were several subsequent upheavals at Ayuthia, and in 1767 the city fell under the strong Burman attack; thus ended the third dynasty of Siamese kings. The Burmans, however, were soon conquered, and the capital was moved to Bangkok. In the middle of the nineteenth century, treaties were made with Great Britain and the other important powers, while Cambodia was ceded to France.

The present monarch, Chulalongkorn, ascended the throne in 1868, and has since governed the country consistently and well. In May, 1874, a political constitution was adopted. The King began his reign by decreeing that slavery be abolished, and he instituted several other reforms. For many years troublous times

with France ensued; this finally aroused the indignation of England, and in 1896 an Anglo-French agreement was signed in London, by which both countries guaranteed to maintain the integrity of the Menam valley.

Siam has during the past few years made rapid progress in the adoption of Western ways and Western ideals, thanks to the progressive King, and this is attracting visitors from Europe and America more and more. The country's position has kept it rather isolated; it is out of the beaten track, and is situated between the great commercial ports of Singapore and Hong-Kong. Until recently it could not be reached by any passenger steamship lines. One's impression of the kingdom must be formed largely from Bangkok, as the mountain districts offer no facilities for the comfort of visitors, being a decided contrast to Ceylon, Burma, and Java in this respect.

The area of Siam is about two hundred thousand square miles, and the population is over six million, — mostly native, for there are not over twenty thousand representatives of other powers in the kingdom, nor are there more than two thousand Europeans.

Bangkok, like Rangoon, has enormous exports of rice, teak, and many other commodities; there are large rice factories, and we saw the elephants dragging logs to the river, as in Rangoon, whence they are brought on rafts to the

immense saw-mills. Unfortunately, a shallow bar at the mouth of the Menam River prevents the passage of large vessels. Therefore much of the cargo has to be carried to Koh-si-Chang, outside the bar, a distance of fifty miles. Koh-si-Chang is quite a favorite resort for the Europeans, Aughin on the coast being another. In the latter place there is a large sanitarium.

The revenue of Siam has been mostly derived from the so-termed gambling and opium farms. The gambling-houses were formerly great sights in the country, but, according to the authority of a gentleman, gambling has now been almost entirely abolished in the kingdom, through the strenuous efforts of the King. He, however, has been unable to effect this reform in Bangkok. For some time Siam has had a proposal before the powers which import goods to the effect that the Government be allowed an import duty of two per cent, which would furnish the needed revenue for State expenses and thus enable the Government to abolish gambling in Bangkok altogether. Thus far, the King's proposition has not been accepted, showing that the interest of foreign powers controls affairs in Siam as well as in other more civilized countries.

We visited several places of interest that first afternoon with Dr. W—— as an excellent guide, going first to the Chinese quarter, and then taking a general drive. We passed many attractive

points, particularly in the direction of the new section of the city, of which Dusit Park is the centre. This is laid out in the fashion of a park in a European capital, having walks, masses of foliage, and conventional features in the arrangement of flowers and shrubs. What with the tropical growth, it will soon excel any model the King may have seen in his European tour.

A new palace is situated near the park, and as soon as this was begun, a real-estate development was started around it; the jungle disappeared, roads were laid out, and buildings sprang up. Dusit Park is now the scene of many activities, and a fancy fair is held there every year, with a view to secure funds for the building of the new Wat, or temple, which is adjacent, the old one showing signs of decadence.

Buddhism is the State religion, and the King is an ardent devotee; new Wats are in constant process of erection, and those in existence are lavishly decorated. The new temple alluded to shows European influence in its arrangement, having a cloister around a square court in the rear. Two other temples were visited, and a further drive taken. On our return we went to the place of places in Bangkok, thoroughly Chinese in character, — a combination of gambling-den, chop-house, and theatre, covering in space about a block. The gambling-den was dimly lighted, and on the floor in a large circle

were seated men and women, either playing the game of fan-tan or anxiously awaiting their turn. I did not understand the game, but the haggard expressions and restless attitudes around me told a tale of dissipation and ruin. We remained only a few moments, then passed into the chop-house, which was crowded and where eatables of the Chinese type were *en évidence* in every direction. The theatre was not yet open, but it was spacious, with a large stage. This compound is only one of several, and while mainly patronized by Chinese, many Siamese and people of other nationalities are drawn in. Tales similar to those heard in Monte Carlo could be related. It is to be hoped that erelong the King will bring about some measure to abolish this standing menace to the morals of the community.

A pleasant dinner and much discussion followed. We learned that there were fine hospitals and schools under different missionary auspices, Dr. W—— being Presbyterian. To prove the success of the so-called Christian effort, he stated that the King gave every encouragement to all denominations, and also donated money to aid in building churches, feeling that their influence in the country was good.

The Roman Catholics on account of their priority have a wide field in Siam; they have erected about sixty churches in the kingdom. But there are, nevertheless, several Protestant

In the Royal Palace of Wang Chang, Bangkok

churches of different denominations in Bangkok and in the interior. A special permit is necessary before visiting Wang Chang, the royal palace, a point of much interest. The walls around the building enclose a wide area, including the old mint and various Government departments. Just in the rear of the Department of the Interior, the sacred white elephants are to be found, five in number. They are, however, at present pale gray (whatever they may have been in the past), which detracts somewhat from the validity of the previous statement. Each animal has a house to himself, is greatly petted, and it is expected that the elephants will be treated by visitors to bananas, and the attendants to cigarettes.

Approaching the palace, the Royal Halls of Audience are the most striking feature. The building in which they are to be found is very large and of a semi-classic style of architecture, the Italian and Siamese being blended. These halls are the only portions of the palace to which visitors are admitted. Fronting this building on the opposite side of a half square stand several small buildings of a pleasing style. These contain antique articles, such as boats, bronze cannon, and other relics in bronze.

One of the most striking features in this palace enclosure is Prakeo, the royal temple. Its entrance is unique, while the Chinese "Devil

Protectors " at each side are grotesque. The temple also contains the celebrated emerald Buddha, a figure, eighteen inches high, made from the largest emerald known in the world. There is, moreover, an exquisite small gold Buddha in a glass case, besides many rare vases and other articles with, of course, the usual Buddhas in the shrine. Next to the palace is a recreation ground, called Premane, where golf is played. The race track, however, has been removed to Sapatoom. A very fine Wat Poh near the palace contains an immense sleeping Buddha and many other interesting features, one of which is a small painted dado illustrating the legend of Rama.

The royal museum, Wang Nah, is near the royal palace. It is full to repletion with objects of interest, especially to the ethnologist and to the archæologist. Some of the treasures are almost beyond price in value, but they are not very well displayed. The galleries are open to the public, free of charge, and the visitors' book is quite interesting, as it contains the signatures of a number of royalties and celebrities. Several of the attendants spoke excellent English and were most courteous in their explanations.

Fronting the royal palace are the artillery and royal body-guard barracks and the Hall of the Ambassadors, where distinguished visitors are entertained during their stay. Not far distant

Entrance to Prakeo, the Royal Temple

are the royal Courts of Justice, a Doric building, whose interior is arranged in European style. The State barges are kept near the museum and across the river. Some of them are very large and have room for one hundred rowers, whilst most of them are very ancient. These boats are used in the State functions on the river. Almost directly opposite the palace is a naval dockyard. It is not large compared with those of Europe and America, but a great variety of work is carried on. There are large machine shops and spacious quarters for officers and marines, a graving dock capable of accommodating vessels of large size, and an ice factory which supplies the navy and the royal palace. There is also a fine Royal Military College in Siam. Other Government departments show the great progress of the country, particularly when it is remembered that fifty years ago Bangkok had no facilities whatsoever.

In the afternoon we took a steam launch to explore different canals. The first we visited in order to acquaint ourselves with the traffic and with various kinds of boats, some being loaded at warehouses along the way. The buildings were very unusual, as were the sights on the water. We then went on the river Menam, to visit certain temples. Among these were Wat Saket, which stands on the summit of an artificial hill and commands a fine view; and Wat

Kanayat, where there was a collection of porcelain-trimmed temples and pagodas. We attended a short, intoned Buddhist service in one of the temples. In another, Wat Cheng, we had our fortunes told in the following manner: we each drew from a vase a long, narrow slip of paper with a number on it, then we proceeded to a priest, robed in yellow silk, presented our number, paid a fee, and in return received a pink paper containing a great many hieroglyphics, which our guide was able to interpret. Each fortune was rather peculiar and diversified in details. We, however, did not attach any importance to what was told us.

The roofs of some of the Wats are very handsome, the parti-colored tiles of which they are composed adding to their effect, whilst the pointed upturned gables, a feature peculiar to Siamese architecture, also added in no small degree to their picturesqueness.

All the principal Wats are accessible to visitors, but it is necessary to have with you a guide who can explain the different features. Sometimes the priests have a knowledge of English. Many of the Wats are suffering greatly from the ravages of time, and some are almost ruined. Of course this applies to the more remote temples, those in the vicinity of the palace being beautifully cared for. The King and other members of the royal family spend vast sums upon the

The Klong Canal at Bangkok.

temples; nobles and wealthy Siamese likewise contribute largely to the funds, but all their efforts are not sufficient to keep the numberless places in proper condition.

The King, who is now the sole reigning Buddhist monarch, takes the greatest interest in the maintenance of his faith and everything belonging to it. He is an ardent Pali scholar, and has established a college for the study of that ancient language. Nearly every State function which takes place within the palace walls is associated with some religious service, and the Buddhist faith seems to be deeply rooted in the heart of the Siamese people. The sacred books used in the temples are of palm-leaf, similar in style to those seen in Burma; a large number of women are employed in a factory for their manufacture, while many men are also there for the purpose of engraving characters on the palm-leaf with a set of special implements.

It had been a perfect afternoon, and the shores of the broad river Menam (meaning "Mother of Waters") were more than usually interesting on account of the novel architectural display, temples alternating with buildings of various descriptions, most of them gleaming white in the sun. We made a detour into the Klong Canal, which led out of the river some miles from our starting-point. Soon we had an entirely different type of scenery, similar to the jungle; dense

vegetation came quite to the edge of the canal. In places there would be two, three, or even more Siamese houses built high on piles, with thatched roofs and sides and an open front, the home life of the inmates being distinctly seen through the open front. Of course our launch served to collect all the curious in groups, from infants to grandparents. Ever and anon tiny boats passed us, the rowers singing or twanging some kind of an instrument with that happy unconsciousness of responsibility which seems to characterize the Siamese, reminding one of the days in Rangoon.

We came at last to a point where navigation was impeded because of a large vessel aground, and after skilful manœuvring and some minutes' delay, our launch proceeded on the homeward way. Night was upon us before we left the canal, and as the twilight faded, the gleaming of the lights in the little homes put a finishing touch to the picture. Once on the broad river, the shore effect was more wonderful than by day, and we lost all note of time until we were told at the hotel landing that it was half-past seven o'clock.

The following morning we left, at half-past six, for an excursion by rail and river to the old capital, Ayuthia. The ride of three hours in a car presented no special features. But we then took a steam launch and proceeded some miles

farther in order to visit the ruins of the old palace and the elephants' kraal. Skirting in and out, we saw about three miles of houseboats on sampans. This was a most interesting spectacle, all kinds of traffic being carried on, some space aboard being reserved for the family. There were boats for the sale of flowers and vegetables, others for household commodities, and some had crockery and glass and baskets. We then visited two temples. The ruins cover an immense space of ground and are a fine field for archæologists, but we had no means of classifying them and our guide was not scientific. Many of the most interesting relics are surrounded by a dense jungle which makes them difficult of access, but one receives a certain impression of the ancient grandeur of the place.

Tradition states that the custom of wearing the hair short by Siamese women dates from the days when Ayuthia was a capital. It is said that during one of the political invasions by the Burmans most of the men were absent in the harvest fields. The women accordingly cut their hair, took bows and arrows and spears, and manned the city walls. The Burmans, thinking they were men, were astonished at finding such a strong garrison and retired, much discomfited. It is also said that the women then adopted the same dress as the men, the panung, a garment something like the sarong but drawn up in the

middle, front and back. The cutting of the hair and the peculiar garb make it difficult to tell the Siamese women from the men. The style is distinctive with the women, as all of the surrounding people — the Burmans, Laos, and Malays — wear the sarong.

A walk of ten minutes from Wang Chang brought us to the famous elephants' kraal, or enclosure, into which the elephants are driven to be captured and tamed. This is a massive structure of teak logs, with a kind of V-shaped passage leading to it. When a hunt is to occur, the places frequented by the elephants are noted weeks beforehand, and they are gradually surrounded by some hundreds of men mounted upon trained elephants and also afoot, the elephants being gradually driven towards the entrance of the kraal. Within, there is an exciting scene, as the ponderous, awkward animals find themselves pressed onwards *en masse* through the massive gate into the enclosure. Once inside, they are dexterously captured by long leg ropes, whilst their struggles are kept from assuming dangerous proportions by trained elephants which range up alongside of them and aid their masters in every possible way, apparently taking quite a delight in the task. These hunts occur at regular intervals, and are generally attended by a large number of foreign visitors. Accidents, even deaths, sometimes hap-

The famous Elephants' Kraal

pen, but these are not frequent. We regretted we were not in Siam at the proper season to witness such a scene.

After a picnic luncheon, we proceeded down the river, stopping at different points to visit temples of varying interest; one was particularly noteworthy, as it contained a very large Buddha in the back of the temple and a row of brass Buddhas around three of its sides, some of them in fine repoussé work. At Ban Pa In we left the launch to take the train. Here the King has two palaces.

Ban Pa In is on an island in the Menam River. One handsome palace is in the European style, and another is of a pure Chinese pattern. There is a modern temple of Gothic style, built fifteen years ago. Near the palace a tower affords a fine view.

We arrived at Bangkok late in the afternoon, feeling well pleased with our day's excursion.

Fifty years ago Bangkok had none of the public buildings to be seen to-day, — perhaps a mile of good road and streets in only fair condition; now there are numerous drives and perfect communication to every point of the city. There are twelve miles of electric railway line, soon to be extended, while leading out from Bangkok are hundreds of miles of well-equipped railways. Jinrikishas are used in Bangkok, but with foreigners carriages are preferred. The native

street, called Sampeng, is really a Chinese-Siamese combination, and might be termed a bazar on the order of those visited in previous cities. The streets, filled with strong odors, are small lanes running parallel with the river, and to me were less interesting than previous bazars, the venders seeming to be apathetic and having less variety of goods. This impression may, however, have been due to the midday hour, for the natives, understanding the climate, are only alert during the mornings and evenings. The season may also have lessened the dash and excitement of the street. We were told there were quite as many tribes and nationalities represented in Bangkok as in Singapore, and such a mixture usually means novelty. The dress and undress in Siam afforded variety, the men and women nearly alike, for, as stated in the description in connection with Ayuthia, the women have short hair and wear the panung precisely like the men.

The guides in Siam are not very competent, and could give us only ordinary information, so there was little for us to do but to speculate on cerain points.

There are several interesting towns which are within a few hours' railway communication with Bangkok, but we could only read of them, as none of them had hotels or even rest houses for the convenience of tourists. This state of

Tower of Royal Palace at Ban-Pa-In

things will be remedied as soon as it is realized that the outside world is interested in this far-away kingdom, the first tourist party having visited Siam only two years ago. We were hampered before reaching this country by the lack of a guide-book (as we had been in Java), Murray's enlightening knowledge having extended only through India, Burma, and Ceylon; but after our arrival in Bangkok we found some local guide-books, from which we learned of the towns alluded to.

Petchaburi seemed one of the most interesting on account of the wonderful caves and temples, a description of which I will give in brief, in order to prove that Siam, like the other countries previously visited, has unusual attractions along these lines. The railway to Petchaburi was opened in 1902, and the journey takes five and a half hours from Bangkok. It is an old historic town of much importance and the centre of a very populous district. It is picturesquely situated on both banks of the stream, curving seaward at the foot of some wooded hills. One of the hills is crowned with the royal palace and another with a handsome temple. The palace is a magnificent edifice and commands wide views on all sides, the sea being clearly seen from the observatory. The hill on which is situated the temple, and its companion, are known as Kow Wang.

Descending a well-constructed, if somewhat precipitous, staircase for what must be fully a hundred feet, we find ourselves in a cave from which a very spacious archway leads into a huge vaulted chamber. The first impression is one of acute astonishment, by no means lessened, even after one becomes accustomed to the dim light inside. By rough calculation the cave is about two hundred yards long by one hundred wide. The floor is paved throughout with tiles, and at every turn there is an image of Buddha. At one end there is a statue fully fifteen feet high in a niche fronting the entrance, and near by is one twelve feet high. In a wide passage, leading to another extensive cave, is a statue of the sleeping Buddha, apparently about fifteen feet long, and in the semi-gloom which surrounds him, suggestive of eternal calm and peace. In this cave are more Buddhas, sitting, standing, and reclining.

Thence, on through a somewhat low and dark tunnel, we go to yet another cave, from which a short passage leads upward to what was the original dark entrance. This is now impassable, as the stairs have collapsed. Many curious stalactites are in clusters, some like inverted lilies and others like canopies or umbrellas; they are of all sizes, ranging from a few inches to several feet in diameter and some are tinted in various shades. The caves are well worth

A Siamese girl

visiting, and a view of them will adequately repay the time and expense of the journey from Bangkok. In the centre of the town and near a quaint wooden bridge stands Wat Mahathal, conspicuous by reason of its unfinished brick tower, on the summit of which a couple of trees are growing; a quadrangle surrounding this contains one hundred and ninety-five images of Buddha, which are of interest if only because of the different expressions of their countenances.

The American Presbyterian Mission has a commodious hospital, pleasantly situated on the river bank, which enjoys a high reputation among the natives. There are two distinct tribes of Laos inhabiting this district. The women, on account of their peculiar headgear and jackets of dark cloth and short sarong, are interesting. The cultivation of rice is the prevailing industry in this district.

Judging by the number of Siamese feasts and festivals there are in the calendar, a holiday must always be in order. The Siamese official year opens April 1st, and about that time, a date regulated by the moon, the New Year holiday occurs. This is not celebrated quite as vigorously as it formerly was, but the country people make it the occasion for performing some great deed of merit, and this proves a time of harvest for the priests. Every one wears his best clothes, a special kind of cake is served,

and the temples are thronged. Gambling laws are set aside, and in every house may be seen some game of chance. On the evening of the second day, for the festival continues through a period of three, all the guns along the palace walls are fired thirty-six times.

The Astronomical New Year soon follows, when the images of Buddha are sprinkled with water, while the priests hold a festival at the royal palace. Priests and aged people are presented with gifts.

When the sixth Siamese moon is at its full, the birth, inspiration, and death of the Lord Buddha are observed with great veneration; good deeds prompt every one, alms are given to the poor, and fine robes sent to the priests.

Twice a year the ceremonial drinking of the water of allegiance takes place at the royal palace. The princes, nobles, and principal Government officials assemble, drink, and sprinkle their foreheads with water in which various weapons have been dipped. Appropriate religious services are also held. The principal European officials also conform to this custom, which usually occurs in the months of March, April, and September.

The ploughing ceremony takes place in May and marks the beginning of the planting season. The King is represented by the Minister of Agriculture, who goes with a procession to the selected

A royal barge at Bangkok

spot, and, after some religious service, takes hold of a plough which is drawn by two gayly bedecked oxen. After scratching the ground for about an hour, four ladies of the royal household, attired in ancient costumes, sow various kinds of seed carried in gilded baskets. The grain thus scattered is considered sacred, and there is a wild scramble for it at the close. Many signs and symbols are attached to various parts of the ceremony, which usually takes place at Dusit Park.

A swinging festival is very unique and interesting, but is quite complicated and has to be seen to be understood. The swing is very high and I think is stationary.

Another ceremony is the giving of priests' robes. This lasts a month, and the King or his deputies visit every Wat in the kingdom. At this time the boat racing at the Pakman Wat occurs, and the royal barge and State boats are all brought out for the occasion. At another festival, the Loy Krathong (all these celebrations have their Siamese names), the river Menam and the canals present a gala appearance, being dotted at night with thousands of miniature ships, rafts, and boats, each brilliantly lighted and bearing offerings to the goddess of water. This festival occurs in October and November.

But the greatest occasion of the year is the King's birthday, September 20th, the three fol-

lowing days being included in the festival. Everywhere the city is a blaze of red and white bunting, and at night it is brilliant with myriad lights, presenting a fairylike scene. About this time the Foreign Office gives its annual ball, a brilliant occasion for which invitations are in great demand.

Siamese ceremonies are quite as peculiar as their feasts. The habit of cutting the long tuft of hair, which is left on children's heads until they have attained their growth, is very striking, and at the royal palace very elaborate preparations are made, which include religious ceremonies and the use of a golden jewelled instrument resembling shears.

In Siam cremation is the general way of disposing of the dead. Among the wealthy classes the body is embalmed and kept sometimes three years before the ceremony, which is conducted with great pomp and on a very expensive plan, gifts being distributed among all the attendant friends and sums of money given to the priests and to the poor. The Chinese, of which there are large numbers, are usually buried, but in case of a mixed marriage the children are cremated.

There are many superstitions. A peculiar one in court circles is the wearing of a different-colored panung each day of the week, — on Sunday, red; Monday, cream; Tuesday, purple;

and so on, — for good luck. Another is the use of buttons adorned with representations of animals, symbolical of the year in which certain persons are born, — this also for good luck. The tendency naturally leads to great respect being shown to fortune-tellers. The youth of Siam are, however, it is said, outgrowing this superstitious condition.

One time-honored custom is, however, in greater vogue than ever, and that is massage, which is employed by all classes.

While the foreign residents of Bangkok are not large in number, they have made their impress felt, and in no way more markedly than in the amusements which they have inaugurated. There are sixteen organizations, many of them recreation clubs for golf, tennis, and cricket, but there are also a literary club, a dramatic club, a Philharmonic Society, and a gymnasium. Bangkok has a good library, containing books of travel, reference, and fiction.

Racing is popular and is generally attended by the King, who gives gold cups for prizes. Hunting is in great favor, for game can be found near Bangkok, and at not a remote distance lurk the rhinoceros, buffalo, tiger, leopard, deer, antelope, hare, and crocodile. Elephants abound, but may not be shot.

Bangkok, as a city, becomes distinctively individual as one learns more of it; for instance,

the telegraph and the telephone lines are controlled by the postal department and are working satisfactorily under this régime. As early as 1902, important fiscal changes were introduced: one was the closing of the mints to free silver, and the other an issuance of paper currency notes. The first meant the practical adoption of a gold standard. I cite these examples as showing still further progressive methods.

There are holiday resorts on the east coast of the gulf, where Bangkok residents can retire for a change of air. These have been mentioned. There are also remoter places of great interest farther in the interior and in the mountains, which will soon be available for travellers.

Rathburi is an old walled town of importance. Near here, the French Catholic priests have a mission house and seminary. The American Presbyterian Mission owns a fine hospital, and two missionary families are stationed here.

Phrapatoon is the seat of a large pagoda which is visible for many miles around. It was formerly gilded and was built in style similar to the pagodas seen in Burma.

With all the available information about the kingdom of Siam, one cannot but feel that it has a future full of possibilities; certain it is that the measures already inaugurated by the King are made for the welfare of his people.

The tropical growth of Siam impressed us only slightly, as we had just come from Java, "the garden of the earth." Otherwise we should have been enthusiastic over the beauty of the landscape and the luxurious growth of trees and plants.

There was no special programme on our last morning in Bangkok, and so I wandered around for final impressions and for photographs. I had an amusing little talk with what proved to be the court photographer. Among other notables of the realm, he showed me a picture of the Crown Prince, whereupon I innocently asked him how many sons there were. He replied, "Sixty-seven," and that he had taken all their photographs. The reply was rather startling, and I impulsively asked, "And how many daughters?" He looked blank and admitted that he did not know. Of course I understood that the family relations of the King were modelled on strictly Oriental lines, and that he had three legal wives, the number prescribed by law; but I was unprepared for a statement that showed a daughter in a royal household to be such a nonentity as the above implied.

When I visited the market, I saw an unlimited number of fruits as well as vegetables; cocoanuts, plantains, bananas, durians, pineapples, breadfruit, jackfruit, dates, almonds, pomaloes, mangoes (fifty varieties), mango-

steens, custard apples, limes, oranges, tamarinds, figs, and papayas, all are to be found here in their proper season. I did not even know the names of some, but never again do I hope to see such a display.

There were fewer flowers than I had been led to expect, but the flora of Siam is said to be particularly rich in unusual varieties of orchids, which are found flourishing abundantly even in the jungles, and a visit would well repay a collector. A person can find a rich field in Siam along many lines of investigation.

We left Bangkok in the afternoon on the steamer *Nuen Tang* for a five days' return trip to Singapore. I have already alluded to the "sand bar" which is an obstacle to navigation; hence it is that the heavy freight vessels anchor fifty miles distant at Koh-si-Chang, but I learned later that this obstacle could have been removed by dredging, had not the authorities declined to take any action, as the "bar" furnished a safe means of defence should war ever occur.

We saw various pagodas as we advanced; the most noted example was in the village of Pakman. As viewed through masses of foliage, it reminded us of the trip on the Irrawaddy River in Burma. A cargo of rice was taken on at Koh-si-Chang, and we did not leave there until eleven, the day following. A group of islands similarly called was a feature of the trip. It was

The collier quay at Singapore

cooler when we entered the Gulf of Siam, and the China Sea was favorably smooth. The conditions of the steamer were unchanged, but they had grown familiar to us, and even the cockroaches no longer intimidated me.

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SINGAPORE: We arrived at Singapore early in the morning, and for a third time viewed the shores; on this trip we went to the Raffles Hotel for a brief sojourn. The place is airy, capacious, and semi-Oriental, and reminded us of Colombo, as did the temperature, for although but two degrees from the equator, the air was like June at home, and without any of the chill in the evening that we sometimes experience; so it was a great pleasure to sit out in the corridor-like veranda and listen to the music. It was all so contrary to our expectations, for we had been told fearful tales about heat, insects, and general discomfort on the Malay Peninsula, or on what they term the "Straits Settlements."

✦

JOHORE: To commence with, we devoted the first afternoon to an excursion to Johore, the capital of an independent Malay province, whose Sultan reigns with pomp and ceremony. After a railway ride, we took the ferry across the river, where a scene of loveliness awaited us. The city is unpretentious in appearance, but our afternoon excursion revealed to us a varied

landscape with a tropical growth. We visited a plantation where india rubber, one of the chief articles of export, is cultivated; then a large Mohammedan mosque, finely located on an eminence. The tiger house on this particular day held but one inmate, who showed no desire to devour us.

The grounds surrounding the palace are as spacious and as well cared for as a botanical garden, with the brilliant flowers, blossoming trees, and a great number of red sealing-wax palms. The palace is luxuriantly embowered in vines and trees. Johore is a famous gambling-place, but the "parlors" were deserted on this afternoon, and we could see only the fine furnishings in carved teakwood.

The stay in Johore ended with tea at a hotel. Here we saw the real Sultan entertaining a party of Europeans. He looked young and was dressed in an immaculate English style, quite unlike the striped calico suits displayed by royalty at Jeypore, India. He came in a French automobile, and is said to pass half his time in Singapore, being fond of society. We arrived in Singapore for dinner, and during the evening a delightful surprise awaited me in the appearance of two Milwaukee friends.

The following day much ground was covered, for, by invitation of Cincinnati friends, I took a motor ride of about forty miles amidst un-

The Sultan's Palace at Johore

dreamed-of beauty, both near the city and in the surrounding country. There were streets lined with villas whose gardens were full of a luxuriant growth of shrubs and flowers; some of them had the quaintest high-arched gateways, with coats of arms and animals carved in stone on each side of the entrance. The Botanical Gardens were very interesting, as was also the park, miles from the city, and laid out around the reservoir, which furnishes all the water supply. We went on and on until we reached the "Gap," where a mountain view awaited us. We visited the shops and bazars before luncheon, and in the afternoon all of us explored the native Malay quarter. The dress of the women was unlike any other seen in the Orient. The Chinese seemed to be the real residents, for everywhere they prevailed in large numbers.

In whatever direction we went, new features revealed themselves, and we commended the wisdom of Sir Stamford Raffles in founding this island city with its wonderful harbor, where shipping from almost all parts of the world congregates, making the active sights at the quay at once novel and business-like. Indians, Sikhs, Malays, and other nationalities are represented, but the Chinese perform all the menial labor required.

The coolie is a character, — patient, hard-working, uncomplaining, supplying a demand

throughout the Orient, made necessary, as we have seen, by the indolence of the Burmese and of the Malays, to mention only two examples.

Singapore is very gay in the season, and a centre for the wealth of the Far East; indeed, sultans and nabobs consider it a veritable Paris.

The last morning of our stay, I went around in a jinrikisha, and my man was as fleet as a horse. I had an experience trying to find so simple an article as a paper of pins, visiting shop after shop. Evidently they have not learned the ways of the American department store!

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Hong-Kong: We sailed in the late afternoon on the steamer *Moltke* for a five days' voyage to Hong-Kong, with a feeling that we had experienced no discomfort but much pleasure in the seemingly maligned city of Singapore.

We passed the Strait of Malacca without any untoward excitement, and we steamed along pleasantly with a group of passengers who looked well-bred and agreeable; as time went on, our first impression of them was corroborated. A delightful feature aboard was music every evening in the salon, mostly singing. There was a service on Sunday, both for the first-class and second-class passengers. We soon entered the China Sea, which was to be our sole waterway to Hong-Kong, fifteen hundred miles distant, or

A general view of Hong-Kong

The public gardens in Hong-Kong

rather to the Straits of Formosa, which guard the China Sea on the north, as the Strait of Malacca does on the south. We reached port on the morning of March 20th, and the approach — past many islands, along the fine harbor, with its high rocky shores, towering mountains in the background, and a terraced city in the foreground — gave us a new sensation. We landed at Kowloon and were taken across to Hong-Kong (which, properly and legally speaking, is Victoria).

Fronting the landing is a long street of fine stone business houses, which extend tier after tier from the shore and in a way represent the city's commercial importance.

The Hong-Kong Hotel is situated in the business centre; although under English management, the service was entirely Chinese, and at luncheon we were confronted by an array of waiters with braids around their heads and wearing long blue garments made like aprons; the ensemble was indeed most depressing. The menu presented a curious feature, the courses being numbered, and you were expected to point to the number, but woe to any one who wished an egg boiled four minutes or a piece of rare roast!

Hong-Kong is on the north shore of the island, and dampness prevails even when it does not rain (there is an unusual amount of rain); in

consequence, great care has to be observed by the residents, both of their homes and clothing. Yet, notwithstanding this and other disabilities, the English have made the island "blossom like a rose." Engineering enterprise has converted the mountain-side into an attractive residence centre. A railway leading to the Peak (the highest point in the landscape) is not only a convenience, but a pleasure on account of the magnificent view afforded along the ascent. A little lower is an attractive Peak Hotel, which is popular with residents. At every point on the heights there are features to impress one, as we found the afternoon of our arrival, when we took jinrikishas to visit Happy Valley, where are located the public garden and the Protestant cemetery, which is also laid out like a park. The Catholic cemetery is near by and has the same general features. Happy Valley is also the scene for various sports, such as golf, tennis, croquet, and racing, in which Hong-Kong abounds.

The afternoon of our visit, we walked about to various points, enjoying the views, and commending the perfection which had been wrought since 1842, when China ceded the island to Great Britain. Realizing that Hong-Kong was destined to be a world port, England some years since leased a portion of the mainland from China for further harbor facilities. This strip

A typical street in a Chinese city

extends back thirty miles and is held for a term of ninety-nine years. The city retains its former name, Kowloon, but its business facilities are all under English management. The miles of docks, warehouses, shipyards, and machine shops are another proof of the wisdom and forethought with which Great Britain carries out her plans for colonizing alien places.

Hong-Kong was destined to be our headquarters for nearly two weeks; it is a convenient point from which to make excursions. On the first Sunday morning I attended service at the English Cathedral; the building is on the heights, surrounded by a well-kept close and overlooking a fine residence portion of the city. I was conveyed to church in a sedan chair on account of the steep ascent. During our excursion to the Peak, we first took a railway chair, then a sedan chair; leaving that, we had a long climb before we reached the summit, where there is a flagstaff. What a view was before us — mountains in the distance, the harbor and the islands, shipping of all kinds, and roofs of every description! Descending, we had tea at the Peak Hotel. Another afternoon we went in a launch to Kowloon. We took a jinrikisha for a general exploration of the old Chinese city, and aside from what has been indicated, we went through the native quarter, saw several temples, visited a Chinese school,

and ascended the high wall for a view. Much of the wall is unimpaired. A drive in the country followed, and we saw many tiny Chinese gardens and a number of cemeteries.

The jinrikisha ride to Aberdeen, a fishing village some miles distant, proved delightful. The roadway was sometimes close to the water's edge; then we ascended and looked down over low cliffs, with coves ever and anon dotting the shore. It reminded me continually of the ride from Sorrento to Amalfi, and again of the Upper Corniche drive from Mentone to Nice.

Early on Wednesday, March 25th, we left on the steamer *Keung Shang* for a visit to Canton, ninety miles distant. Leaving the commercial city and a fleet of shipping vessels behind us, we had some miles of lake scenery; then we had islands and the coast line beyond. Soon we were in Pearl River, and the surroundings grew more picturesque, — now a little village near the water's edge with a mountain behind, and then more islands and more mountain ranges. We had a glimpse of Castle Peak, two thousand feet high. We then passed an immense prominence, called the Half-Way Rock. At a place known as Tiger's Mouth, fortifications were seen. The country soon becomes flat, with rice fields and fruit farms; we saw the Whampoa Pagoda and some miles farther on the Honam Pagoda. Near Canton, we

passed another pagoda, and then the white spire of the French cathedral gleamed out, and our goal was reached. It is a most interesting river trip, and is unfortunately more often taken at night, in order to economize time.

The first impression of Canton is one of noise, a fearful din rising and falling in a kind of cadence, and seeming to proceed largely from an immense flotilla of boats extending a long way, tied, in a majority of cases, seven and eight rows deep — craft of all kinds, sampans, junks, rice boats, freight, each with its quota of humanity, for this is a veritable floating city, with a life all its own, and almost wholly independent of the Canton proper which we were about to visit and which numbered a hundred thousand souls.

We had not anticipated much enjoyment in Canton, having read of the dirt and smells, but we had not expected to be deafened at our very entrance, and I think for the time being it dulled the consciousness of this wonderful spectacle of a floating independent city just at the door of a city whose name is famous the world over.

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Canton, *March 25th:* We were soon conveyed up a back canal to the Shameen (the name of the city of foreign concession), where our quarters, the Hotel Victoria, were located. My room was situated on the ground floor, the

gallery opening on a large garden or court, abloom with trees and flowers. There was no key to the door, and strangers were all about me, but the complacent manner in which I met this fact caused me to realize that my courage was greater than when at Jeypore in far-away India.

The first afternoon, a jinrikisha ride convinced us that we were in the most congested city on the face of the globe; a city of streets so narrow that two chairs could hardly pass each other; a city of strange sights and more violent contrasts than any we had yet seen. And the smells! — the English language does not contain words strong enough to describe them. In the bazar portion of the city we were diverted by the boxlike shops, with their open fronts, and filled with curios, works in jade, wood, and unique articles of feather jewelry.

Then the wonderful Chinese signs! We had noticed and admired them in Hong-Kong, but in size and beauty they now far excelled anything of the kind we had seen before. They extended from an upper story, for these bazars were many of them on the ground floor of four-story apartments, each story having its front gallery where one could witness diversified scenes of family life. The signs are about a half a yard wide and are decorated from top to bottom with gold and brilliant colors, the

A five-story pagoda

Chinese letters forming a large feature of the display. These signs (sometimes five grouped together) are wonderfully effective, as they sway back and forth in the wind, and they are a partial indication of the Chinese industry which prevails.

There were larger shops in better locations in the city, and here we found the grass linen embroidered articles and the crape for which Canton is famous.

The following morning, we departed on a more serious sight-seeing expedition, to include all manner of typical Cantonese places, but before I had been out an hour I decided that the description of one temple only would not adequately convey a true impression, for everywhere we went things seemed unreal and grotesque, but interesting. First, we entered what our guide termed the Medicine Temple, not so very large, where on the opposite side of the room huge idols were placed before all manner of receptacles for holding medicine; next a Buddhist Temple, very inferior to any we had seen; then a Confucian temple, plain like the majority of them; while a Shinto temple had the characteristic torii before it. This latter I will describe when Japan, the land of the torii, is the topic.

The Five-story Pagoda is quite imposing, as it is placed on the city wall and commands a wide view. It is the custom for parties to go there

and take their picnic luncheon, and our guide had planned for us to do this, but unfortunately the pagoda was being repaired and visitors were not permitted. So we proceeded to a large building on an eminence, which was furnished like a club house and was evidently for public use. There was a conventional garden in front, affording a very extended view.

A visit to the so-called "Home of the Dead" followed; this was unlike anything ever experienced before. We entered an enclosure, laid out partly as a garden; there were walks leading around, and some of them had low rooms at the sides, with open fronts, while on a plinth rested coffins of different styles; the bodies within were awaiting burial. Flowers were scattered here and there, and I believe fruit, food, and offerings of various kinds also.

We next visited the place of execution, which was ghastly with its associations, and the executioner swung the large instrument around, as the guide explained the process of decapitating heads. But fortunately for our nerves the place then contained only long rows of jars from a pottery near by.

The Nambo Prison proved to be a wooden affair, gates and all, but the poor unkept, unwashed victims who glared at us through the bars looked too sickly and emaciated to offer any resistance, even had they a mind to escape.

Temple of the Five Genii at Canton

By far the most interesting place we visited was the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii, with large brass gods seated on opposite sides of a long hall, — the Temple of the Five Genii, and the ancestral temple of a certain royal family of China. We first entered a large enclosure, then a goodly-sized audience room, and next the temple proper. The three walls of this room (as I remember them) were fitted up like an immense cabinet, with rows of drawers, each supposed to contain some document relating to that particular ancestor. There was one upright vacant space which the guide said would be filled when that branch of the family died.

We were here without a "Murray," as in Java and Siam, so we graciously accepted such information as our most intelligent guide could give us, who, by the way, was the original guide of Canton, two sons now following in his footsteps, for the father in his later years rarely accompanies parties. He is a gentleman, affable, well dressed in Chinese brocade, and less unresponsive than are most Chinese; it was indeed a pleasure to be "conducted" by him.

The Hall of Examination is open to the public only once in three years, when students of high-school grade are examined for entrance to a university course, eighty-seven of the applicants being chosen. The hall has, on three sides, little box-like slates about six by eight

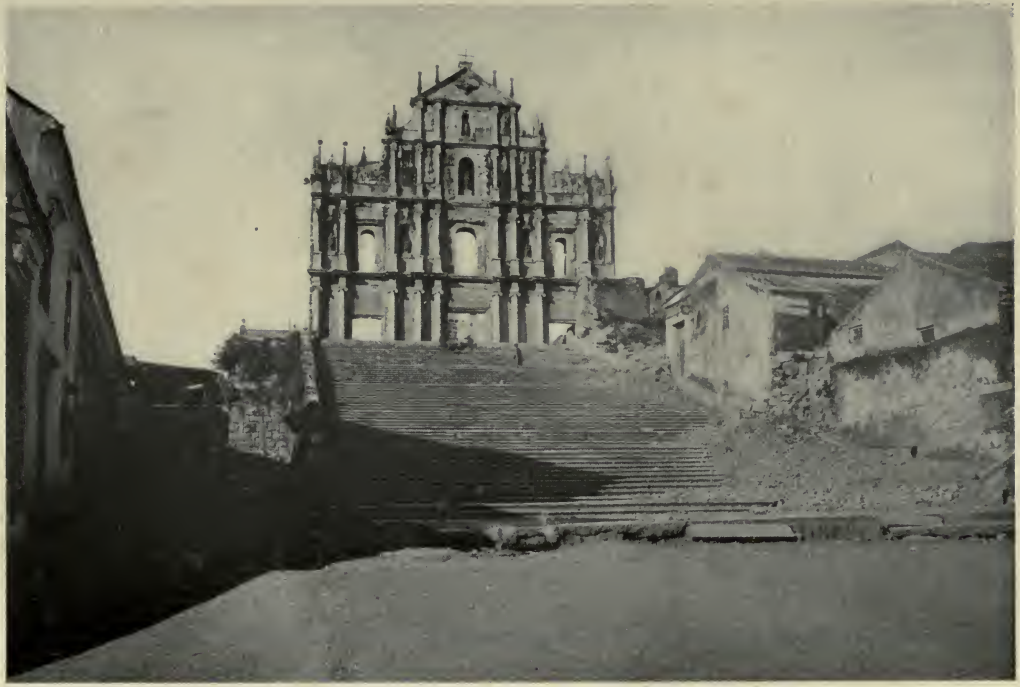
feet, furnished with only a plank on which the student must sit and sleep. He is shut in there for three days, food being given him on entering for the entire time. This torture is repeated three times, so that nine days of purgatory have to be endured before the goal is reached.

The aristocracy of Canton is not one of wealth, but of intellectual honors; many of the Chinamen who are seen wearing horn-rimmed spectacles are either of a literary turn of mind or are attempting to pass as such.

Seen from the city wall or any very high point, Canton seems a city of roofs, with scarcely an opening and not a vestige of green. The narrow streets are many of them covered with awnings. It is a city of great color, the brilliant signs, the covered palanquin chairs, the costumes of the wealthy Chinese, all contributing to the riotous effect. It is a city of very wide contrasts, for rich and poor jostle each other on the streets and their homes are often side by side.

Canton is, after all, even with the noise, smells, and dirt included, a fascinating city, and while one would not care to remain long in it, one should never omit it.

Shameen, the island of concession, where are located two hotels, consulates, churches, some shops, and the homes of all the foreign residents, is a most pleasing place. Long avenues of trees are seen on every side, the grounds of many of



The San Paulo Façade

the homes sloping to the river, which of itself adds to the beauty; the water is spanned by two iron bridges which are locked every night; everywhere a general air of refinement prevails. This very Shameen furnishes the greatest contrast of all to hoary, venerable old Canton.

It is claimed that Canton's origin dates from three hundred years before the Christian era. The city was then encircled by a kind of stockade made of bamboo and river mud, and it resembled a camp in most of its details. A thousand years and Canton is alluded to as a commercial city, with a special commissioner appointed by the Government to superintend foreign trade. At an early date the great pass was constructed through the Mei-hung range of mountains, and this proves to be one of the principal trade-routes in use at the present time. Another thousand years and we have the city of to-day, with its peculiar conditions, its fascinations. Surely its age commands our respect. Its people, seemingly impassive, are a subject for study, as are all the Chinese. Will the Western mind ever be able to understand this? I have a theory that behind the impassiveness there is a certain kind of responsiveness if it can be reached, but thus far I have only been able to test it upon house servants in California and those who have served us at different points in our trip. I have met persons who share my be-

lief, their opinion being based on an acquaintance with the educated class.

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Macao, *March 28th:* We again took the steamer *Kian Tang* for an eighty-mile run to Macao. The scene is quite as varied and pleasing as the passage from Hong-Kong to Canton. There were numerous islands, and, on the mainland, villages were seen with occasional forts which told the story of past invasions. Rice fields and great groves of mulberry trees indicated some of the chief industries of China. Macao is situated on the western shores of the estuary of the great Pearl River, sometimes called Canton River. It was founded early in the sixteenth century by the Portuguese, who were the first nation to invade the Eastern seas in the interest of commerce, having aided the Chinese during the invasion of pirates. As a reward, in the year 1557, the rocky peninsula was given to them, the Portuguese having previously made use of it as a trading-station and a naval depot.

Macao is beautifully located high above the sea, and the approach is fine; the first impression is of a Mediterranean port, but on landing, the style of the buildings and the arrangement of the streets reminded me of Spain, while the blended coloring on the parapet and walls (which only time can give) was like Ponta Del-

The bund at Macao, called Praia Grande

gada of the Azores. Our hotel stood on an eminence overlooking the sea, indeed so near the sea that the moan and swish of the waves were always with us. The view from my balcony brought to mind the outlook from the old monastery at Amalfi, Italy. The whole atmosphere of the place was peaceful, and this was its chief attraction. We were there over Sunday, and the impression was deepened. Our arrival being early in the morning, we at once commenced our tour of observation, our guide seeming quite intelligent. We knew that the population of Macao was about eighty thousand, and, with the exception of a few Portuguese officials, entirely Chinese, so we were prepared for Chinese scenes, and it seemed quite consistent that we should first visit a large opium factory, this drug being one of the large exports of Macao. Here was explained the entire process of manufacture, from the poppy leaf to the final shipment; and for a further object lesson, we were taken into a room arranged for smoking opium, where sat three richly dressed Chinamen, half reclining; two had already passed into the temporary land of bliss and the third had the far-away look in his eyes that betokened semi-unconsciousness.

The fourteenth-century façade of San Paulo greatly interested us aside from its architectural merit; it stands to-day, as it has stood for generations, the sole remnant of a fine cathedral

which perished in an earthquake. It is like a sentinel pointing the way to a better life. The modern Catholic cathedral had no distinctive features. The English church was unpretentious, but the Protestant cemetery adjoining contains tablets sacred to the memory of many military and naval officers and also of missionaries and their families; I remember especially the stone erected to a Rev. Mr. Morrison, one of the early missionaries to China.

Macao's chief claim to renown is its association with Camoëns, the great Portuguese poet of the sixteenth century, whose epic poem, "The Lusiads," has been translated into most known languages. This poem was written during his ten years' residence in Macao, and the garden, grotto, and bust of Camoëns are all a memorial tribute from a fellow countryman, Lorenco Marques. The garden and grotto were interesting, and the bronze bust which rests on a block whereon is engraved a poem to Macao by an English scholar, Sir John Bowring, is fine in design and execution. It is interesting to note that through "The Lusiads" Camoëns was permitted to return to Portugal to end his days, he having been banished twice because his views were too outspoken. He died at Lisbon in 1580.

The shops in Macao were of no special interest, and the street scenes lacked life and color.

A long drive followed luncheon, first to the wonderful Bund, here called Praia Granda, which is semi-circular like the harbor, and the street fronting the water is lined with homes or business houses. Not one discordant note is here found. The drive is protected on the water side by a high stone coping, and it was being extended far beyond the original curve on the right-hand side, while at the left it leads out into a prolonged drive, first on the heights where are located residences and a club, then on to the country, until we reach the dividing line between a Portuguese possession and China. This is marked by an imposing arch. On the outskirts we visited several factories, one for weaving matting, another for the manufacture of every form of fireworks (a regular Fourth of July supply), and that the realism should not be missing, some small boys on the corner exploded a bunch of fire-crackers.

There were other factories, but the most interesting was one devoted to the manufacture of silk thread from cocoons. It was very large, and only women and girls were there employed, and the deft way in which they caught the silk end from the cocoon (the latter is first placed in boiling water) and wound it on reels quite won our admiration. We were then taken to rooms where large twists of silk were placed ready for shipment to England, a package not over two

feet square representing an investment of many thousands of dollars. The long drive to the hotel ended an eventful day; the evening was to furnish further excitement in a visit to some fan-tan parlors for which Macao is noted; indeed, it is the Monte Carlo of the Far East, and I fear this feature attracts more tourists than the beauty of the location. Certain it is that the steamers from Hong-Kong supply a large contingent that comes hither daily, since both fan-tan and lotteries are prohibited in Hong-Kong. All the parlors are under Chinese management and are extensively patronized. Some are said to be very luxurious in their appointments, being, of course, for the wealthy patrons, who do not, however, sit on the floor where the gambling is going on, but in a little room arranged with galleries all around. Their servants sit below and receive from them an indication as to certain numbers which may win or lose as the wheel of fortune turns. There are retiring-rooms for the opium smokers and separate places for serving refreshments. Such a condition represents the aristocratic status of the game. The reverse aspect is seen in the miserable "joints," which are too dreadful even to contemplate. Here is where Macao derives the revenue to carry on its fine improvements, and, as in Bangkok, there is no intimation of a desire to reform the evil.

The Chinese have also invaded Burma, and intermarriage with the Burmese maidens is becoming general. Java is not exempt from their presence; in Siam they are very numerous; in Singapore they permeate everywhere; and in Macao they are possessors of the field. Truly their colonizing power is tremendous, and, unlike the British, they commence downward and work upward, the coolie ever being the advance guard.

On Sunday morning there was no service at the English church, and so two of our party, by invitation of the missionary, Rev. Mr. Todd, attended a Chinese service held in rooms which were far from adequate for their needs. A Sunday-school of about two hundred children was just leaving as we entered, and their interested faces made me hopeful that this early influence might save them from the fan-tan attraction. The service was in Chinese, but the reverend gentleman, not being fluent in the Chinese language, first gave a paragraph in English, and this was translated by his wife into Chinese, which made it more interesting and assuredly more understandable to us. The audience paid the closest attention, and to my surprise their faces revealed an animated response. The women were dressed in the long black coats and loose trousers seen everywhere, but their hair ornaments were of gold, set with

jewels, and their earrings jade or large pearls of great value. At the close of the service a man arose and evidently made a most impassioned appeal, judging by the intonation of his voice and the spontaneous applause he received. At the close Mr. Todd told us that it was an appeal for money with which to secure a better place of meeting, and that the Chinese women in front had already given two hundred dollars toward the movement.

On Monday morning the steamer *Suitai* carried us safely back to Hong-Kong. The harbor looked more attractive than ever, and we were glad to be again under English rule. On entering the hotel, an incident occurred that lent coloring to my "theory." In order to explain, I must go backward. On my first arrival at the hotel I had placed some photographs on my chiffonier, and among them was the one of little Katharine in the dog-cart with Omg, our American China boy, standing by her. The following morning on entering my room, I saw both of the men who were in charge of the cleaning gazing intently at the picture; turning around, one of them asked, "You know China boy?" I assented, and then told him something of the Chinamen who were employed in California. This seemed to please them both immensely. On my return from Canton and Macao, I walked down a long hall to my room

and encountered several of the so-termed "boys," every one of whom smiled and greeted me. I was puzzled for a moment, — they had formerly seemed so impassive, — and then I remembered the morning's incident and inferred that all had seen the picture and had been told that I "knew China boy."

Manila was in our original itinerary, and on our first arrival in Hong-Kong we were given our choice of a trip there or of the one we had enjoyed at Canton and Macao, as the visit to Manila would have afforded us but one day in Canton without even a glimpse of Macao. We thought we had chosen wisely, but that evening, when we heard the enthusiastic report of several who had just returned from Manila, I regretted that we could not have done both, which would be my advice to all future tourists.

We had three more days in Hong-Kong. There were jinrikisha rides, shopping, and attendance at a Chinese theatre where much noise, vigorous action, and very little dramatic talent were in evidence. It was, however, interesting to watch the people, and to note their enthusiasm, with no impassiveness now, as well as the peculiar mixture of costumes. The business streets were full of life and action, and the shops contained a very tempting array of articles. One afternoon I took a jinrikisha ride on the Bund, past the great warehouses, or

godowns as they are called, filled with goods or food stuffs for shipment to every port in China. Hong-Kong also aims to be a centre of supply for the shipping of the world that comes to her door, and her dockyards and shops are said to be equal to the demand. Somewhere I have seen this statement, "that if Hong-Kong could be a port of origin instead of a port of call, her commercial importance would equal that of London." The means of transportation are varied, including electric cars, carriages, jinrikishas, and sedan chairs. These may sometimes be seen following each other in succession. The streets show the cosmopolitan side of the city's life, as denizens of almost every clime assemble there, in the interest of business or of pleasure.

The militia gives a dash of color to the scene, — the officers with their uniforms, and the ever-present Tommy Atkins in his khaki suit, — besides the wealthy Chinese in robes of brocade, the first of the kind we had seen, and the coolie in short jacket and blue knee trousers, the color being a badge of servitude. The English social life of the city is also said to be very agreeable to residents, or to those who remain long enough to participate in it, and I can now understand the enthusiasm of friends who once resided there. When we left Hong-Kong, we felt that we could have lingered much longer and been happy.

✦

The bund at Shanghai

SHANGHAI: Our approach to Shanghai was through the Wusung River, as all large steamers are obliged to anchor at the bar. A launch was taken for a ride of sixteen miles. The river banks were picturesque, and little villages were succeeded by a vast amount of shipping, while factories and warehouses from an artistic standpoint spoiled a large space of the water front, the redeeming feature further on being a Public Garden, the Consulates, and a collection of fine business houses.

We arrived at Shanghai on the morning of April 6th, and at once proceeded to the Hotel Astor; then we left almost immediately for a general drive, as we were to remain only for the day. We first visited the native quarter, where the streets were narrow; but, in comparison with Canton, they seemed much less crowded. We saw the exterior of some temples and an interesting tea-house and bazar which were similar in arrangement to those in Canton, and contained about the same articles. The native town is very tame in comparison with Canton. Before luncheon we visited two large silk houses, where we examined a remarkable display of all kinds of silks and embroideries. After luncheon we proceeded to take what is called the "Bubbling Well Drive," first exploring two interesting tea-houses, one called the "Mandarin Tea-house" being very elegant in all of its appoint-

ments. It had a garden arranged in conventional Chinese style, with a rockery, miniature lake, and dwarf trees. On the ride to Bubbling Well Road, we saw many beautiful homes of modern European style, Shanghai being considered a very desirable residence for foreigners. After visiting other points of interest, in the late afternoon we returned to our steamer, having had time only for a bird's-eye view of Shanghai and a brief outline of its places of interest.

Shanghai is situated on the left bank of a stream called the Hiangpo, a tributary of the Yangtse River. Formerly there were an English settlement and an American settlement, the latter with no legal claims. These are now merged into the foreign settlement. There is also a French colony, with its numerous concessions.

The history of the city may be divided into two sections, the pre-foreign period and the foreign period. In both there has been a continuous increase of prosperity and importance, due to furnishing unusual facilities for fostering trade. In the early years Shanghai was subject to frequent raids and disturbances, and in 1543 there was a general devastation. Foreign residence was sanctioned only as a result of the first Chinese war. The signing of the treaty of Nanking threw open Shanghai and four other ports to foreign trade, the latter being Swatow, Amoy,

Foochow, and Ningpoo, but these have never acquired the importance of Shanghai, which has the advantage of being at the mouth of the Yangtse River.

In 1849 a concession was granted to the French, but as late as 1850 there were only one hundred and fifty-seven foreign residents, and twenty-five foreign firms doing business. Shanghai is distinctively a commercial city, with a flat location, no background, and an artificial foreground of solid rows of business buildings. The approach to the city reveals a succession of mills, docks, wharves, engineering works, and buildings of every description, except those of artistic and pleasing appearance. The principal streets, the Bund and the Nanking Road, run at right angles to each other, and the chief thoroughfares run parallel to these two. The Bund is broad, fronting the water, and is a popular thoroughfare. The Nanking Road deserves special mention. It begins as a narrow passageway with foreign business houses on each side; it then widens, and has Chinese shops, with, later on, the recreation ground, Town Hall, and Library. Farther on it is known as Bubbling Well Road.

Shanghai, as a residence for the European, is said to be the finest city in the East as regards modern conveniences, finer than any place east of Suez, but it is a city of contrasts. No

centre can offer a wider choice for enjoyment, — the public recreation ground covering eight thousand acres. Within this enclosure is the race course, where cricket, football, hockey, tennis, golf, polo, and baseball are played; and numberless pavilions, dressing-rooms, and a swimming-bath are included in the adjacent building — all free to the public. There are in addition many clubs of a private nature, some social and others musical, and many of them owning fine buildings. Matters of education are not neglected, and the public schools even include kindergartens. There are likewise private schools, but the provisions for educating Chinese children are very inadequate, and mostly of the mission order. The Roman Catholic missions have excellent schools and well-equipped buildings. There is a fine American College, St. John's, that grants degrees. Some institutions are managed by the Chinese, the principal one being the Imperial Polytechnic College, which is housed in a fine block of buildings. There are also various organizations of an intellectual order, such as the Royal Asiatic Society, which is affiliated with a society of the same name in England; and an American Asiatic Society to further interests in the Far East. Architects, engineers, and missionaries likewise have their guilds.

The religious life of the settlement is very

Mogi Road at Nagasaki

diversified, and includes Jews, Parsees, Mohammedans, Greek and Roman Catholics, and members of the Anglican Church; the various forms of the Protestant Church are represented, and most of the missions have their headquarters here.

We returned to our steamer in the evening, and sailed on for Kobe, our point of departure, but we had "stop-over privileges at Nagasaki." Our intervening day was passed mostly on deck, the weather being fine.

✦

NAGASAKI, *April 8th:* We arrived at Nagasaki on the morning of April 8th in a pouring rain which rather dampened our ardor, inasmuch as we had a full day's programme arranged. We went ashore, however, and proceeded to the Cliff House for a short time, but as the storm increased we returned to the steamer somewhat crestfallen. The *Korea* was taking on coal when we left, but on our return there was an ominous silence, and we learned that the workers, thoroughly drenched, had struck and that the vessel would be compelled to remain another day. Hope revived amongst us, and on the following morning the sun was shining brightly. This was the only time I have known a strike to be of benefit.

The process of taking on coal was very peculiar. Ladders were placed up the sides of the

steamer, relays of men and women were arranged in nine rows, counting from the bottom; coal was placed in baskets and passed up in fire-bucket fashion with the utmost quickness and dexterity. It continued incessantly until the work was completed. There were more women than men working, and they all wore pointed white handkerchiefs over their heads.

A steam launch conveyed us to Nagasaki, and once there we took a jinrikisha for a memorable mountain ride of five miles, along a road called the Mogi. We ascended gradually from the sea-level, and soon the loveliest view was spread before us. On our right, looking downward, were the sea and the city rising in terraces from the water, the hillsides covered with foliage, all sparkling in the morning light; on our left, foothills, and beyond these the mountains. We stopped at a Japanese tea-house to rest the jinrikisha men, and soon after, we came to a point in the landscape said to be represented in the opera of "Madame Butterfly." Reaching the Mogi, we found another tea-house, and we all alighted and roamed around the point, where we had a magnificent, far-reaching panorama. The descent was quite as enjoyable, and altogether we voted the ride an entire success.

We next visited some bazars. The temples were omitted, but I later visited them on my return trip to North China. Then we returned

The main street in Kobe

to the steamer for a late luncheon, and the bevy of animated coal-heavers were still at work. The day following was our last on the steamer, and our way lay through one portion of the Inland Sea, meaning a narrow waterway, the shores of which were visible on both sides.

✦

KOBE: We arrived at Kobe on the evening of April 10th, and fell at once into the grasp of the custom-house authorities, who proved, however, very lenient. Our valued Director here left us to go on to Yokohama and was succeeded by a Japanese guide, Mr. Macheeda, who took charge of four of the party, small groups and native guides being the policy in Japan.[1] Our abiding-place in Kobe was the Oriental Hotel.

The following morning we went out early in jinrikishas for a general ride through Kobe, going first to the distant waterfall in the mountains, which really proved a fine spectacle. Next we visited temples, then some shops or bazars, and a Satsuma studio, where the whole art process was explained to us by a most courteous Japanese, who spoke English perfectly. All the appointments of the studio were truly Japanese, including the sliding windows and doors, the hardwood floor and the matting walls. Here tea and little cakes were served to us.

[1] Mr. Macheeda proved himself worthy of his descent from the Samurai; always a gentleman and a perfect guide.

We then went to another studio with a different interior. This was larger and more pretentious. Again the process was explained to us in the same courteous way, and we realized that we were now in a land where good manners prevailed. A heavy rain unfortunately set in, and we were compelled to return to the hotel.

✦

Onomichi: The following day we took the train for Onomichi, arriving at our destination in the evening. Here we were to have a new experience, the hotel being strictly Japanese, with not a word of English spoken. First, we were asked to remove our shoes and put on slippers, the alternative being cotton coverings for our own shoes. I preferred the latter. The house was quite large, consisting of two stories. The first floor was, however, occupied by the family. The second floor was entirely devoted to our party, whose suite included several rooms with movable screens so arranged that one large room could be converted into two. There were sliding windows, paper taking the place of glass.

Our beds were the futons, composed of dark red comforters, one below and one above us, with another hard roll for the head. There were no chairs in the sleeping-rooms, but washstands had been improvised, there being dressing-rooms outside of some of the rooms.

The fort and castle at Osaka

Concession was made us in the improvised dining-room, a table and chairs being reserved for our special use. On one side of this room there was a slightly raised floor, and here were pretty little side tables and bronze ornaments. Our guide had very considerately brought some canned goods with him and also some bread; the family, however, furnished us with eggs and tea. The mother and two daughters were bright and sunny, as were the little Japanese maids who attended to the menial work. It was altogether a novel experience. The next morning, however, the rain was coming down in torrents, and there was no possibility of our taking a steamer for a trip of several hours to the sacred island of Miyajima, so we reluctantly boarded the morning train for Osaka, arriving there late in the afternoon.

✦

Osaka, *April 13th:* The next morning dawned brightly, and we left in jinrikishas for a general tour, first visiting the fort where stands a noted castle, very picturesque in appearance. We then visited the Exposition of Industrial Arts, which did not seem unlike an exposition at home in its general arrangements. The goods displayed, however, were very different. Then we had a ride along Cherry Blossom Avenue, the trees being laden with the pale pink flower. We visited bazars and noted the general aspect

of the place, canals being a dominant characteristic of the landscape. We saw a particularly fine temple among many others. Osaka is a commercial city of great wealth and is more celebrated from a business point of view than from its artistic aspect.

After luncheon we went to Yaba Meczan's Satsuma studio. This artist is celebrated, having taken prizes at both the Chicago and St. Louis Expositions, and his work surpassed any I had ever seen. The decoration on some of the vases was so fine that it required a glass to bring out the full and minute detail. In designing and decorating these vases the work has to be done with a magnifying glass, which is a very severe strain on the eyes. We then proceeded up what is called Theatre Street, so named because of the situation of several playhouses in the midst of prominent shops. Banners and signs were displayed in every available space, all of different colors, and the general effect was very unusual as they floated in the breeze. Later in the afternoon we took a train for Kyoto.

✦

Kyoto, *April 15th:* The following morning another heavy rain greeted us. We were now in the Japanese city which retains more of the old life and customs than any other, not having been spoiled as yet by modern innovations.

The rapids near Kyoto

Bamboo Avenue in Kyoto

The bad weather abating in the afternoon, we went to the temple Nishi Otani. This is situated on quite an eminence. We crossed a stone bridge spanning a lotus pond, and walked up an inclined way paved with granite, a flight of steps leading to the handsome main gate which faces a strikingly carved two-storied structure. We took our places on the steps and awaited the arrival of the procession of Buddhist priests, this being the chief object of our visit. They came in large numbers, walking two by two, and arrayed in the most gorgeous brocades, no two being of the same pattern. Around the waist they wore wide sashes of equal richness and beauty, and the effect was truly very striking, as they walked up the hill. This was one of the features of the rite of commemoration, the ceremonies continuing through the week. We then visited some shops, of which there are a large number, all of them very interesting.

Shintoism is the State religion, and the following morning we visited one of the temples, named Kitano Tenjin. Entering through the great stone torii or gateway, we found stone lanterns, together with stone and bronze bulls presented by devotees. Another torii and a couple of two-storied gates were passed through, the last being called the Gate of the Three Luminaries, or the Sun, Moon, and Stars. This was the entrance to one side of the square, the

other three sides being formed of colonnades. It might be well to explain that a torii consists of two upright columns several feet apart. At the top is a cross-bar extending out about one foot on each side and two feet lower than the top of the columns.

There were many other details noted by us, and it was perhaps the most effective Shinto temple that we saw. We then visited Kinkakuji, more commonly called the "Golden Pavilion." This is Buddhist in character, and there is a monastery surrounded by a fine garden in which is another pavilion. The garden was artistic, in the middle of which is a lake with pine-clad shores and pine-clad islets; this indeed seemed unusual so near a large city. The lake is usually filled with a flowering plant called junsai and is stocked with carp, which always appear on the approach of visitors, expecting to be fed.

All the ancient buildings have disappeared except the Pavilion, which was restored in 1906. It stands on the water's edge and is three-storied. Each floor is furnished with statuettes of different saints and has mural decorations by Kano Masanobu. There are very unusual features connected with this temple. The so-called apartments are in two sets, — one attached to the main building with pictorial sliding screens symbolic of Chinese sages and other subjects by Kano. There are also drawings of

The Golden Pavilion

birds and trees, and ornaments done by celebrated artists. Folding screens are in common use. One artistic group represents three religious teachers, Confucius, Buddha, and Lao Tze. After showing these art treasures to us the priests served tea, while we sat around in true Japanese style.

After luncheon we went to still another very interesting Buddhist temple, Kiyomizu-dera. Kyoto abounds in fine temples. We left our jinrikishas at the foot of the hill and walked up a long, high lane called Teapot Street because in all the little shops bordering the thoroughfare china and teapots are displayed, forming the favorite purchases of the country people who frequent this temple. The building is situated in a striking position and commands a view of the entire city. The two-storied gateway at the top of the steps was restored in 1897. Outside this gate are two pagodas, each three-storied, and the large green bell, dating from 1624. We then passed up through a colonnade to the main temple, whose rough, hewn columns and bare floor are most unusual. The whole style is original and unique. The great festival day here is on the 17th of August, when a classic concert is given, the musicians being dressed in various unique costumes. They are seated opposite each other in the wings like the two sides of a choir. A dancing stage extends the whole

length of its front, and this opens into a hall full of *ex-voto* pictures, some of which possess great artistic merit. Directly behind this main temple are several other temples and an eleven-storied pagoda which it is impossible to describe here adequately.

On our homeward way we visited the Art Museum. This and the museum at Nara contain the very best collections of early Japanese statuary. The exhibits have been taken or borrowed from time to time from various Buddhist temples in Kyoto and the surrounding provinces. Some date from the seventh and eighth centuries, when Buddhist carving was at the height of its excellence. There are also screens, ancient manuscripts, swords, armor, musical instruments, coins, imperial robes, and miscellaneous articles.

To vary the programme a little, we made an excursion on the following day to Lake Biwa, some miles distant. This is a very celebrated body of water in Japan. We had our choice between returning to Kyoto by the more exciting way of the canal with its long tunnels or going to Otsu. We chose the latter.

Near Otsu there is the largest pine tree in the world, and it has been trained in the peculiar conventional manner employed by the Japanese. Here we had a picnic luncheon and then drove some distance to the heights of

The largest pine tree in the world at Lake Biwa

Otsu, where one hundred and thirty monasteries and temples are said to be grouped. We walked up the incline, passing many temples and seeing a very ancient bronze bell of great historic interest. Descending, we went through the village of Otsu, which has quite a reputation, since it was the scene of what might have been a very serious accident to the present Emperor of Russia, then czarevitch. He was accompanied by Prince George of Greece, now King George, when savagely attacked by an insane man. Certain disaster would have followed had it not been for the presence of mind of the Prince.

We reached Kyoto at 5 P. M., having had a long, though extremely delightful day. Excursions being in order, we went the next day to "shoot the rapids ending at Arashi-yama." We had various means of transportation during the day, jinrikishas, trains, and a short railway trip which was highly picturesque, the line running along just above the dashing river. At Hozu we took the boat for the descent of the rapids down to the landing-place of Arashi-yama, and this was a most exciting experience, the passage taking about an hour and a half. Great care had to be observed by the pilots of the boats, as there were several parties going down and many others returning. The shores of the river were very interesting, being high wooded hills which were abloom. Arashi-

yama is famous for its cherry blossoms. We had a picnic luncheon here and returned to Kyoto by train.

On Easter Sunday I attended a union service, but afterwards learned that there was a special commemoration at St. Mary's, and that the Episcopal Bishop Partridge was at the hotel. There seemed to be a great deal of friendly feeling between the different religious denominations in Kyoto; a little booklet given us at the union service containing information with regard to all the churches, including the Episcopal. Easter afternoon we attended a remarkable Buddhist ceremony in the Chroin Temple on a high hill. At least seventy-five priests were in attendance, all arrayed in their gorgeous brocaded robes and sitting in parallel lines opposite each other. It seemed to be an intoned service. We were separated from the officiants by an anteroom with a high railing, but we could observe all that was going on. This was a part of the ceremonial of the week to which I referred in connection with the Buddhist procession. After watching for a while, we walked about and saw several adjacent temples, marked by their spaciousness.

A visit to the Nijo Castle, by permit, was of great interest. It dates from 1601, and was built by Ieyasu of Nikko memory for his use when visiting Kyoto. It has even in modern

times considerable historical interest, as it was here, on April 6, 1868, that the Emperor, on obtaining his ancestral rights by the revolution then in progress, met the Council of State and swore to grant a deliberative assembly and to decide all measures by public opinion. For a long period Nijo Castle was used by the prefecture and was greatly damaged. Since 1883, it has been one of the Imperial Summer palaces. The apartments of the castle are very beautiful; the sliding screens between the rooms and the wooden doors separating the different sets of apartments are all adorned with paintings of flowers, birds, and the like, done by artists of the Kano School. There is beautiful metal work, and the reception hall is decorated with representations of street life in Kyoto and other cities. The ceiling is lacquered.

We also procured a permit to visit the Imperial Palace, which is placed in a large garden like a park. This was spacious, but not so artistic as Nijo; there were many different buildings. We visited several, one known as the Temple of 33,333 Buddhas, and after gazing at the long array of walls and corridors with their ornaments, we accepted the estimate as accurate. One afternoon the great Shinto procession of the year was in progress. We took jinrikishas for quite a long ride, and then arrived at a small suburb of Kyoto, where we had

places engaged on the upper gallery of a house. There were great crowds of people, and we waited a long time before the arrival of the first shrine. There were five in all. These shrines were large and ornamental, with a great deal of gilt about them, and they were placed on poles borne upon the shoulders of men. Four other small shrines followed, and before the pageant was over, the afternoon was nearly consumed. This procession was on its way to the great Temple of Inari, several miles distant.

One morning we devoted to visiting two cloisonné studios and some curio shops. The first studio, Nakamura's, was very artistically arranged; one large room encircled a miniature garden laid out in true Japanese style with dwarf trees, rockeries, and a tiny little lake. We saw the whole process of manufacture and it was also explained to us.[1] The specimens were very rare and beautiful. Tea and little cakes were served and great courtesy extended to us. The second studio was similar to this, but a little larger, and again we saw the garden, and again tea was served. Several interesting curio shops were visited, and we then went to the large establishment of Yamanaka, who had fine collections at the Chicago and St. Louis Expositions. We then went over some silk

[1] For a full and picturesque account of this process, the reader is referred to Kipling's "From Sea to Sea."

Kasuga Temple

stores, the manufacture of silk being the chief industry; one may purchase all kinds of embroidered goods.

The annual Cherry Blossom Dance — repeated at intervals for one week — occurred at this time. It is preceded by a ceremonial tea. We went at five in the afternoon and were seated around the sides of a large room. Special places were arranged for the pouring of tea, and presently a very pretty Japanese girl appeared and proceeded to heat the water, measure out the tea, put it in the teapot, with many other movements, pouring a little water on it, all in the most deliberate manner, and finally the preliminaries were over, and three pretty little maidens passed the tea around. Another girl in a bright kimono appeared and went through the process again. This was repeated three or four times. We then adjourned to a very large room, like a small theatre, with a gallery at the back, in which we sat. Opposite us was a wide stage, and on either side was arranged a platform about two feet wide, extending the whole length of the room. Here sat the musicians dressed as geisha girls, and the dancers, called Maiko, were also clad in the same manner, with long artistic kimonos and flowers in their hair. The dancers entered and proceeded to the stage; then commenced a slow and measured tread, every movement being

graceful. Cherry blossoms were everywhere, even forming the decorations on the wall. Different figures were repeated, but all in that deliberate manner, very little like dancing but more like a devotional exercise. We sat there for about an hour, but cannot truthfully say that we enjoyed the music, as it was somewhat discordant.

Our last day in Kyoto was a very full one. We visited shops in the morning, and in the afternoon went quite a distance to see a historical procession. We were seated in about the same manner as previously described. Those who took part in the procession were geisha girls and novitiates who were to be educated as future geisha girls, their parents giving them over to the instructors at an early age. This was a very interesting pageant. First only one or two would appear in a historical costume of very rich brocade, the hair most elaborately dressed with the ornaments peculiar to that particular period. Next two little girls would appear, also dressed in historical costumes. Then, after a considerable pause, there followed another geisha girl; and thus the procession continued for over an hour. We did not realize until the day following that most of the persons who took part were of questionable morals.

In the evening we attended a Japanese theatre. The play was a historical tragedy called "The

Forty-seven Ronans." The stage was well arranged and the action very good; it was far more interesting than the Chinese theatre previously described.

During the week a large Collver party of eighteen arrived at the hotel; they were later to go to North China and by the Trans-Siberian route to Russia. Their Director gave a Japanese dinner in which we were included, Mr. Burton Holmes and his friend being the only other guests present. The dining-room was in the Japanese portion of the hotel, arranged with rugs and draperies covering the hardwood floors in quite an artistic manner, and at the sides were placed cushions on which we were supposed to sit or kneel. The formal exercises were mostly conducted by geisha and Maiko girls, three officiating as musicians, several more dancing, and others serving as attendants. Everything was done in the most measured manner. First, boxes were placed before us containing four articles, all dishes of peculiar concoctions. These were intended, we imagined, for us to look at for a time until the musicians and dancers appeared. The programme was opened with a musical number, which was anything but musical; the dancers then took their positions and went through the usual formal measures. There was more music, then another dance. This was repeated three or four

times. The attendant geisha girls were seated at intervals in front of the guests.

At a certain signal the music and dancing ceased, and trays were brought us on which were soup (we imagined the famous birds'-nest), a cup of saké, two more peculiar dishes, and also chopsticks! By this time the kneeling process had become rather painful, and I availed myself of the cup of saké, feeling I needed some stimulant. This was the only refreshment I tried, but some of the party had the courage to experiment further. After some deliberation and a little more converse, we arose from our repast and proceeded to the hotel dining-room, where a substantial dinner was served us at nine o'clock. This was altogether the most unique affair of the week and greatly enjoyed by all. The eight days in Kyoto had flown and we would gladly have remained longer. The atmosphere of the place was so truly of the past, the temples so very interesting, and the quaint customs of the olden times so well retained, that it gave a peculiar charm to the place.

✦

NARA, *April 23d:* A day's excursion to Nara was planned, but a heavy rain somewhat marred our enjoyment. Nara was once a place of much importance, the capital of Japan during seven reigns, stretching from 709 to 784 A. D. Its chief attraction now is the great natural

beauty of the place, some fine temples, and a deer park. Kasuga is a noted Shinto temple. The approach is through the celebrated grounds where were seen many deer, apparently very tame. A fine avenue of cryptomerias added much to the dignity of the approach. The temple stands at the end of a long avenue of stone lanterns, some of which are lighted every night. The main temple is painted red, with brass lanterns, and surrounded by cryptomerias. A religious dance, which is held in a building near by, is one of the many attractive features of this temple. The dress of the dancers is peculiar, composed of a wide red divided skirt, a white under-garment, and a long gauze mantle. The hair is worn in a thick tress down the back, a chaplet of flowers is on the forehead, the face very much powdered, and in the hands are carried either the branches of a tree or some tiny bells which are swayed back and forth in a measured manner. The orchestra consists of three priests.

There is a fine Buddhist temple, renovated in 1898. It is built on the side of a hill; a flight of steps leads up to it and the whole front is covered with metal lanterns which produce a weird effect. Not far distant is a large temple which contains a bronze Buddha called Dai-butsu. When we saw it, the temple was in a chaotic condition, undergoing renovation. The

height of the Buddha is fifty-three and one-half feet; the face is sixteen feet long and nine and one-half feet broad. It is in a sitting position, with right hand uplifted. Nara has a fine museum, well equipped for the study of early Japanese religions.

✦

YAMADA, *April 23d:* In the afternoon we left for Yamada, the city of the celebrated Temple of Ise. On arriving, we took quite a drive up the mountain side to Furuichi and to the Goni-Kwai Hotel, a large, beautifully situated Japanese hostelry with a European department. This consisted of eight rooms, furnished comfortably in European style, even with grates, but we had the novelty of Japanese environment as we walked down the corridors and passed little Japanese rooms with sliding screens and open windows. In the morning, we walked up the hill and had a magnificent view; we left early in jinrikishas for a long day's programme. First we went through the town, the shops forming part of a long street, with open fronts and interiors. We then crossed a bridge to a suburb which contained the celebrated Temple of Ise. We proceeded up a long avenue, containing torii No. 1, torii No. 2, and torii No. 3, entering what is called the inner Temple of Ise, which, like all Shinto places of worship, is very plain on the exterior. We were

The Temple of Ise (Yamada)

not permitted to enter, but were obliged to look through an open enclosure. Our Japanese guide knelt down, bowed, and clapped his hands three times, which is the act of devotion of all Shintoites on their approaching any temple. In the rear there was another temple which we saw only from the outside; the guide told us that at this shrine Marquis Ito came to offer thanks for the success of the Chinese-Japanese war in 1894, and that Admiral Togo also came at the close of the Russian-Japanese war. It is estimated that at least half a million pilgrims repair annually to the Temple of Ise, but the educated class seldom visits the place, — perhaps not more than once in a lifetime.

We then drove eight miles to Futami, a sea-side resort with a pretty Japanese tea-house fronting the water. Here is a peculiar formation of rock called "The Husband and Wife Rocks," connected by a chain. The bazar is quite interesting, and we had our luncheon at the tea-house, served in Japanese style, which means that we would have had nothing but tea if our thoughtful guide had not brought a basket with us. The return trip of eight miles was over a little different route, more picturesque even than the first. Arriving at Yamada, we went to the outer Temple of Ise. Here, as in the inner temple, there is a large house for sacred dances.

Many tea-houses in Yamada furnish music during the evening. We visited a very artistic place, said to be five hundred years old, and there we saw one of the sacred dances peculiar to that province.

✦

Nagoya, *April 25th:* We left in the morning for Nagoya, and were guests at the Nagoya Hotel. This is a flourishing, commercial city, with one of the longest and widest streets we had seen in Japan. The garrison occupies the castle, whose approach is the same as in the olden time — through gates and past moats. This castle was erected in 1610 by twenty great feudal lords to serve as a residence for Ieyasu's son. Like other Japanese castles, it is a wooden building, standing on immense walls which are eighteen feet thick. The castle has been taken by the Imperial household and is preserved as a monument of historical interest. The two golden dolphins with silver eyes which can be seen glittering all over the city from the top of the five-story donjon were made in 1610 at the expense of the celebrated general, Kato Kiyomosa, who also built the donjon, or keep.

The apartments of the castle are very beautiful. The sliding screens between the rooms and the wooden doors separating the different suites are all adorned with paintings of flowers and birds. Leaving these apartments, we visited the

Nagoya Castle

historic donjon, a gloomy building of stone on the exterior, but furnished with wooden staircases within. The fifth story commands an extensive view of the town, the sea, and the vast plain, — rice-fields and mountains stretching in the distance. The roofs of the keep are of copper, and its massive gates are cased in iron.

Nagoya is noted for its manufacture of porcelain and cloisonné. There is one celebrated Buddhist temple, Higashi Hongwanji, and the Museum. There are also extensive parks and parade grounds. In the evening of our stay there, the unexpected occurred. We had known for some time of the approaching Imperial Cherry Blossom Garden Party at Tokio. A telegram arrived, stating that our invitations awaited us in Yokohama; we were most fortunate, since they were in great demand. A hurried consultation followed, but as the remainder of the party expected to sail for San Francisco on May 13th, they declined to change their programme, while I accepted the invitation, having two weeks' more time in Japan during June; I regretfully bade adieu to the party, and the following morning proceeded to Yokohama.

✦

YOKOHAMA, *April 26th:* The next two weeks I was to be thrown upon my own responsibility. I arrived at Yokohama in the evening and an-

ticipated a departure the following morning for Tokio. A pouring rain, however, caused an unexpected postponement. There were many disappointed guests in the Tokio hotels which were crowded in view of the great annual event. This is said to be very beautiful in all its appointments, the profusion of cherry blossoms being an attraction, as is the presence of the Emperor and Empress. The rain abating at noon, the grounds of the Crown Prince's palace were opened and the persons who were in Tokio availed themselves of the privilege of visiting them. A fine collation was served. The Emperor and Empress, however, did not appear, and the usual extremely formal ceremonies were dispensed with. It is the custom to give the inmates of the hospitals in Tokio a rare feast from what is left of the banquet. I had a busy day in Yokohama, which I found an attractive modern city, with beautiful shops, pleasant hotels, and a great crowd of visitors. I left early the following morning, April 28th, for Nikko.

✦

Nikko, *April 28th:* The sky was overcast when we started, and before noon there was a heavy rain which prevented any enjoyment of the really fine landscape. The Japanese proverb in substance runs: "Do not use the word 'magnificent' until you have seen Nikko." This had

been ringing in my ears all the way, and to be compelled to proceed through the long street of the village in a closed jinrikisha was tantalizing. The Nikko Hotel was to have been my destination, but I met friends on the train and was persuaded to accompany them to the new Kanaya Hotel, situated nearer the village on a height. My programme in Nikko could only include three days; hence I decided that a study of the various temples, a general view of the city, and an excursion to Lake Chuzenji must suffice.

The following morning the sun was shining, and I departed early to visit the temples. The way lay down to the river Daiya-gawa. From the bridge in actual use and at a short distance I beheld the "Red Bridge," formerly lacquered and having brass ornaments, sacred to royal use only, and held in veneration by the Japanese. A long avenue of cryptomerias followed. This tree is like the redwood of California when used in the interior of a building; indeed, after a long period of time, the coloring is precisely the same. This I noticed in the Imperial palaces at Kyoto.

I walked up the avenue with a feeling of awe, and it seemed as if the whole atmosphere of Nikko was surcharged with an element of sanctity, and that no one could gaze on the mountains and the groves of cryptomerias with-

out being somewhat better than before. At the end of the avenue the perspective is wonderful, for one looks through a series of great stone toriis, gray with age, and sees along the way objects that are of interest, a five-story pagoda being the most striking. This approach is to the great Temple of Ieyasu, the illustrious Shogun and founder of the Tokugawa dynasty and, like the other great temple and mausoleum of his grandson, Iemitzu (farther on), was erected in the seventeenth century, at a time when the art of building shrines was at its perfection, as was the work in lacquer and bronze, wood carving and decorative painting. Every detail is perfect, and the great predominance of red and gold lacquer with its setting of green produced a striking effect, but without being in the least garish. Indeed, the key-note to all the buildings and interiors we have seen in Japan, of any age whatsoever, has been chasteness of design and harmony. If we sometimes find a discordant note in modern Japanese art, I fear Western taste has had some influence, if it be true that the producer ever seeks to please the purchaser.

With all this perfection on every side, it becomes even more difficult to give any adequate description, so that an outline comprising only general details will be suggested. A quotation explains my position fully. Dr. Dresser once

The way to the Temple, Ieyasu

Kokamon : Iemitzu Temple

wrote: "Any words that I can use must fail to convey any adequate idea of the consciousness of the work, the loveliness of the compositions, the harmoniousness of the colors, and the beauty of the surroundings here before me; and yet the adjectives which I have tried to heap one upon another, in the hope of conveying to the reader what I — an architect and ornamentist — feel when contemplating these matchless shrines, must appear, I am afraid, altogether unreasonable." The difficulty is further added to by the fact that there are in all six groups of temples with numerous associated buildings and gateways in the near vicinity, although Ieyasu and Iemitzu are the most famous.

The approach to Ieyasu Temple is most unusual. Within the two courts, each with toriis and stone steps, are many notable adjuncts to the temples, the five-story pagoda, one hundred and four feet high, being a marvel of rich lacquered walls. It has peculiar brass-trimmed roofs and bells hanging from every angle. Three artistic buildings are used as storehouses, where articles employed in worship, pictures, and many treasures of Ieyasu are deposited. Near by is a finely carved gateway leading to a beautiful carved water cistern which is cut out of one solid piece of granite and sheltered by a roof supported on twelve square pillars of stone, all erected in 1618. A beautifully deco-

rated building behind this is the depository for the complete collection of the Buddhist scriptures, contained in a fine revolving octagonal bookcase with red lacquered panels and gilt pillars. In the centre of this court stands a fine bronze torii. A flight of steps gives access to the second court. Just inside of this are two stone lions in the act of leaping down; on the right stand a bell tower, a bronze candelabrum presented by the King of Loochoo, and another bell presented by the King of Korea; there is also a bronze candelabrum from Holland. This diversity of gifts indicates the general interest at that time in this shrine. All of these articles are of very unusual style of workmanship.

At the left extremity of this same platform stands the Temple of Wakushi, dedicated to the patron saint of Ieyasu, for which reason its Buddhist emblems have been left intact. The building is a blaze of gold and harmonious colors. Stone steps lead up to the exquisitely beautiful gate called Yomei-mon; it has a fence on each side. Passing through the gateway, we entered the third court, in which the Buddhist priests used to offer liturgies on the occasions of the two great annual festivals. In this court are also two buildings, one containing a stage for the performance of the sacred dance, and the other an altar for burning the fragrant cedar while prayers were recited. Next we have the

A five-story pagoda

Karu-mon or Chinese gate. It gives admittance to the main shrines. The folding doors of the oratory are lavishly decorated with arabesques of peonies in gilt relief.

The chapel is a large matted room, forty-two feet long by twenty-seven feet deep, with an antechamber at each end. The chapel and the antechambers are all very profusely decorated with pictures on the walls, with carved panels and painted ceilings. The Holy of Holies of this temple is accessible to the public only by special permit. It is composed of three chambers, and here Japanese Buddhist art is exhibited in its perfection, — a blaze of gold and color, with its elaborate paintings of court personages, its precious woods, inlaid and carved, and its richly lacquered pillars and splendid metal work — the whole a marvel of detail, all the more marvellous because it is in perfect preservation. Now that it has been changed into a Shinto shrine and is under the patronage of the Government, the Buddhas and attendant Buddhas of the olden time are no longer to be seen.

An old mossy staircase and a time-worn pavement lead to Ieyasu's tomb, before which stand two long tables. Here are placed the usual bronze ornaments, consisting of a stork, an incense burner, and a vase of bronze lotus flowers. The tomb, shaped like a small pagoda,

has a single bronze casting of a light color, produced, it is said, by a mixture of gold. Leaving the mausoleum, I passed down through the courts and gateways until I came to the avenue of cryptomerias, visiting a number of temples on the way, and finally I reached Iemitzu's temple. A massive stone staircase and a fine gateway are among the many details of an attractive exterior that claim attention. The temple is much less magnificent than Ieyasu's, but a more perfect representation of the Buddhist art, inasmuch as here can be seen the interior as it was originally. After the restoration in 1886, the interiors of all the other temples were changed to meet the requirements of the Shinto faith, that being the State religion. The tomb is reached by a flight of steps running up the side of the wall. It is of the same general style as that of Ieyasu. In the afternoon a walk back of the temple of Ieyasu revealed more stone lanterns, shrines, and toriis.

At Nikko the homes are attractive, with their open space and their verandas. The Park and Botanical Garden are also not without interest. Sometimes a shrine could be seen, and with the inmates dressed in pretty kimonos, it was truly a fascinating picture, unlike anything that had elsewhere struck our fancy. The invariable smile, bow, and courtesy that always greet you

The gate called Yomeimon

place a finishing and charming touch to the whole.

The bazar or long street of shops was enticing, with so many souvenirs to choose from. The thoroughfare itself presented a never-ending panorama of carts, packhorses, natives, pilgrims, and tourists.

There were several tempting excursions of two or three miles each, the most celebrated of which was to Lake Chuzenji, eight miles distant. This required an early morning departure in a jinrikisha. The ride there was through a region which affords a fine example of the Japanese method of cultivating the soil. The little homes were attractive. Potatoes, rice, and millet seemed to be the principal crops. Chuzenji Lake is a marvel of beauty, with its many walks along the shore. Luncheon was served at the hotel. It is estimated that ten thousand pilgrims come to the village during July and August to make the ascent to the sacred mountain, Nantaisan, two thousand feet above the sea-level. This is not so very difficult, since at points there are stairways that give ready access. Shrines and tea-houses are stationed all along the road, as the Japanese never neglect creature comforts. Eight miles further on is situated Yunoto village and the lake which bears the same name and is celebrated for its hot springs. This place is said to be as attractive as Lake Chuzenji.

We left Nikko on an early morning train with a strong desire some day to return and make a more protracted stay.

✦

Tokio, *April 30th:* Leaving Nikko, with an altitude of two thousand feet higher than the sea, for Tokio, one hundred miles distant and at sea-level, was a decided drop. The day was bright and the views from the car window gave one an ever-varying panorama, consisting of mountains, a long avenue of tall cryptomerias that seemed to extend for miles, cultivated fields, and luxuriant vegetation freshened by the recent rain. Nature put forth her loveliest Spring tints, to which cherry blossoms ever and anon gave a touch of color. Arriving at Tokio in the afternoon, and going to the Imperial Hotel, I had a two days' reunion with eight of the "party" who had already arrived there. We took a general drive on the first afternoon, past the palace built on the ruins of the old Shogun palace, in its new guise a long rambling building of yellow brick. The old gateways with their towers were at the front entrance and were a feature of the scene. The arrangement of the rooms in the interior of the palace was said to be pleasing, the dining-room being unusually large. The walls and decorations are also fine, but the furnishings, a mixture of Japanese and European styles, are not so har-

The Imperial Palace at Tokio

monious. We also passed the Crown Prince's palace, and then went on from Hibiya Park to the street on which are situated the brick buildings of the Naval Department, the Judicial Department, and the Courts of Justice.

We saw the Russian Embassy, the Chinese Legation, and also some palaces and residences of many officers and foreign embassies. This neighborhood, called Nagata-cha, is the most fashionable in Tokio. Near the palace lies a garden planted with azaleas, and also containing some trellises wholly covered in season with wistaria. We also passed a fine Shinto temple and several statues, and, on an eminence, saw the Russian Cathedral, consecrated in 1891.

The following morning we went to Shiba Park. Until 1887 this formed the grounds of a great Buddhist temple, and here are still preserved the mortuary temples of several Tokugawa Shoguns, Ieyasu, the founder of that dynasty, having chosen it as the temple where the funeral tablets of himself and of his descendants should be enshrined. There are several temples in the park, and they rank among the chief marvels of Japanese art. They are somewhat after the style of the temples at Nikko. All of them have a wonderful setting of green, the many fine trees and the beautiful park forming an excellent background. Each of these mortuary temples consists of three parts, an outer oratory, a con-

necting gallery, and an inner sanctuary. In each of these the decorations are of gilt and different colors, with elaborate patterns which are almost dazzling to the eye.

On one occasion we visited Ueno Park, famed for its temples and tombs of the Shoguns; it is a most popular resort in Tokio, and is celebrated for its display of cherry blossoms in the month of April, during which season there are held gala times. Six Shoguns, members of the Tokugawa family, lie buried at Ueno. In general style the tombs here resemble those at Shiba Park.

There are many objects of interest in Ueno Park other than its temples. One is the bronze image of Buddha, twenty-one and a half feet high, known as Dai-butsu, near which is a massive torii. We passed along an avenue of stately cryptomerias where stands an ancient pagoda. There is also a long row of very large stone lanterns, presented as a tribute to the memory of the Shogun, Ieyasu. While in Ueno Park the attendant pointed out, in a small enclosure, two diminutive trees, — a hinoki, planted by General Grant, and a magnolia by Mrs. Grant during their visit to Tokio.

The Ueno Museum proved interesting, particularly in the historical and archæological departments. Near the Museum is a public library and reading-room — the largest in the

Court of the Temple Shiba at Tokio

Empire. In the distance we saw the Imperial University, which has a very high reputation, even foreign students attending there for the purpose of studying art.

✦

ASAKUSA: The district of Asakusa possesses a fine park, and here also is the spacious Temple of Higashi Hongwanji, the chief religious edifice of the Monto sect of Buddhists. It is very plain in its architecture, but is noted principally for its proportions. The area of the matted floor of the nave alone is one hundred and fifty mats, and around the front and sides is a wooden aisle one hundred and twelve feet wide.

Tokio has many other temples and parks, but of these, as I have said, Ueno is the most popular; around us were crowds of gayly dressed grown people and children, all in holiday attire; various games for adults and children were in progress, and there was a tea-house where refreshments were being served. To me this appeared in very truth a park for the people.

The Botanical Garden is also quite interesting. A long, imposing street led down to it from Ueno Park, and on this were situated the principal shops of the city, with curio nooks in abundance. These, of course, were larger and more pretentious than the bazars spoken of

elsewhere, some of them being three stories in height, the first of the kind we had seen in Japan. Taken as a whole, Tokio is a large, populous city, with a bright future before it. I now was obliged to turn my face toward Yokohama, it being a comparatively short distance from Tokio. Here I found a number of friends whom I had met at different points and who were about to leave for San Francisco, — my own departure for North China to occur the following morning.

To visit North China, I was compelled to return to Shanghai in order to join the Coll-ver Tours party I had met at Kyoto. I left Yokohama on March 3d by rail for Kobe, arriving at the Oriental Hotel about 9 P. M. The route by day was very pleasant, as we saw much fine scenery, and for some time Mt. Fujiyama rose before us in the distance. At Kobe I found that the steamer, *Mongolia*, would be delayed, and therefore I would need to remain there until the second day. The following morning, I took a jinrikisha ride to the country and revisited several points of interest.

✦

June 6th: I was awakened at seven on the morning of June 6th by the voice of the guide saying, "We are now in the narrowest part of the Inland Sea." I arose quickly, and,

Gate of Chionin in Kyoto

Ueno Park pagoda

glancing out of the port-hole, beheld a scene of loveliness which caused a spontaneous exclamation, "Oh, how beautiful!" Before me on the left was an island clad in verdure; behind, the towering mountains; then farther off, a lesser peak, sloping down to the sea; a promontory jutted out at the right, ribbed with terraces from which peeped forth tiny shoots of delicate green. Scarcely had I time to catch a glimpse before the panorama changed. This scene was repeated with slight variations until suddenly there appeared a break, and in a cove were moored many little boats; next came a tall mountain sloping down to the sea, with a wealth of foliage along the side, while on the top was a fringe of tall trees, like so many hills seen in Japan. I had cause to wonder if this too was not one of the many expressions of Nature's artistic sense.

One scene succeeded another, and I became almost oblivious to all thought of dressing until the gong rang for breakfast. I felt rebellious, and, on that morning at least, the meal seemed a desecration, the sacrifice of an opportunity. Once before, I had a similar early morning experience; that was at Laggan, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, when, on awakening, I beheld directly opposite my window lovely Lake Louise and the beautiful glacier mirrored within the opalescent blue. This day in

China ended with a glorious sunset, and, as the gold and azure melted away into nothingness, it was a fitful close to hours of rare enjoyment.

On the morning following, I was again awakened, this time by the magic word Nagasaki, and I beheld another never-to-be-forgotten scene. The harbor and shipping lay in the foreground; beyond the shore line rose large buildings, smaller ones creeping up the mountain side; this whole panorama was bathed in sunlight. Immediately on landing a jinrikisha ride was enjoyed, and I was propelled about in an aimless fashion, enjoying the street scenes, visiting the heights, and the Horse's Temple. It was a restless, irresponsible kind of day that I enjoyed, and I returned to the steamer at five o'clock with considerable regret. Half an hour later we were sailing away for Shanghai; and again we saw islands, promontories, and inlets quite like those of the day previous.

On Saturday morning, the 9th, we were anchored at Wusong, waiting for the arrival of the health officer. Thereafter we took a ride of an hour in the steam launch. Shanghai seemed more European on our second arrival, and the Bund on the front more attractive. We made the Palace Hotel our destination, and learned with regret of the non-arrival of the Trans-Siberian party from Manila. Some steamer friends and other acquaintances were

at Shanghai, and the time passed pleasantly amongst them.

I attended divine service at St. John's Cathedral on Sunday morning, and in the evening the delayed party arrived; I was so fortunate as to have two home friends among the number.

Monday began by a general tour of sight-seeing for the party; to a certain extent I thus went over the ground again, taking jinrikisha rides through a portion of the European native city, and visiting the entire French concession. French names were on the business houses and on many of the streets. This concession is governed by a municipality of its own.

Four restful days were passed at Shanghai, and at ten on the evening of May 12th, we went to our steamer, the *Tuck-Wo*, for a trip on the celebrated Yangtse River. The steamer was large and airy, with pleasant decks; everything wore a thoroughly homelike air. The scenery on the lower Yangtse is rather flat and disappointing, but in the morning there were some vegetation and many agreeable glimpses of life, with vistas of modest homes and little patches of cultivated ground around them. The shores were covered with tall vegetation which, we were told, grows quite tall and is then cut, dried, and used as fuel by the natives. At first, during our trip, there had been only a low fringe of trees in the distant background; now moun-

tains appeared as a striking variation, and thus we had alternating scenes which added to the spatial interest from this time on. There were occasional picturesque points and promontories that jutted out into the sea; clustering around, were many large and smaller craft; once I counted thirty-six in one place.

The steamer anchored at Chang-wang-kong on the second evening, and we were permitted to go ashore for two hours. We had noticed a brilliantly lighted building, four stories high, every window gleaming and presenting an imposing appearance; we naturally expected some artistic effect in the interior, but, when we came to visit it, the illusion vanished, as the first and second stories were cut up into small rooms, each filled with Chinese folk intent upon securing their evening meal; adjacent rooms were devoted to the culinary operations. Dirt and confusion and odors permeated everywhere, and we declined to ascend to the upper story, where the Chinese game of fan-tan was in progress. Certain homelike English buildings clung near the water front, and we walked through the usual crowded Chinese streets. The town was laid out in one long thoroughfare, overlooking the water and sloping backward to the lesser mountains. We returned, content with the good cheer aboard our steamer, and were soon sailing on.

The Little Orphan Rock in the Yangtse River

We passed Nanking, formerly the southern capital of China and once a place of great importance — indeed, a seat of learning and of art. Only the distant walls could be seen. A little north of Nanking are located two of the Ming tombs.

The following morning, at eleven, we were again permitted to land, this time at Wu-ho, quite a large town and evidently the centre for several industries. After wandering through a few native streets, we took jinrikishas and visited the heights above. Here was situated a fine garden filled with rose trees all in bloom, the property of the son of the noted statesman, Li Hung Chang. This was said to be one of his many palaces; at present he is Minister to England. The afternoon afforded us a variety of points of interest to seek out; long low islands, boldly defined mountains, an occasional village, and coves filled with shipping of all kinds, from the sampan to the five-sail junk. The shores were clothed with the wonderful green of Spring, which, to my mind, was excelled only by the matchless verdure of Java.

On the morning of May 15th we met with constant surprises; first, there was the boldly defined little Orphan Rock, the seat of a Buddhist monastery which contained, however, only a small retinue of monks. Two hours later, on the left side of the Yangtse River, there ap-

peared for the first time a long avenue of trees near the water's edge, while beyond it was a range of mountains higher than we had seen. Nestling between two mountains which seemed to hug the water was a village with a remarkable wall stretching from one peak to the other, and curving down, thus encircling the town; this wall had a crenellated edge and was perfectly preserved.

The mountain range continued for some time, and then was succeeded by the more prevailing flat shore, which soon merged again into mountains. Perched high up on a projecting hill, another monastery gleamed white through the encircling trees. We sailed onward toward the right, and the Captain pointed out on our left the entrance to Lake Poyang, which shone in the distance, and rising boldly out of which could be dimly seen the greater Orphan Island, where towered a large pagoda said to be two hundred and fifty feet high. From now on, the scenery changed rapidly, and first one side of the shore and then the other side claimed our attention and admiration; the river being very wide, and the steamer also constantly changing its course, we were thus given a fine opportunity for observation.

Our next excitement occurred when we approached Kia-kiang. We first saw a high rocky promontory on which a tall seven-story pagoda

Road to Kaling above Kia-Kiang

stood, like a veritable sentinel; rounding the point, a long shore line was protected by a sea-wall which stretched to the extreme point of land where Kia-kiang is situated. Near the pagoda were homes and native buildings, then some business houses; farther back from the shore rose another towering pagoda, and farther still another, while a tiny temple was perched on an eminence. Embowered in trees, we also found the white homes of foreign residents, presumably English. There was a great deal of shipping in port which gave evidence of the city's being a business centre. Three hours' time was given us on land, but few availed themselves of the privilege because of a heavy rain. On leaving Kia-kiang a low shore was seen, then a long island, covered with homes of a simple kind, with their little gardens; every inch of ground was under cultivation. The shades of night soon shut off our view, but at 9 A. M. we were again anchored — this time at Wu-such. Only the gleaming lights in the distance were visible. Two more places were to be passed during the night, Wang-tu-kiang and Wen-chou; and Hankow was to confront us on the morrow.

The Yangtse River rises three thousand miles away, near Tibet, and covers the whole of the Empire; thus far we had traversed six hundred miles of it. Despite what we praised, how-

ever, we could not help longing to meet with the bolder scenery which a longer trip would have revealed to us. A heavy rain prevented much sight-seeing at Hankow on the first day, which was fortunately Sunday; thus we received our initial impressions of the city from the steamer, a view which took in a long Bund, fronting the water's edge, and filled with fine buildings, evidently of a European style of architecture; we were told that they were the different homes of the English, French, and German consulates, the French even having a special park attached to theirs. At the extreme left were large business houses and a club. Hankow is a great depository for tea, and, with the two adjacent cities of Han-yang and Wu-chang, it has an immense population, reaching into the millions. Many religious denominations are said to be represented in Hankow, but we saw no pretentious churches. The harbor or water-front has a stone embankment; a large amount of shipping is to be seen, many of the boats being of peculiar construction.

The following morning, we had a few hours in which to view the city before taking the train for Peking. We first visited the native quarter. The heavy rain of the previous day caused a great deal of mud, and as we attempted to drive through the narrow streets and bazars, the dirt floors of the little homes and shops

The Hankow bund

were a sea of mud, while the inmates were preparing breakfast and attending to other domestic avocations in perfect unconcern; it was certainly not an inspiring scene, and the worst native quarter we had visited during our stay in China. We did not extend our observation very far, but turned to the more attractive Bund, which is about three miles in extent. Here we had a nearer view of the consulates, from each of which a street led down to the water's edge. In the French concession we noticed the same naming of streets and buildings that we had seen in Shanghai; this was also true of the German and English concessions, thus making of each a little miniature city. There is a fine English club at Hankow, and a long line of tea factories called godowns; the odor of tea was distinctly noticeable for three blocks. From May to the middle of July the tea industry of Hankow is great, and large numbers of dealers and speculators interested in the business congregate there.

We took the train at 11 A. M. for Peking, with every expectation of arriving there at 4 P. M.

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PEKING, *March 18th:* The railway trip from Hankow to Peking is not interesting, for it is largely over a vast extent of plain without foliage or vegetation. Occasionally we passed small towns with a few planted trees. The latter part

of the way seemed almost like a desert; there being little to observe, one had time to reflect, and, in some inscrutable manner, the immensity of China, its extreme age, its teeming population, and its unreality, judged by Western standards, began to dawn on me. I had previously failed to realize that I was actually in China. Having seen the Chinese at several points before reaching Hong-Kong, that city with its English environment did not impress me greatly. Canton seemed an unrelated place, a kind of a by-play. The Shanghai I knew was modern.

As we approached Peking, we caught a glimpse of the Great Wall, a massive gray bulk, with the immense corner tower, which produced a feeling of awe, standing as though it were an entrance into a city of mystery — a walled town of over twenty miles in circumference which was virtually the product of four walled cities in one. We were housed in the new and spacious Grand Hôtel des Wagons-lits. Our stay was to cover just a little over a week; hence vigorous sightseeing was at once inaugurated, and the first impression received was the great age of everything that surrounded us.

Peking was made the capital of the whole Empire by Mongol Kublai Khan, the Wise, a munificent ruler who laid the foundation plan of what we see to-day; but the origin of the city dates back some centuries before the Christian

The Great Wall at Peking

era. The Ming Dynasty extended over nearly three centuries; then China, being threatened by an invasion of the Manchus from the north, was aided in her resistance by the Manchus at home, and, through a peculiar combination, they secured possession of the throne and have held it ever since. The foreign rule is hated by the true Chinese.

The four sections of Peking are: (1) The Forbidden City, called the Purple City by the Chinese because formerly only purple mortar was used. It consists virtually of a palace and adjacent buildings, and embraces a population of nearly six thousand. This portion of the city has for ages been closed to foreigners, with the exception of a few months immediately after the Boxer trouble in 1900, when excursions to the Forbidden City were made, photographs secured, and also a small guide-book prepared. (2) The Imperial City surrounds the Forbidden City, and is now in great part closed. (3) The Tartar City surrounds the Imperial City, and is called the "city within" because it lies within the walls. (4) The Chinese or Southern City is south of the Tartar City, and extends somewhat beyond it to the east and west.

Next to the Great Wall, the gateways should demand our interest. There are several, and Hata-men is the one which we frequently passed through. It was always thronged. The most

densely crowded entrance, however, was the Chinese gate, Chien-men; here, at times, it was almost impossible for the jinrikisha to make a passage. The street scenes in Peking are wonderful because of their variety, and the length of the streets adds to their picturesqueness, although they are not quite so spectacular as those of Jeypore, India.

Many different styles of dress are seen. I noticed the long flowing robe of the Manchu women, with the Manchu headdress and a remarkable arrangement of hair on a frame, spreading at the back with a sort of elongated butterfly effect, and held in place by a bright gold hairpin. The bands of hair are brought over in a way to give the impression of long loops, and they are decorated with bright flowers. The Manchu women are taller than the Chinese women, and walk with a statelier tread, as their feet have never been bound, the present Empress many years ago having issued an edict prohibiting that custom. The edict is, however, evaded, as Chinese fathers and husbands insist that the custom be kept up, seeming to imagine that abolishing it would have some peculiar effect on the character of the wife, perhaps resulting in insubordination. The Chinese women part their glossy black hair in the middle, wear it in smooth bands down the side of the forehead, and dress it in the back in a great variety of low loops.

Hata-men Gate

They also wear jewelled and gold hairpins that are really very artistic. Their dress consists of the long black sack coat and loose trousers, much like those of a man. The children of Peking, unlike those of the Orient, where clothes are virtually dispensed with, wear long-sleeved, high-necked garments reaching to the feet.

The bazars and shopping streets in Peking were interesting, many of the buildings rising four stories in height, and having the same long narrow decorated signs that I described in Canton. At intervals along the way very high poles are erected, and on these are placed different kinds of signs, giving these streets a brilliant appearance. The usual throng of dealers and of diverse nationalities are represented, resulting in a great deal of bustle and activity, a great deal of noise and dirt. The crowds around some of the gateways included rows of vehicles and sometimes a group of camels; but the most individual of all conveyances is the Peking cart; indeed, I have never seen any inanimate object that wore so individual an air, and when viewed in large numbers, their appearance is most peculiar. This cart is two-wheeled, with a roof, and with sides and back enclosed. One horse is used. In the front opening sits the driver, some one usually at his side, while behind him, far in the back, may be seen the faces of the occupants peering out.

Many of the carts used by the ordinary people have no windows or openings on the side; others have windows covered with a kind of netting which admits some air.

The Llama Temple is considered to be one of the most important places to visit; it is in the eastern quarter of the Tartar City. The rule has been that just as soon as an emperor ascends the throne, the palace that he had previously occupied shall be changed into a temple. Such was the origin of the Llama Temple, once presided over by three thousand Mongol Llamas, and, at the head of them, a living Buddha. The temple has six parts: first the outside gate, then the entrance gate, then a large hall of very imposing proportions, in front of this a tablet upon which is inscribed the history of Llamaism. Before this tablet rests a bronze incense burner eight feet high, and on the southwest wall of the temple hangs a picture of the universe, upheld by the four-clawed feet of a huge sea-monster with three eyes. There are also three lofty pavilions. Beautiful silken rugs used to be laid on the floor of the impressive hall, and on the walls were very fine hangings. Many precious articles were carried away in 1900, at the time of the Boxer trouble, and some may still be hidden.

There is a colossal Buddha here of very evil countenance, towering three stories, and said to be seventy feet high. To those versed in Bud-

Peking girls

Llama Temple

dhist lore, these buildings are full of interest; it is only within a few years that the place has been open to the public. The Llama monks present a very impressive appearance at their evening service, with their long gowns crossed over, and their high caps like ancient Roman casques.

In construction, the Confucian Temple, near by, is similar to all Confucian temples throughout China; the hall is eighty-four feet long and the teakwood pillars forty feet high. In front there is a marble terrace, twenty-eight yards long and fifteen feet wide, reached on three sides by seventeen steps. The inscription on the Confucius tablet, written in Chinese and Manchu dialects, says: "The tablet of the soul of the most holy ancestral teacher, Confucius." Other tablets to noted teachers hang on either side. There are rows of cypresses in front of the hall said to have been planted one thousand years ago; and on each side of the court are buildings containing tablets to over one hundred celebrated scholars. A temple court extends in front, with six monuments which record foreign conquests by emperors. In the court of the Triennial Examinations there is a stone tablet to commemorate each session, on which are engraved the names and homes of all students who receive the title of Doctor of Literature.

Another unique building, west of the Confucius Temple, is the Hall of the Classics. Here there is a richly decorated pailow, with encaustic tiles, chiefly green and yellow; the three archways are lined with white marble. This hall was designed by the Emperor, Chien-Lung, to complete the Confucius Temple, in which till then the classics had been expounded. It is lofty and square, with double eaves, yellow tiles, surmounted by a specially large gilt ball, and encircled by a fringe carried to the roof and supported by massive wooden pillars. In the centre is a circular pool of water, edged by marble balustrades, with a bridge spanning it. There is also a remarkable sun-dial. Two hundred upright stone monuments engraved on both sides contain the complete text of the nine classics, very finely executed; it was thought thus to preserve the purity of the text. There are also more lists of successful students on stone monoliths.

The Drum Tower was another point visited, one of the most striking objects in Peking; it is oblong and quite Chinese in character, the upper story being of wood, the lower of brick. It is one hundred feet high and about the same in length toward the base. It was built under the Mongol dynasty; a very large drum stands in the middle of the last story, and a climb of sixty-eight steps up a steep Chinese staircase

A Peking cart

The Confucius Temple

Temple of Classics

gave us a fine view of the entire city. A short distance from the Drum Tower is the Bell Tower. This is built of brick and stone, ninety feet high, and is also Mongol in origin; the bell weighs twenty thousand pounds and is still used to tell the watches of the night; the drum in the tower is struck at the same time.

Some Chinese authority states that there are ten thousand temples in Peking, all built under the Mongol dynasty (thirteenth century), or the Ming dynasty (fifteenth and sixteenth centuries). Of these, the most striking is the Temple or Altar of Heaven in the southern part of the Chinese City, erected by the Ming Emperor, Yung-loh, in 1421; the enclosure, a fine park, measures about six thousand feet around. There are three large, imposing gates, — south, east, and west. To the north, the wall is crescent shaped and is without an entrance. The Altar or Temple of Heaven, open to the sky, is circular and of white marble. It is three stories high; the base measures two hundred and ten feet across, the second story one hundred and fifty feet, the third ninety feet. One large marble slab is in the centre. The white marble balustrades are richly carved to represent clouds. In the upper story, there are seventy-two pillars; in the middle, one hundred and eight; and in the lower, one hundred and eighty; thus making, in all, three hundred and sixty, the number

of degrees in a circle. It is on the central marble slab that the Emperor stands and prostrates himself, worshipping under the blue arch of heaven. He goes three times a year to this temple, praying before daybreak, and having spent the previous night in the Grand Hall of Abstinence close by.

Between this and the closed Altar of Heaven, there is the small Temple of Prayer, where the ancestral tablets are kept, capped by one of the most remarkable roofs in Peking. This temple is a gem; its bricks and tiles are of the finest porcelain, and everything dates from the best period of Chinese art. The northern Temple of Heaven has a three-fold roof of blue tiles, recently rebuilt, the early one having been burned down. There are magnificent columns in this, and the ceiling is very elaborate. Before leaving the enclosure at the left of the gateway, we went through a large palace not in use at the present time, except on rare occasions; this was not in the itinerary, but our guide secured admission by paying a generous fee. Only a few rooms were furnished, but these were in excellent taste.

We next drove to the Altar or Temple of Agriculture. This is where General Chaffee and the American troops were quartered after the relief of Peking in 1900. The hall is the largest in the city, but there is nothing special

The Inner Temple of Heaven

to see in it. The rites observed here are nearly as important as those at the Temple of Heaven. The enclosure is two miles in circumference. The first two altars are rectangular; that of the Spirits of Heaven, on the east, is fifty feet long and four and one-half feet high; and the marble tablets therein contain the names of the celebrated mountains, lakes, and seas of China. On the first day of the second period of Spring, the Emperor goes there with three princes, nine great men, and a numerous following, all of them understood to be fasting. After they have worshipped, they proceed to the field which has been prepared; the bullock, the plough, and other accessories are all of Imperial yellow. The Emperor traces a furrow from east to west; returning four times, he thus makes eight furrows. The First Minister of the Treasury stands on the right with a whip, the Viceroy of the Province on the left with the grain, while a third official scatters the seed behind the Emperor. The three Princes each plough ten furrows, and so the work proceeds through all the dignitaries, according to their rank. The afternoon was one of the most interesting we spent in Peking, the temperature being perfect like our own June at home; all Nature was in harmony with the scene.

The Observatory was formerly one of the most distinctive sights in Peking. It affords a

magnificent view towards the south of the wall of the Tartar City. The wonderful bronze instruments therein have outlived their usefulness, but their artistic merit makes them a glory and a joy. The Examination Hall was formerly situated close by the site of the Observatory, but when we were there it was being dismantled. The old method of examination is being given up, and the reform is one of the progressive changes in Peking, upsetting the precedent of ages. The examination of students is now carried on very much as it is in other countries.

Leaving the city, we drove some miles along the outskirts to the Yellow Temple. There are two temples, the eastern and the western; and, in front, are two very beautiful pavilions. Chien Lung repaired the western temple and changed it into a dwelling for Mongol princes, who arrived each year to pay their tribute. This is one of the finest buildings in China; it has great size, beautiful proportions, and a square entrance porch; but, since its occupation in 1900 by some of the Allied Forces, it has begun to fall into ruins. The eastern temple is in good condition, and critics claim that its proportions surpass those of any temple in Japan. The magnificent white marble monument or pagoda was erected by Chien Lung over the grave of the Teshu Llama who died of small-pox while on a visit there. On the eight

Outer Heaven, Temple of Heaven, Peking

sides of the memorial are engraved scenes in the Llama's life; these bas-reliefs are very interesting. The great White Temple is the most beautiful monument in the environs of Peking, and it is well worth the long drive to see it. On our return, we passed through the usual number of gates, from the Chinese to the Tartar, and from the Tartar to the Imperial; only a small portion of this latter section can be seen, but we caught glimpses of the many lovely buildings in the Forbidden City, and it was most tantalizing not to be able to enter the sacred precincts. From a sketch taken in 1900, we can form an idea of the many interesting points in this Forbidden City. The Imperial City, enclosing the Forbidden City, is over five miles in circumference; its walls are eighteen feet high, with four entrances about seventy feet wide. There are three gates, the central one of which is reserved for the Emperor. People are allowed to look in, but not to enter by this southern gate; the northern and eastern gates are open to the public.

One view in the Forbidden City is that of the Coal Hall, two hundred and ten feet high. It dates from the Mongol dynasty, when coal is said to have been piled up there as a provision in case of siege, the Ming Emperor having covered it all with beautiful pavilions.

Beyond the wall to the north is the Hall of

Longevity, where the Emperor's coffin remains after his death and until his funeral.

The White Dagoba is conspicuous in all Peking views; it is within the gardens which are reserved for the court, and was built by the first emperor of the present dynasty as a shrine for a very fine Buddha. The White Dagoba is regarded as the palladium of the Empire, and stands at the very centre of the loveliest part of the palace grounds. A little farther to the west is found the finest pailow in Peking, made of very beautiful encaustic tiles; and behind a neighboring hillock rests the celebrated dragon screen, sixty feet long and twenty feet high; it was built to protect the library, which was unfortunately burned during the occupation of the allied forces in 1900.

A noticeable feature is the Temple of Ten Thousand Buddhas, all of glittering Imperial yellow, the walls covered with animals and small images of Buddha. The three lakes, northern, middle, and southern, are a little over two miles long; a beautiful marble bridge connects the northern with the middle lake.

The Winter or Skating Palace was distinctive for the finest wood carvings in China; these were also burned by accident in 1900. A large pavilion, surrounded by a circular wall, is near the marble bridge. In this pavilion is the throne, and it was there audience was given

The White Pagoda of the Yellow Temple

to several European ambassadors in 1893; there also the Emperor puts on mourning garments, — when, for instance, he had to grieve for his father, Prince Chan. At the northeast corner of the palace stands the fine yellow-tiled temple, with an imposing entrance; it has large gates, within the outer of which are two very quaint pavilions. Four or five roofs are piled, one on the other, and these can be distinctly seen from outside the walls of the Forbidden City. This brief outline may give one a little idea of what the public are deprived of seeing. Most of the buildings of the Forbidden City are yellow-tiled, as are also the walls.

The Summer Palace is the only one of the Peking buildings that dates from the present Manchu dynasty. There had previously been a palace there, but it had a long while since fallen into decay. It is said to have had lovely gardens, and many canals winding in and out, while in other places little miniature lakes are formed. The principal palace is attractive and rises on an eminence, but there are pavilions and lesser buildings scattered about. The present palace is, however, very inferior to those royal residences of olden times; it suffered greatly in 1900; the Russian soldiers seemed to take delight in destroying works of art and historic buildings. Some of the marble bridges are very effective, and there is a marble

boat, not in itself very beautiful, but a picturesque feature as it lay anchored by the lake. We saw it from a high hill beyond the Emperor's palace, where is located a Buddhist pagoda. We had a view of the palace with its enclosure and its minor buildings.

This was one feature seen during an excursion which a friend and I took, escorted by a guide and a picnic luncheon basket on Saturday, May 25th. We left the hotel early for a six-mile drive, passing first through the crowded streets, again noting the dusty way of the Imperial City, which wound around near the walls of the Forbidden City, every pinnacle and roof gleaming in the morning light. Leaving the outskirts of the town, the country view was the pleasantest we had seen. Our road lay alongside of the canal, where there were more trees and less dust.

On the way we first visited the Five Pagoda Buddhist Temple, which seems to belong to a different world from that of to-day. It is a square mass of masonry fifty feet high, covered with old colored tiles and with beautiful reliefs of camels. On its flat top there are five pagodas, each eleven stories high; also, adjacent to it, a very elegant square pagoda, and, in front of it, what seems like the top of another large pagoda. Farther on, we saw the Ten Thousand Buddha Temple; it is not remarkable

The Winter Palace of the Forbidden City

View from the Forbidden City

architecturally, and there are two large spacious buildings with a court between them. One of them consists of two stories, in both of which is a large room lined with little compartments containing small gilt Buddhas. The guide said there was a total of nine hundred and ninety-nine already, and the thousandth place was reserved for the Dowager Empress when she died.

We drove on to the village, adjacent to the Summer Palace, where we took jinrikishas for a ride of about two miles, following along the outskirts of the Summer Palace. Here were some temples, evidently not now used as places of worship, since the guide informed us that our luncheon would be served in the open court of one of them. After our impromptu meal we proceeded to walk about half a mile farther and then ascended an eminence with several flights of stairs leading to the pagoda which I have previously alluded to. We obtained, not only a view of the Summer Palace, but of the surrounding country. The little pagoda was several stories high, and very tasteful in all its appointments; it is said to have been built in commemoration of some event, but the guide could give us no exact information. We retraced our way to the city, and then drove through certain streets in order to enjoy the peculiar life around us.

The three or four miles stretching between

the Chien-men and Hata-men gates on that Saturday afternoon surpass description. The Emperor's middle gate barred out the crowds; this opened on a somewhat discolored bridge, with fine carving and artistic balustrades, but the eye does not like to linger here long on account of the crowds of beggars everywhere visible; indeed, the hordes of women, children, vehicles, and processions of every variety seemed incredible. Funeral cortèges in particular were very doleful; discordant music preceded the funeral car, and the crowds of paid mourners in motley dress, many of them picked up off the street for the occasion, were a new and distasteful feature. We saw on that trip three of these funerals, all similarly arranged, but only one modest wedding procession. The bride sat in a red silk-covered chair or palanquin, surrounded by friends; the usual attempts were made at music. Whether the happy lady was Manchu or Chinese we were unable to determine, the curtains being carefully drawn.

This thoroughfare, between the two gates alluded to, is famous for its gayly decorated shops with long, ornamented signs and banners flying in every direction. There are many such streets in Peking, and a few shady residence thoroughfares, but our way usually led through the congested sections. Pailows, where streets are crossed at right angles, are interesting, and

Marble Terrace of the Summer Palace

Marble Bridge of the Summer Palace

they have usually commemorative arches; and sometimes the business houses of the locality bear their name, as the Four Pailow Shop.

Legation Street is the home for ambassadors and ministers, and is a decided contrast to the majority of native streets. Many of the foreign buildings are fine, the grounds large, with imposing gateways, over which may be seen the coat of arms of the country which is represented. The British Legation was formerly a palace. In the grounds is the English Chapel; here we attended service on Sunday. Our hotel was nearly opposite the British Embassy; hence, in going in or out, we usually touched Legation Street.

A notable excursion from Peking is to the Great Wall and the Ming tombs. The Wall we were to see was not the original one, built in 215 B. C., but an inner wall of the seventh century, which had still later been rebuilt by the Ming emperors. We left in the morning for the Nankow Hotel, where we were to pass the night. On our way to the Peking station, we saw the Emperor, *en route* from his Summer Palace to the city, in a yellow silk sedan chair, numerously attended by persons also robed in yellow. After luncheon at Nankow, we took sedan chairs ourselves for a twenty-six-mile ride to the Great Wall through the Nankow Pass. The long processions of guides and chairs were very pic-

turesque, and there were also extra attendants as a necessary relay. The road was rather rough and very dusty, and our progress was therefore slow. Our roadway wound along, sometimes near a mountain, which lay on one side, with the valley on the other. The first gateway or arch we passed through was profusely decorated, having as a frieze a row of six Buddhas to right and left, and large Chinese figures below. Farther on, we came to another gateway, and then to another, the Pa-ta-ling, thirteen miles from Nankow and the top of the Nankow Pass. From every side long vistas could be seen; then portions of the Wall winding in and out, and ever and anon a massive watch tower looming forth.

We left our chairs and walked a considerable way up the mountain side to the ruined watch towers; the one I entered was a large oblong building, with six windows and two doorways; farther on was another similar watch tower, and, at a greater distance, another. These add greatly to the picturesqueness of the wide massive wall — wide enough for two or three persons to ride abreast. Taken altogether, the view from the Nankow Pass is one of the most magnificent I have ever seen, and, of course, entirely unlike any other. It was a glorious day, and all the elements seemed to conspire to make it a perfect occasion.

Nankow Pass

Resuming our chairs, we proceeded to retrace our steps; and in about an hour we stopped at a little hamlet for an afternoon collation furnished by our very thoughtful Director. The shades of night were beginning to fall when we resumed our journey, and erelong darkness overtook us. We were all more or less separated, as the guides made no attempt to keep together; and the sensation of being propelled by natives who did not speak one word of English was very peculiar and uncomfortable.

We arrived at the hotel about nine in the evening; a late dinner followed, and we separated with the expectation of meeting in the morning at five, for the departure to the Ming tombs. This is a distance of eight miles, or sixteen there and back to Nankow. The cavalcade left in the same fashion as on the day previous. Our way led us over the hills, — an irregular roadway, first through a field and past two little villages. We then came to a magnificently carved pailow of white marble, fifty feet high, eighty feet wide, and divided into five openings by square pillars. Half a mile farther on stands the Red Gate; and there was formerly a beautiful pavilion of white marble, supported on four carved columns. It may be well to state before proceeding, that there are in this vicinity, within a few miles of each other, thirteen Ming tombs, the Ming dynasty

preceding the present one. Yung-lohi is considered the finest of the group, and this was now to be our objective point. Half a mile beyond the pailow already alluded to is the Red Gate. Next is the Holy Way. From here on for about half a mile, there is a regular procession of animals and persons, all cut out of bluish marble monoliths, remarkable for their workmanship and for their great size, which causes one to speculate how they could have been brought from the quarry. First, there are two columns decorated with sculptured clouds, two lions couchant, two lions rampant. Then, in similar manner, four camels, four elephants, and so on. After this come four military officials, four civil officials, four celebrated men, each made from a single block of marble, standing on opposite sides of the way, and all wearing the old Ming dress used by the Chinese before the Manchus introduced their own costumes.

Leaving the Holy Way, we passed through another arch, and came out on a street formerly paved with marble slabs. At some distance to one side, we saw two of the Ming tombs alluded to. We passed three marble bridges, one of seven arches, very much broken down. Two miles farther on, there is the principal enclosure around Yung-loh's tomb; it has a pavilion protecting a huge tablet with white marble steps

A tower of the Great Wall

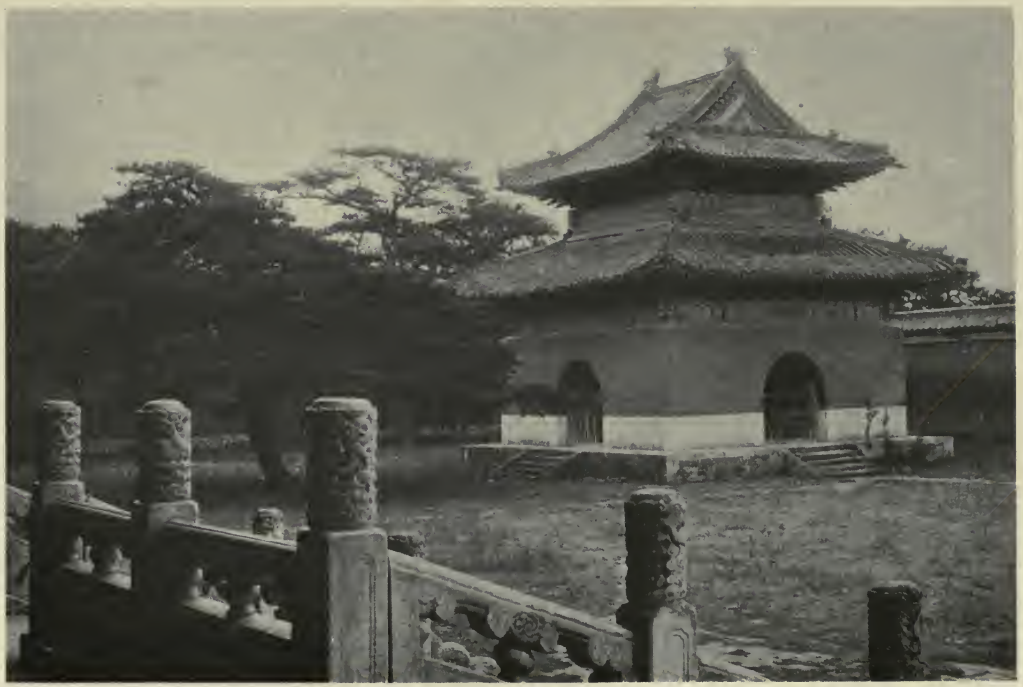
Five Arch: First pailow of the Ming Tomb

and railings carved to represent clouds, phœnix, and dragons. Beyond lies the great hall, seventy yards long by thirty yards wide, and supported upon eight rows of teakwood pillars, four in each row, measuring twelve feet in circumference and sixty feet high. This is a typical ancestral hall. Our luncheon was served to us here.

Passing through another great yard planted with cypresses and oaks, a way cut into solid masonry leads up to the carefully closed door of the tomb. This passage divides into two branches, both leading to a long flight of steps which mount to the top of the terrace, where, immediately above the coffin passage, is an immense upright slab bearing an inscription. The mound on which this tomb is placed is half a mile in circuit, and, though artificial, looks natural, being planted with cypresses and oaks to the very top. The emperors used to come in the Spring and Autumn to sacrifice at these ancient graves, but for two centuries this duty has been left to a descendant of the Ming emperors.

There were different features to each of the Ming tombs, but, having seen the representative one, we were content to return to Nankow, as we were to take the afternoon train for Peking. While the trip to the Great Wall and the Ming tombs is somewhat fatiguing, the interest is so great as to reward one for the exertion.

We went our individual ways the last day in Peking, I to the Chinese City in pursuit of a mandarin coat for a friend. After passing through block after block in a chaotic condition, dirt and debris of all kinds flung everywhere, I left the chair and walked quite a distance through lanelike passages to the place designated, where I found that the dealer had transferred all his embroideries to the hotel in which we were staying, and that the said coat was probably in the collection I had looked at the previous evening. Having devoted two hours to the pursuit, I was somewhat discomfited. I then hurried to some of the streets leading off from Beggars' Bridge, a place which is, as its name suggests, the headquarters for beggars. Strange as it may seem, there is a guild of beggars in Peking, with an acknowledged king; their profession in the East is a fine art. There are interesting thoroughfares leading out from this bridge,—one, a Curio Street, where every conceivable article can be found, and the other, Bookseller Street. This last was a disappointment, as I was told that rare editions could be had; but through the interpreter, I learned that the conditions of the city had been altered since the Boxer Rebellion in 1890. Indeed, that fearful event was the cause of many changes in Peking and of great suffering as well. The story of the conflict as related by an eyewitness was very thrilling.



Emperor Yunglo's tomb

Certain portions of the city at the present time consist of naught but ruins, such as the foreign mission buildings and the eastern and southern cathedrals, one of which was in process of renovation. The Legation quarter has been mostly rebuilt.

The cause of the Boxer Rebellion was everywhere given in Peking as having been instigated by the Dowager Empress and her sympathizers. No one can visit the city without receiving some definite impression of this wonderful woman, who for years has dominated all other authority — violating traditions considered sacred, and ruling with an imperious hand. For the Emperor only sympathy was felt. Of a refined, sensitive nature, but not strong physically, he seems to be a man of intelligence and of broad ideas. This was shown in 1898, when he announced that he intended to rule as other emperors did — to visit throughout his Empire; he even projected a railway journey to Tientsin in September, and planned many innovations. This was accomplished in conjunction with a few kindred spirits belonging to the so-called Reform Party in China.

Soon after, the Empress seemingly acquiesced in the plan of reform, and announced that she too was interested in progress; but, whether sincere or not, erelong the tables were turned; six of the Emperor's advisers were beheaded,

and the seventh, an intimate friend of the Emperor, advised in time, left the country. Then the Empress had the Emperor confined, and she was proclaimed his successor; but the open intervention of the Allied Powers caused him to be returned to the throne. It is said that for ten years he has been an invalid. Can any one wonder, knowing the constant espionage and continual opposition to which he has been subjected? After two years' contemplating of the beauties of the court, Emperor Kwang Su was married, very much against his will, however (preferring another), to the niece of the Dowager Empress, the beautiful Yohonola; her photograph proves this to be a true statement. For her has been reserved the sad fate of remaining childless, and, in consequence, she is kept in the background and rarely ever mentioned. Tsze Hsi An is really one of the most remarkable women in the world's history. Of very humble origin, and uneducated, she, on the birth of her son, became the reigning Emperor's wife of the second rank. At his death and also at the death of her superior, she became regent during the minority of her son, and on his death violated traditions (the law prohibiting succession to one of the same generation as the dead ruler), and had the nephew of the deceased Emperor proclaimed, she reigning as regent until his majority and virtually thereafter.

Emperor Kwangsu of China

Since 1900 the Empress has shown a desire to meet ladies of other nationalities in audience, and an American woman who had lived thirty-five years in Japan and China told me that the only thing required was an official endorsement by the Secretary of State (if American). Her failing health, however, during the past year caused an entire cessation of social courtesies. A woman of remarkably strong character, dominant will, and unscrupulous as to methods, she is the most perfect example, in juxtaposition, of the masculine woman, as the Emperor is of the feminine man.

We observed many things about the Chinese of to-day that point to progress, however slow. The schools, for instance, are modelled on a much broader basis; there is more independence in journalism; Chinese athletics are also coming into vogue, where they were formerly held in contempt; Young Men's Christian Associations flourish in various places, and fine work is being done by the many foreign missionary organizations. I heard much comment made concerning the American missions; their work along educational lines and in the way of hospitals was specially commended. Even Li Hung Chang, though a Confucian, testified to their value, as have other prominent Manchus. The mission movement in general is being regarded as a great sociological force

which, though working slowly, tends to a higher condition of life.

All the signs of the times indicate that China and the United States are destined some day to come into closer relations with each other socially, intellectually and of course commercially, as self-interest is a great factor in the furtherance of any attitude. One of the means to this end is the Chinese student in American colleges and schools; the number is, however, very much smaller than in England, while five thousand men are entered in Japanese colleges and schools, on account of the nearer proximity of Japan and consequently the less expense.

Mention is constantly being made of the Reform Party in China, and hints at revolution are even heard. On this point it is well to quote an extract from "China and America of To-day." The authority says: "The Chinese people have no right to legislation; they have no right of self-taxation. They have not the power of voting out their rulers, or of limiting or stopping their supplies; they have therefore the right of rebellion. Rebellion is, in China, the old, often exercised, legitimate, and constitutional means of stopping arbitrary and vicious legislation and administration." Will it be necessary to resort to revolution in order to effect needed reforms? Time alone will determine.

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The Dowager Empress of China

TIENTSIN, *May 26th*: We left Peking in the morning, and reached Tientsin at 11 A. M., going to the Imperial Hotel, where we were to remain two days. After luncheon we took a drive, first to the native city. There remains of the old walls and two fine gateways, which stand as reminders of an historic past, are to be seen. The street groups and bazars were similar to those observed in other cities, but far less interesting than those in Peking. The native city is said to number from six hundred thousand to a million persons; and yet, so extended and complete is the ground covered by the different foreign concessions, numbering less than four thousand persons, that they virtually represent the Tientsin of to-day; the British concession alone sets the tone to the city, with its fine business blocks. In Memorial Hall, dedicated to General Gordon, the municipal offices of the concession are located. The fine Public Garden is the centre, three times a week, of a military band concert, which attracts a large attendance and makes a brilliant scene, with its myriad electric lights. This feature of Tientsin life was introduced long ago by Viceroy Li Hung Chang, early in his term of office (1870–1891); and he is said to have paid for the instruction of the first military band. The building of the Industrial Association is popularly called "pigs in clover," and we learned from actual experience

that the name was truly applied, as we had to make the long weary round before we could secure an exit.

On Victoria Road there are many private residences, and an imposing English Club edifice in the midst of large and attractive grounds.

The morning of the second day was devoted to incidental things; in the afternoon we attended a Chinese theatre which was similar to the one we had seen in Hong-Kong, only actors, who were grotesque acrobats, now took the place of the previous ballet-dancers. In the evening we attended a fine concert in the Public Gardens. The music was furnished by the Cameron Guards in Highland costume. It was a fine opportunity to see the English contingent, and from the Astor House across the way came ladies in evening dress; hats and wraps were also in evidence; and, in the rear, were files of soldiers of various nations from the different concessions.

✦

SHANHAIKWAN, *May 29th*: The following morning, we left for Shanhaikwan; we arrived in the evening, and went to a very comfortable railway hotel. The following morning, we made an excursion to the mountains and caught a glimpse of the Great Wall a long distance off; in one direction a valley; beyond that, hills; then mountains extending tier after tier, until the last faded away in the distant horizon. This

Gordon Hall at Tientsin

Old gateway of Tientsin

wall is a continuation of the one visited in Peking, and formerly ended at the sea-line in Shanhaikwan, but the ravages of time and the devastation of man have carried away much of it.

We had left our chairs at a small place, said to be a Taoist temple, and had also passed the ruins of another temple, showing the isolated places selected by the early fathers for their centres of worship. After roaming about, we returned to the first temple, and around an improvised table, in plain view of the altar, we were served with a substantial luncheon brought from the hotel. Our return trip was over a different route, in order to secure a finer view of the Wall, some ruined towers, and parapets.

Later, we passed through two imposing gateways, and noted the great thickness of the Wall which, broken off, showed a brick exterior filled with earth. The way through the native town assured us of the usual Chinese life and bazars, Shanhaikwan having only a small European population. It was the scene of much activity during the Boxer Rebellion, and the regiments of several nations had posts or forts there, the English and Japanese even now continuing to maintain a small bodyguard. In the afternoon we took a ride in a diminutive horse-car on a narrow-gauge road to the sea, four miles distant, where we found a sandy beach and bathhouses. This is a favorite resort for the Summer

guests of the Shanhaikwan Hotel. Peitaho, which is situated back of Shanhaikwan in the mountains, has a large Summer colony from Peking and Tientsin, many of whom own their homes. At Shanhaikwan we had the pleasure of meeting Judge and Mrs. Charles Smith of Manila, and listened to many interesting experiences connected with life in the Philippines. Shanhaikwan is on the border between China and Manchuria.

We had been in Manchuria all day with an uninteresting landscape as regards variety, — plains, a few trees, and a little verdure stretched far away. Much of the land, however, was tilled, it being Springtime in this far-away country; and an occasional group of trees indicated what time and irrigation may accomplish in the way of agricultural results. At every station armed soldiers were on guard. Various theories were advanced to account for this; one said that brigands infested the country; another claimed that there might be danger of destruction to the track, this being the Southern Japanese-Manchurian Railway, which was running through an alien country. The right to this road and a strip of land each side of the track was secured by Japan either by treaty or by lease from China at the close of the Russian-Japanese war. Chan Chow was the largest station passed. Hsin Min was the scene of a conflict between the

Russians and Japanese, and at the present time soldiers are still stationed there.

✦

MUKDEN, *May 30th:* Our next point to be visited was Mukden. The trip was not in our original itinerary, and we had some difficulty in securing it, as the Director felt that we could not obtain good hotel accommodations. We all, however, promised to accept uncomplainingly any condition which the situation offered. Nevertheless, we felt a little anxious about the result, as we were the first tourist party to invade Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, and also the old capital when it was an independent country and not, as now, a province.

At the King-jo Hotel, under Japanese management, we found six rooms furnished in supposed European style; these opened on upper and lower galleries and were comfortable. They really formed an annex in order to entice stray European guests. The entire household was Japanese, without any knowledge of the English language, so pantomime became our means of communication, and there were many amusing mistakes made on both sides. The utmost good-humor prevailed, however, and the atmosphere of the place was altogether pleasant.

The morning following our arrival, we rode in jinrikishas to the tomb of a Ming emperor. There are two of these tombs located at Mukden.

We visited only one; it is four miles from the city, and beautifully located in a parklike enclosure. We entered at the side, through a long avenue of trees, the front entrance never being opened; there were two tall columns with grotesque figures of animals on top; then a lion on each side, seated on heavy pedestals. A three-arched pailow had a very massive carved cornice and entablature; on the cornice and on each division of the arch were seated immense carved lions; similar ones were also on the reverse side of the arch and on the ends, making ten in all, and adding to the impressiveness of the whole.

We now entered the sacred avenue, lined on each side with ten large stone animals. The path was much shorter than that visited in Nankow, and the carving of the animals was less perfect. The avenue ended with a gateway of three arches, which we did not pass through, but which contained a memorial tablet mounted on a huge tortoise; beyond this there was a long oblong building with an effective terrace roof; doors were placed in each corner of the walled enclosure. At the back rose an immense mound which covers the tomb. From a high tower overlooking the mound, we had a view of the entire enclosure.

The palace at Mukden is a large, imposing pile, built in 1631. There are many different buildings, all in the peculiar Chinese style with

The Temple at Mukden

upturned eaves; these were barricaded while renovation was going on, and we could obtain glimpses of the interior only through cracks in the wall. The rooms were large and contained some wall decoration, while the whole effect was fine, in spite of all the inconveniences experienced in trying to see them; debris was everywhere. In one building the doors and windows were sealed with paper strips placed over them; this was the receptacle for valuable jewels and fine brocaded robes of royalty. We were first refused admission, but, on our return from the rounds of the palace, by some magical process (probably a large fee), a door was opened, and we entered and saw a wonderful display of rich gems, somewhat barbaric in style, fine swords, daggers, robes, and other paraphernalia.

The bazars in Mukden were not unlike those throughout China in their arrangement, but containing not nearly so attractive a display of goods. The population seemed mixed, judging from the type of faces and from the head-dress of the women, some of them having the plain, smooth arrangement of the hair, while others followed the peculiar Manchu style. Mukden owes its present celebrity to the Russian-Japanese war, as several battles were fought around it.

✦

June 1st: The following day, we took our departure for Niuchwang. We had been told

that our route would be over historic battle-grounds, and we soon realized this, for, after leaving Mukden, we saw the monument erected by the Japanese Government as a memorial to the memory of the Japanese soldiers who fell in a desperate engagement, March 13th, 1905. This was the battle of Shio-ho, one of the worst of the war. General Kuropatkin headed the Russians, while Generals Kuroki and Nogi were on the Japanese side. The Russians were vanquished and were forced to retreat to Karpan. Later we came to a large place, formerly a Russian city, Lara-yang, which was taken by the Japanese, and now seems in a prosperous condition. A large rocky mountain, passed later on, was the scene of a desperate attempt of the Japanese to dislodge the Russians, and here eight thousand of the former lost their lives. At one point a tall granite monument was raised to the memory of ten thousand Japanese soldiers, all of which gave us a realizing sense of the horrors of the conflict. Later, these warlike reminders ceased, and the landscape showed broad, well-cultivated fields; indeed, the Manchuria of to-day, as far as we could determine, seems a fertile plain; and while a coarser cereal is now raised, it seemed possible that this might become a great wheat-producing land with proper cultivation.

✦

NIUCHWANG: When near Niuchwang, we came to the city of Shai-seng, and saw the long lines of Russian barracks which are now occupied by the Japanese. We reached our destination late in the evening, and had a jinrikisha ride of over an hour before turning to the Central Hotel, which had been greatly damaged by fire, but which we persuaded our Director to select for us. Our surroundings were not luxurious, but a fairly good dinner awaited us.

In the morning we had a delightful surprise. A call of the Director at the English Club the evening previous had resulted in an invitation extended to the entire party to breakfast at the residence of Mr. Henry A. Bush, of Bush Brothers, a noted firm in the East. Never was an invitation more gladly accepted. The mistress of the household was absent, but Mr. Bush, aided by friends, did the honors to perfection. It was a lovely home and full of good cheer. Two hours later we were sent to the station in carriages, and escorted to a junction, nine miles away, by a relative of the family. We learned afterward that this courtesy was often extended to tourists since the burning of the hotel. I am happy to state that both at Mukden and Niuchwang modern hotels will be opened at an early date, both being named the Astor House, a favorite appellation all through the East.

✦

DALNY: The ride to Dalny (the Japanese wish it called Darien) ended at nine in the evening; the scenery *en route* was not unlike that of the day previous, except that we observed a higher degree of cultivation, and the plains were more extended, terminating in the distance in low ranges of hills. We found Dalny modern in appearance, save in a few large buildings which showed their early origin; the Russians had planned the place as a model city before the war, which in time might become a flourishing adjunct to Port Arthur. The city was evacuated before the siege of Port Arthur, the Russians concentrating all their strength at the latter point. Dalny is a port of some importance, but we were told there was little local business to speak of. Tourists are beginning to go there, as it is a convenient point to remain if one wishes to visit Port Arthur, which is a long day's excursion, leaving early in the morning and returning on an evening train. This has, heretofore, been the customary plan of procedure, owing to superior hotel facilities at Dalny; but a new hotel was nearly completed at Port Arthur when we were there.

✦

PORT ARTHUR, *June 4th:* We left early for a hard day's excursion to Port Arthur. The standpoint of the tourist is that of interest and curiosity to see the port which was so recently the

Dalny

scene of such tragic events. With military knowledge, the interest would be more in observing the strategic position and the methods of defence. Before speaking of the incidents of the day, a brief outline of Port Arthur will be given as a key to the situation. A view of the place from the sea is disappointing, as the hills that circle around the bay are bare and destitute of vegetation and foliage. The foothills of a long mountain range divide the peninsula of Liao-tung (the circle of the hills extending over ten miles); several bays also indent the shore. Viewed from the land side, the town and port lie in an amphitheatre, hidden from the sea by Golden Hill on one side and by the Tiger's Tail Peninsula on the other. This strong position was fortified by the Russians in the newest way.

The defence works are divided into coast and inland groups. The coast section is the Golden Hill position, which stands at the left side of the entrance to the harbor and commands the outer bay. From this hill, toward the sea and to the north, making a semicircle, the line of fortifications extends three miles, including many permanent works; the first of these is called the Silver Hill group, and there are several lines lying east and north of this. That group of forts on the left side is named the Tiger's Tail Peninsula, and is as strong as Golden Hill on the opposite side. The sea just outside of

Tiger's Tail was the place where the Japanese fleet attacked the Russian squadron at anchor. Because of the vast strength of each of these two opposite points, and their close communication and support, they have been considered the strongest fortresses ever yet invested.

The city of Port Arthur is divided by Monument Hill into two parts, Old or East Town, and New or West Town. The old town is the real Port Arthur; the new one was formerly a Chinese hamlet, called Tai-yo-ko, — the Russians building this section after its occupation. The old is a business town; the new an official town. Here we have the contrast of a European centre on one side with a Chinese on the other. In the old town are situated the Port Admiralty, Navy Yard, Army Hospital, Red Cross Hospital, Museum, and Fortress Office, formerly General Stoessel's house. In the new town are the Governor General's office and some civil administration buildings, a park, and numberless residences.

On our arrival at Port Arthur, we took carriages, and, after securing a permit, went to the Siege Museum, which is filled with the trophies of war, and models of some of the forts that were taken; we examined these carefully in order the better to understand the methods employed by the Japanese in storming fortifications; tunnel-

Port Arthur before the siege

ling was the way in which the North Fort was taken. The Siege Museum was interesting from another point, as it had been the mess-house of the Russian officers of the garrison, and the walls were covered with views of the Crimean and other wars; there was also a large collection of pictures of Russian generals.

We then had a long drive to Monument Hill, which is situated between the old and the new town near the railway station. It is a high point, commanding the harbor and the forts, and one can obtain a bird's-eye view of Port Arthur from its top. On account of its advantageous position, General Nogi and Admiral Togo chose the hill for the mausoleum and monument which are built in memory of those who lost their lives. There are two peaks; the mausoleum is situated on one, the monument on the other. The monument, two hundred feet high, was in process of construction when we saw it; stones raised from the sunken ships formed the principal material in building it. On the opposite peak, with a torii in front, as an indication of the Shinto faith, is the mausoleum, where the remains of 22,183 officers and soldiers have been buried with formal ceremonies. It is impossible to convey an idea of the impressiveness of the scene as we stood on this hill, gazing out on a landscape significant of war and carnage on every side.

After luncheon at the almost completed new hotel, we had the roughest ride I have ever taken — a long distance to the outskirts in order to view some of the ruined forts — first, to East Keekwan, the name of a group of defence works. The main fort here was so well defended that it was considered unassailable from any direction; it was also very strongly protected. The assault began on the 18th of August; there was very stubborn resistance, and many attacks were necessary before General Stoessel, on January 1st, proposed to surrender. As the Russians retreated, however, they blew the fort up with dynamite. A scene of desolation greeted us in consequence, and it was almost impossible to walk across the debris.

We next visited another prominent work belonging to this group, called North Fort, the one we had studied at the Museum in the morning, with its intricate system of tunnels. These latter represented two shafts, three feet high and two feet wide, each forty feet long with four trenches; eight mines had been laid, and these were exploded on the 18th of December, blowing away the rampart in the northeast and seriously damaging the interior. A desperate resistance followed, but the Russians finally retreated, destroying a part of the fort before they left. We also saw other defences, but had no time to study them, as a long rough drive ensued, in order to

Tiger-Tail Promontory and Port Arthur during the conflict

reach 203-Metre Hill, the scene of the last engagement.

203-Metre Hill is the highest eminence of the whole fortified line, about two and one-half miles from the new town. It commands the whole western harbor, and most of the eastern, and from the top can be seen all the fortified positions, including camps and trenches. The occupation of this hill was the death-blow to the Russians, and it has been called the key to Port Arthur. It was very strongly fortified, and the work of occupation was a fearful task, involving a great loss of life. Early in September the attack began, and it was taken early in December; the Japanese loss in dead and wounded was 7578, and after the capitulation of Port Arthur, the Russian remains were collected and buried to the number of 5400; the real count was supposed to be more than 7000. The possession of this hill by the Japanese sounded the death-knell of the Russian fleet, which was practically wiped out of existence on the 9th of December. We regretted not being able to visit Port Arthur the following week, when a most interesting occasion was to occur,— the dedication of the fine monument erected by the Japanese Government to the memory of the Russian soldiers who are buried there. I saw photographs of the monument, but could not procure one, as they were not then for sale. The

moral significance of this event was very great, as the Russians, officially and non-officially, accepted the gift with grateful appreciation.

A friend sent me an account of the exercises at Port Arthur which occurred on June 10th. The Russian Archbishop and a number of high military officials came from Russia, and General Nogi and other Japanese officials from Japan. There were formal exercises of a varied kind. The chief feature was the address delivered by the Archbishop. He opened by saying "that only by the brave can the brave be appreciated. In this world of ours war seems to be unavoidable; at the same time it evokes and gives occasion for expressing some of the finest feelings of which human nature is capable. The many thousands of men who lie sleeping under the monument just unveiled were heroes who loyally and bravely laid down their lives in their country's cause. Such men are best appreciated by men of their own stamp; and the noble action of the Japanese in erecting this monument to the memory of their fallen foes showed that the best feelings of which human nature is capable rise superior even to the most tragic incidents of life. In performing this beautiful deed, the Japanese had not only shown themselves worthy of wearing the laurels which they had won, but had also gained a second victory even more prolonged and en-

203-Metre Hill, Port Arthur — The last point to be taken

during. Amid all the horrors of war, humanity must not forget the opportunities it furnishes for the display of such traits." The Tokio and other Japanese papers devoted much space to accounts of the ceremonies and festivities connected with the unveiling of the monument. Some of them seemed to regard it as an emotional display, and others found it impossible to read the accounts without concluding that the Japanese and Russians had wellnigh, if not altogether, laid aside their feeling of mutual hostility.

An English gentleman on the train to Dalny spoke of General Stoessel's surrender in very caustic terms, basing his position on information received from one of the officers on the General's staff. It occurred to me that the officer would not be likely to give favorable testimony, as there was a possibility of his also suffering penalties in Russia. It will always be a mooted question whether the surrender was justified by the condition of affairs at Port Arthur; certainly it was in the interest of humanity, as it was stated on Japanese authority that there were at least twenty-five thousand sick at Port Arthur.

On the following morning, we left Dalny, or Darien, by the steamer *Santo Maru*, for Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, Korea.

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CHEMULPO, SEOUL, *June 7th:* Chemulpo is an open port and has quite a foreign settlement;

it now can boast of wide streets and some shops, but twenty years ago it was nothing more than a fishing village. The Trans-Siberian Railway is the only means of connection between Chemulpo and London, twenty-one days being required for the trip. The two hours' railway ride between Chemulpo and Seoul affords quite diversified scenery.

The situation of Seoul is beautiful. It is a walled city, the entire circumference of which is twelve miles, and in this wall are eight arched gateways. While the wall itself is not high, it seems to cling near to the sides of the foothills and the mountains. These mountains are quite bare of vegetation, but the little valleys between the hills are green, rice being one of the products cultivated.

Korea to us was mostly Seoul, as there is no provision for guests at present in the mountains. We met a gentleman and his two daughters who were going to the mountains, but they were to be entertained by a missionary family; in time this condition of affairs will no doubt be improved, as it is in Java.

Korea is a land of great beauty. The inhabitants are lovers of nature, as is shown in the names they give to their mountains and valleys, such as The Mountain Fronting the Moon, The Mountain Facing the Sun, The Valley of Cool Shade, The Tranquil Sea, and The Hill of

The city wall and gate of Seoul

White Clouds. The descriptions of the mountains in the extreme North are more peculiar still: The Peak of the Thousand Buddhas, The Cloud Touchers, and the like.

The people of Korea, as they are viewed on the streets, seem to be contented, with apparently a larger leisure class than we had seen in any previous city. This was emphasized by the dress of the men, consisting of a long white costume open in front, made of a kind of grass lawn; a pair of loose trousers, something like the Turkish trousers, is worn beneath this. Officials, ministers, and noblemen dress elegantly, their costumes being made from the finest silk lawn, and they wear silken girdles.

The dress of middle-class women is even more peculiar than that of the men. The upper garment is very short, made of white or green lawn or calico; a few inches below this is a petticoat, touching the ground; between these two garments there is nothing but the bare skin. It is not an agreeable spectacle. When on the street, they wear what is called the chang-ot; it consists of a long white or green cloak, with green cuffs and collar, cut like a sack. The neck of this garment is put over the head, and the long white sleeves fall from the ears and are seen flapping in the wind.

The single or married man may be known by the style of his hair. The single man wears a

cue, but when married it is done up in a twist and kept in place by a woven horsehair band. We saw a few who had cut their hair. The women dress their hair rather plainly on the sides, and do it low on their necks in the back.

The women of the better class lead very secluded lives, almost like the Zenana; indeed, their customs seem similar to those in India. The children up to a certain age are seen in a state of entire nudity.

The girls of the lower class are sold as domestic slaves, and may be seen running beside the chairs of their mistresses. They look, however, as though they were kindly treated.

The Seoul scenes at night are most peculiar. The women of the upper class are allowed to take exercise only at this time. Men formerly were excluded from the streets at night, but now are seen. Some one has compared this nocturnal city graphically with the old idea of the resurrection. Many of the men are supported by the labor of the women of their household. The laundry work of a family in Seoul must be very considerable on account of the number of white garments worn.

A Korean lady travelling in her sedan chair is quite an imposing spectacle. The chairs are somewhat heavier than those we had previously seen.

The dress of the dancing-girl is many-colored, worn with a profusion of sashes and decorations.

A group of Koreans

The headdress is about three times as high as that worn by a Manchu woman. The costume consists of a white flowing under-robe, and over this a colored silk robe. There are very large sleeves and a sash worn high on the waist. The robe falls apart in front and shows loose trousers. The dancing-girl and the singing-girl correspond to the geisha and Maiko of Japan.

Sight-seeing in Seoul is less exhausting than in other cities, as there are no galleries, museums, or elaborate tombs to be described. The interest in the city is found amongst its street scenes and in the peculiar life of its people.

Seoul spreads out over a plain, which extends to the mountains. There is quite a variety of scenery included within its area. The country near by is extremely picturesque, quite unlike the outskirts of Peking. There are small villages and pleasant walks and drives at an easy distance from the city.

The bazars are placed far out on the street, except in one point where there seems to be only one central bazar.

The manufacture of brass is the specialty of Seoul; all the ancient forms are reproduced. Some of our party purchased large collections of artistic and serviceable articles.

The most imposing building is the Temple of Heaven. It is bare, compared with the one at Peking, but it has some features that are similar

and is made of marble. It is, however, a combination of the two temples seen in Peking, opening at the side, and having an open roof over the centre; adjoining it there is a three-story pagoda, much like a pavilion in many respects.

The ancient tomb of the old Korean noblemen interested us. It is of marble, with a peculiar carving on top. At the base is an immense tortoise.

The Buddhist temple was also visited. This had an imposing entrance approached by white marble steps. It was spacious, but architecturally far inferior to those we had seen elsewhere. The upturned roof was interesting.

The marble pagoda, rising seven stories above the base, was really very beautiful. It had a special small enclosure about it, filled with flowers. This enclosure was in a large park, which contained an artistic pavilion, evidently for the convenience of people who wished to view the pagoda.

There are said to be eighteen palaces in Seoul. Some of these at present are not in use. We passed the new marble palace where the Emperor was staying. Then we went on to the large old palace which has been vacant ever since the assassination of the Queen. There were imposing entrance gates here, and many preliminary buildings before we reached the most important ones. The Audience Hall is very spacious and

An old tomb of a high official

very well proportioned. The approach to it is fine, consisting of many marble seats where the high officials sat when his Majesty appeared. From the exterior the Audience Hall seems to have two stories, as there are two of the peculiar Chinese roofs, but inside it forms one very high room. The Audience Hall as a building is a great decorative feature in the palace grounds. There is one other large room in it called, I believe, the Hall of Congratulation.

We passed on to the palace of the assassinated Queen. This has now been torn down by order of the Resident General, on account of its unpleasant association both to the Koreans and to the Japanese. It originally covered a good deal of ground and must have been spacious. The grounds are very large and interesting, containing many lovely trees. One building therein was raised like an immense pavilion and surrounded by a miniature lake, very pleasing with its setting of green and at times covered with water-lilies.

Quite a pretentious building, with its wide projecting Chinese eaves open on all sides and showing columns, was the one which contained the monument erected in honor of the Emperor's jubilee.

A picturesque feature of the city consists of the gates of the Wall. We took drives through these to different points near by. Particularly noticeable is the Western Gate, or Gate of Gen-

eral Righteousness. This is massive, showing the thickness of the wall, and the high roof over the arch is very effective.

All the hills around Korea are considered sacred and are dedicated to burial purposes. In one alone, seventy-five thousand persons are placed. The drive presents very diversified scenery. As we approached the tomb of the Queen, considerable formality was required. It was necessary to possess a permit, soldiers being stationed outside the grounds. The hill was very broad and quite steep at places, and on top the large tomb was composed of marble. We could have visited several others, but preferred to return home by the way of an old Buddhist monastery, a great part of the road being lined with trees on either side. We found the monastery rather dismantled and but few monks in attendance. They have to endure many privations, and their surroundings looked extremely bare.

After this excursion, we ended the day by attending the Korean Theatre. The ride there was interesting, as we saw all the particular evening sights I have described. The arrangement of the room was very simple; we sat in elevated boxes at the sides. About the stage all the details were primitive. The action of the play was poor, but the enthusiasm of the audience was great. We remained but a short time.

A white marble pagoda in Seoul

In the matter of education the women of the higher class are somewhat above the average, but those of the middle and lower classes are entirely ignorant. Education is one of the many recent reforms instituted; the old order of things is rapidly being changed. Electricity has been introduced, electric trams extend some distances even into the country, and there is a good postal service. A gentleman who had been a resident for some fifteen years is my authority for stating that in his opinion the mistake the Japanese were making in their protectorate was in pushing reforms too rapidly. The Koreans are slow in their response to foreign and western ideas.

The deposed King seems to be of a peculiar type. He is described as having a weakness for intrigue, his early education having been received under conditions that foster such qualities. He was married at thirteen years of age to the late Queen; she was said to be unusually gifted, and an attractive woman, even though unscrupulous and at times cruel.

There are many opinions regarding the immediate outcome of Japan's protectorate over Korea. Those who have faith in the integrity of Marquis Ito believe in good results; others fear that the invasion of a large number of Japanese having business interests will rather overshadow the Koreans, who are indolent and inclined to take their ease. On this subject there can be

only conjecture; time will decide. An interesting book, "In Korea with Marquis Ito," which has been published during the year, deals with this question fully; George Trumbull Ladd is the author.

Looking backward, we find that the kings of Korea were the vassals of China for a long period, but as one of the results of the Chinese-Japanese war, there was a complete renunciation of the authority of the Emperor of China. Hence it seems strange that at the close of the Russian-Japanese war another important change and crisis should have come to Korea.

✦

From Seoul, Korea, to Yokohama: We left Seoul at eight on the morning of June 9th for Fusan, and the railway journey, an all-day trip, was a fatiguing one, owing to the dust; but we had glimpses of mountain scenery and plains. Fusan was simply a point of departure for Japan. We took our steamer, *Satsuma-maru*, at six that evening for the night only, as we were due at Shimonoseki early the next morning. The approach here was through the straits, and was unlike any previous view, — a wide entrance between two high promontories, with mountains on either side.

Shimonoseki is quite an important point commercially, but our stay was, as I say, one of convenience only, since we took the train at 9.30 for

Street scene in Seoul

Miyajima and the Sacred Island. This is considered the finest railway trip in Japan as regards scenery, and our exclamations of delight were many, for there were mountains covered with verdure and rice-fields, and from time to time glimpses of the famed Inland Sea. We had long anticipated this visit to the Sacred Island; we knew Miyajima had a population of three thousand, and was a fishing village, aside from the great interest which attaches to the temples; that the island rose eighteen hundred feet above the sea and was rocky, although covered with heavy foliage; but I was unprepared for the unique charm that awaited us.

The approach to Miyajima, as we crossed the lake, gave us a fine first impression, — the great torii standing boldly forth from its watery base; the stone lanterns in the foreground; the temple seen dimly through the green; and the thickly wooded hills in the background all added greatly to the landscape. At our right, on an eminence, was situated the Mikado Hotel, which was to shelter us, and which we later found to be an ideal abiding-place.

We proceeded at once to the great temple, which, with its corridors and galleries, six hundred feet long, represented something distinctively unique. One line of galleries extends out into the water at high tide, and stretches out like so many arms in various directions; a new

series is being constructed. All of these intricate passages centre in the great temple, large and finely proportioned, but, like all Shinto buildings, comparatively simple as regards adornment. As we approached, we were confronted by at least twenty-five priests and ten dancing-girls, who were grouped together for a photograph; the priests' robes and the many-colored dresses of the girls produced a striking effect, as they sat on a platform in front of the temple. Later the girls went through several of the so-called "holy dances"; we were not permitted to enter the temple.

Passing through a long corridor, we next ascended a hill and visited the unique Temple of a Thousand Mats. This is grim with age but of immense proportions, and having many rows of columns, covered from base to capital with small wooden mats shaped somewhat like butter ladles, each one of which is inscribed with the name and residence of the donor; the ladles are on sale at the temple. Not only the pillars, but every available place in the temple, is thus utilized, producing a very grotesque effect. The plan consists in each person writing his name, residence, and some sentiment on these mats; it originated after the Chinese-Japanese war in 1894, when pilgrims came to visit the temple and thus paid tribute to it.

Near the temple there is an imposing pagoda,

Torii Miyajima

also of ancient date, and on an adjacent knoll another shrine. Returning to the hotel, we noted many more stone lanterns, and still another temple with its attendant torii. We also passed through the lane-like streets of the village, thickly lined with bazars; the shops were filled with many tasteful articles, carved wood being a specialty in Miyajima. These shops reminded us of Switzerland, as did the heights, a portion of which is covered with an attractive park.

After dinner, we regretfully bade adieu to the members of the Trans-Siberian party, leaving only Miss M—— and myself to return to Yokohama. To speed them across the lake, their guide had arranged for an illumination, produced by lighting candles in many of the tall stone lanterns; this we also enjoyed, our guide taking us out on the lake in a sampan; and as we rode toward the great torii it seemed to assume immense proportions, while the effect of the lanterns was magical. It was indeed a fairylike scene.

We were called at four the following morning, breakfasted at five, and were on our steamer before six for the trip to Onomichi on the Inland Sea. The island was lovely as we left in the early light; and the whole landscape, from the towering mountain in the distance, the lesser ones sloping down to the plateau, to the sea, scintillated in brilliant color; even the great

stone lanterns that were so unique the evening previous now stood out in bold relief, and the old torii was statelier than ever. As the little village and shore line faded away, we wished an artist could have caught the view. We sailed out into the finest part of the Inland Sea, where the shore was deeply indented with rocky promontories, which first ended in a high projection to our right; to the left was a continuous line of low islands. A wide extent of open sea was the next scene in the panorama, to be succeeded by a picturesque island, clad in verdure; then two small, boldly defined, rocky islands; next a low range of five islands slightly connected, seeming like a tiny range in mid-ocean; a higher chain of islands was crenellated and presented the appearance of being scooped out and showing a light yellow soil. The scene now narrowed, and the mountains on either side showed signs of cultivation, the terraces running almost to the top. The guide told us that barley was the principal cereal raised. A mavellous island to our left now presented itself; this had a high, rocky base, from which seemingly sprang a miniature forest, the tall towering evergreens lending a fringelike appearance near the skyline. And so the panorama continued with ever-increasing variety.

We paused at Ujima, the port of Hiroshima, where perhaps is located the most wonderful

Stone lanterns, Miyajima

garden in Japan. Ujima is a place of twelve thousand inhabitants, and the taking on of cargo consumed an hour. Soon after, we came to an island which had been transformed into a magazine; the side presented to us was a solid wall of rock. This was the precursor to our arrival at Kore, the most important naval station in Japan. The steamer touched anchor, which gave us an opportunity to note the many war-vessels in the harbor, three of which had been captured from the Russians.

Our next point for landing passengers was Tukehare, in the narrowest part of the Inland Sea, with the Pass of Oudo in Sato-See. Here something unexpected occurred, as the steamer ran aground; and, after persistent efforts to effect our release, a naval craft came to our assistance and had to tow the steamer through.

The scene now widened so that the shore seemed distant; this gave leeway for shipping of various kinds, large and small, and at one time I counted forty-five craft around us. Small sampans with three or four sails predominated. Our interest now centred not so much on shore as on boldly defined islands that occasionally came into view. In another place there were five promontories apparently in a direct line,— the first, dark green; the next, pale green; the next, brown in tint; the next, rocky; the fifth, foliage, — a veritable poem in color. We stopped

for passengers three times before reaching our destination.

Our lovely trip on the Inland Sea ended at the little port of Onomichi, where, you will remember, we passed the night at a Japanese inn. We left at once, and visited some of the temples for which Onomichi is famous. We first went to a very old Buddhist place with an equally ancient pagoda, Sinkokuji; this was at quite a height above the street, and was in decay. Interest centred chiefly in the Senkiji Temple, rudely formed of huge blocks of granite which seem to spring from the soil; to reach this, we climbed a succession of tiers of stairs, each landing affording an extended view of the hamlet. The shrine and the details of this rock-bound temple were very simple, but there was a weird impressiveness about it.

At five we took the train for Kobe, arriving there at nine, this time staying at the Mikado Hotel. Having been there twice before, the visit was simply in order to break the trip to Yokohama; so a jinrikisha ride and a visit to a few shops the morning following sufficed in the sightseeing line; and in the evening we took the night train for Yokohama, arriving there early on the morning of June 12th. Yokohama was to be our headquarters until the homeward sailing, June 29th.

I have before spoken of the beauty of the bay

Islands of the Inland Sea

and the fine location of the city. The heights reminded me of Hong-Kong; but on this third visit the scene seemed to have gained new interest, for all Nature was in her Summer dress, and the streets and parks teemed with life. There were many jinrikisha rides and much general enjoyment during the two weeks and a half that followed. Yokohama is a modern city and not famed for sight-seeing particularly, aside from the shops, which are of great interest and are filled with beautiful things; the curios, silks, and embroideries were very enticing, and, as dressmaking can be done well and economically by many of the Chinese tailors, some time is devoted even by tourists to that.

Moto-machi Temple is of interest, heading the little shopping street of that name, which, with Benten-dori divides the interest as regards small but well-equipped native stores. The temple is Buddhist.

Nogeshima is a hill from which an extended view of the city and harbor may be enjoyed. With cherry blossoms in May, great fields of many-colored iris marked the month of June, and an expedition to such a field proved attractive. The ride around Mississippi Bay is possibly the greatest trip for an afternoon's excursion. A picturesque feature of the city is the one hundred steps leading to the heights, on the top of which is a tea-house, largely frequented

by residents. The many pleasant homes and churches make the heights very attractive, and one morning we extended our jinrikisha ride to the outskirts so as to visit the gardens and greenhouses of a young Japanese who supplies the hotel with peculiar dwarfed plants for the dining-room tables. We saw some maples and cedars twelve inches in height and fifteen years old.

The park, attractive at any time, is especially interesting in May on account of the cherry blossoms. It must be remembered that Yokohama was only a fishing village when Commodore Perry anchored there in 1854; it was not the treaty port until 1858, and from that time begins its commercial importance. The greatest portion of the city as it now exists dates from after the fire of 1866, and the bluff on which most of the residents have their dwellings was first leased for building purposes in 1867; since then a large native town has sprung up outside the foreign settlement.

The principal excursion from Yokohama is to Kamakura, about one hour's ride by train. It was once the capital of Japan, from the end of the twelfth to the fifteenth century, numbering over one million inhabitants; but it now affords no indication of its former glory; it is only a little seaside village to-day, and its principal interests are the great Dai-butzu, or Buddha, and certain other temples; the Buddha is renowned among

Mississippi Bay

Japanese works of art. We took a jinrikisha from the station, and first visited the Temple of Hachiman, which occupies a high position on a hill and is reached through an avenue of pine trees. We passed through three stone toriis before reaching the temple, which stands at the head of a broad flight of stone steps.

The perspective when approaching the gigantic Buddha is fine, and gives one, at a distance even, the impression of great majesty. This work dates from about 1252 A. D. It was originally enclosed in a building, fifty yards square, whose roof was supported on sixty-three massive wooden pillars. The temple buildings were twice destroyed by tidal waves, since which they have not been re-erected, and the image has therefore been exposed to the elements. Within the statue is a large room. As we approached the great bronze Buddha, we realized an indefinable, spiritual significance; it stands over forty-nine feet high and ninety-seven feet in circumference, but appears serene, seemingly in the attainment of absolute peace after having reached the Nirvana.

The Temple of Kwannon is not far from the Dai-butzu, on an eminence, commanding a beautiful view of the seashore and the plain. We had luncheon at a pretty seaside hotel, Kamakura now being a Summer resort. Afterwards we took a tram for the Sacred Island of Enoshima.

Arriving at the village of Katse, we walked across to the island. Enoshima presents a high wooded aspect, and through the foliage on the heights one can obtain glimpses of many tea-houses. From the earliest ages the island was sacred to Benten, the Buddhist goddess of love. Nearly all of the temples are dedicated to Shinto goddesses. The most sacred spot is a cave on the far side of the island, one hundred and twenty-four yards in depth, the height at the entrance being at least thirty feet.

We next took the train for Yumoto, the point of departure by jinrikisha for Miyanoshita.

The train ride to Yumoto was most unusual, as the line lay through a succession of small villages, the road sometimes being so narrow that we could see into the homes or look into shop windows as we went through a business street. At Yumoto we took a jinrikisha for the ascent to Miyanoshita; the route was picturesque. To the left were mountains, the rocky sides sometimes projecting over the roadway, and giving me the sensation of imminent danger.

To the right, far below, was a long extended valley through which poured a mountain stream, the murmur of which was a continual refrain. On the other side of the valley was a towering range of mountains. The whole scene affects one in a peculiarly subtle way; there is a sensation of being withdrawn from the actual experi-

View of Miyanoshita

ences, of living in a new and far-away world. Suddenly the road diverged, and we had mountains on either side; another turn, and on a tree was a signboard, "Durkee's Scotch Whiskey." Instantly the "supreme moment" vanished, and I was again in my home city, and one of a band of women battling "the bill-board nuisance." I was rebellious at thus being despoiled of my poetic mood and tried to regain lost ground, but erelong another turn and Durkee's Scotch Whiskey again appeared! Sadly I resigned myself to fate and awaited our arrival at the Fujira Hotel.

It was dark when we reached the little village and went still farther up the slope to where the lights were gleaming from the circling, four-divisioned hostelry.

As I entered the spacious hall and caught glimpses of the adjacent apartments, then went upward to my own dainty room furnished in European style, I felt a sense of relief. Two little maids appeared to offer service, a pretty kimono and slippers suggested comfort, and I was content! Descending to the dining-room a little later, I met an English lady and her brother, who had been steamer and hotel companions several times, and this furnished more good cheer.

The following morning, I joined an early party for the excursion to Lake Hakone. It was a glorious day and promised well for the hoped-for

view of Mt. Fujiyama, 12,000 feet above the sea.

The way is too rough and mountainous to be taken other than in a sedan chair. At first we had lovely mountain scenery, then the road grew wilder and mountain gorges appeared on either hand, then in one place there were far distant mountains, a nearer range almost sloping to our pathway. Sometimes the ascent was so steep and the path so narrow that it required much holding on to retain the seat in the chair.

This was even more difficult when we began to make our descent to the village, which is, however, 2378 feet above the sea (Miyanoshita is 1377 feet). The little Japanese tea-house where we tarried and had our luncheon is finely located close to the shore of Lake Hakone, a beautiful body of water with wooded shores. This lake is popular for boating and bathing.

From the window we looked out on the distant sacred mountain, Fujiyama, which is revered by all Japan. Sometimes the clouds rested lovingly on its crest, and sometimes almost veiled it, but twice we saw the entire snow-covered space and no adjective can describe the matchless glory of that view. Poets have sung of it, and legend has woven fantastic tales around it, which the natives accept without a doubt.

Mt. Fugii is the scene in Summer of constant visitations — about forty thousand pilgrims ap-

pearing there yearly, mostly of the working-class. Before the sixteenth century the mountain was in a constant state of eruption, the last great activity occurring at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The ride across the lake is pleasant, — the castle an interesting feature, — and by taking it, one discovers a different way to return to Miyanoshita, but I preferred the route of the morning, as the reverse views are always reinforcingly interesting.

There were pleasant short walks from our hotel and many very easy excursions, so one naturally lingers, as long as possible. The friends I alluded to had been there two weeks. I left with regret.

The third morning we started out in a pouring rain, and so had a closed jinrikisha; if we missed the beauty of the scenery in our descent to Yumoto, we took comfort in the fact that we escaped the "bill board"!

Arriving at Yokohama, I found a whole bevy of friends at the hotel awaiting the departure of the next steamer for San Francisco. We had all met at different places, once, twice, or thrice, and thus pleasant reminiscences and sociability now prevailed. Three were to leave on the *Korea*, scheduled to sail on June 29th, which augured well for my homeward passage.

I had intended returning to Tokio, but, re-

membering each detail of my former visit vividly, I decided instead to try to see Tokio through others' eyes. The Emperor and Empress are spoken of with the utmost respect, the Emperor being progressive in public and political ideas. The Empress is said to have a fine mind and to be accomplished; in matters of social importance she has been instrumental in breaking down many barriers; and while we needs must regret the adoption of Parisian modes of dress by the court, we must remember it was done with the distinct purpose of harmonizing the customs of the Orient with those of the Occident. A diplomat spoke of Tokio as an agreeable place of residence in every way. Native and foreign hospitality in the home are absolutely separate; the Japanese wife does not receive general visits, but her husband may entertain royally at his club, and most elaborate entertainments are spoken of. The social circles of Tokio and Yokohama have common interests, as the cities are but a short distance apart and there is a mutual acquaintance. I met two American ladies who have resided over thirty-five years in Yokohama, and they are most loyal in their views.

In other lands I have visited, I have only dared give a tourist's impressions fortified by some acknowledged authority, or by those who have had the advantage of a long-time residence. My Japanese impressions can only hint at what

Theatre Street in Yokohama

this wonderful land offers in beauty, in poetic sentiment, and in development of life. To understand her people, one must be a student for years; even Lafcadio Hearn admitted, after sixteen years, that he knew very little of the land and of the people. Every bow, every courtesy embodies a tradition of ages, handed down from generation to generation. This truth should do away with the popular belief that Japanese courtesy is all affectation.

There is another statement that ought to be carefully considered; it is that the Japanese, as a people, are dishonest. I have heard this opinion expressed usually in a comparison between the Chinese and the Japanese, the instance of employment of Chinese bookkeepers and accountants being cited as proof. I talked with several persons who had ground for their belief, and the consensus of opinion exonerated the Japanese from so serious a charge. One said the Japanese, with all their versatility, have little aptitude for figures and realize it; another said that a descendant of the old samurai would scorn to take the position of a bookkeeper, considering the position beneath him. Everywhere in Japan I left doors and drawers unlocked and never lost an article. At the hotel in Yokohama, when leaving for a three days' absence, I applied at the office for keys to the chiffonier and wardrobe. The clerk said, "Does your door lock?"

I replied, "Yes." "You need then have no fear, as the servants are invariably honest." One gentleman, however, admitted that in the matter of the verbal contract the Chinaman would consider it to be as binding as a written one, while the Japanese might break it. We Americans usually require written contracts at home, and we occasionally hear of dishonesty and defalcation; but would we for a moment like to be considered a dishonest people because of these isolated instances?

We were constantly meeting some one who was contrasting the two countries with a view of emphasizing China's supremacy. Many seemed jealous because Japan had succeeded in shaking off the shackles imposed by law and custom, and had made remarkable strides along the lines of progress. China with her wonderful past, her great resources and intellectual force, will do the same thing some day, when she emerges from a tyranny of law and tradition that covers a "modern" period of three thousand years. The victory of Japan over China in 1894 taught one lesson; but the Russian-Japanese war was even a greater lesson, — one that the new party in China has not failed to make use of, and only time can tell the outcome. The difference between the two nations is one of kind, not of degree; there is little racial sympathy between them, and fifty years from now, if one reads the signs

Mountains around Hakona

correctly, there may be more sympathy between Japan and Russia than between Japan and China.

The Japanese are sincere in their unbounded desire to improve, particularly to acquire a knowledge of English and other languages. In shops or corners you will see unkempt boys poring over an English primer or reader. They are all provident as a people, and since the close of the war the nation has bent every energy toward industrial development.

Considerable has been said about the Japanese war loan; there is authority for stating that much of the money thus borrowed at that time was used for industrial expansion, as six railways alone were bought in 1906, and we have seen the amount expended in Manchuria in keeping up a long line in an alien land at a great expense. Of Japan's commercial future much might be said. Truly, we of the United States ought to respect a people who have ideals somewhat like our own.

So many courtesies had been extended to us at the Grand Hotel in Yokohama that we left with a profound feeling of appreciation. The steamer *Korea*, of the Pacific Line, was to be our home for sixteen days. A friend arrived from North China, who became my room-mate, and the conditions were in every way pleasant. The social life aboard was similar to that on an

English steamer; many games were projected and prizes given, the most elaborate things being reserved for the Fourth of July, both for children and adults. Greatly to my surprise, I was awakened on that morning by a volley of fire-crackers from the end of the deck. A festive spirit prevailed all day, and in the evening an extensive concert was given in the salon.

The first real excitement was our arrival at Honolulu on July 9th, where we were allowed one day. The city, with its beautiful location and tropical vegetation, is too well known to need description. We went first by automobile to Mt. Pali, quite a distance in the country; here we had a wonderful view looking across a long level stretch to a point beyond which were rice-fields in the stage of early green, and beyond that a sugar plantation, and beyond that still farther off a mass of green foliage. The landscape at once marked Honolulu as being somewhat akin to Java. The mountains here are volcanic in their origin.

Returning from Pali, we went to the Punch Bowl and Diamond Head, an extinct volcano. Next, we took a long drive along the sea front to the beautiful hotel called Moana, where we met friends. The ride led through one of the principal residence streets, and we noticed beautiful homes with their extensive grounds and profusion of palms, shrubs, and flowers. We also

Mount Pali, Honolulu

saw the former palace of the Queen, which is now reserved as the Governor's residence. We then went to Young's Hotel for lunch, and, after that, visited some minor points of interest and some shops, returning to the steamer in the late afternoon, feeling that Honolulu was indeed one of the beauty spots of earth. On reaching the ship, it seemed as if every passenger — man, woman, and child — was decorated with long wreaths of flowers reaching to the ground; the flowers are ruthlessly pulled to pieces and strung together to tempt the tourists. It was really a very beautiful sight, but unfortunately the flowers soon faded.

The day following we saw the battle fleet, only about two miles distant, *en route* for Yokohama; there were fifteen war-vessels, and it was indeed a wonderful spectacle.

We arrived in the harbor of San Francisco at noon on July 14th, and, after the usual delay with the health officer, we were soon in the throes of the custom house, and it was an ordeal never before experienced. We had been told by the steward on the steamer that we must strictly follow the regulations laid down in the circular issued by the Government, December, 1907. I paid the penalty of my honesty, and the law was strictly enforced. I said to the custom house officer: "The lady opposite was through nearly an hour ago." He remarked: "She prob-

ably told a good many lies." And that was the consolation I had; having paid my duty in a resigned frame of mind, believing in a protective tariff, I departed.

The view of the harbor as we entered had seemed quite as it was of old, and indeed its beauty impressed me more than ever before; but, as I left the wharf and drove along some of the streets of the earthquake-stricken city, there was a heartache, so much of wreck and ruin was evident. My companion, who was in San Francisco two years before, told me that the renovation seemed wonderful, — an opinion in which I concurred after arriving at the St. Francis Hotel, for there were fine blocks newly built in the vicinity.

I remained a few days in San Francisco, and visited certain familiar points, most of my friends being out of the city in the month of July. I went across to the beautiful suburb of Oakland and visited some shops which seemed to me quite equal (except in their buildings) to those of old. No one can visit San Francisco at the present time without being impressed with the energy and enthusiasm displayed and by the amount of work being accomplished.

I left on July 20th, over the Shasta route of the Southern Pacific. This way is so widely known for its beauty of scenery that it seems unnecessary to attempt any description. Mt.

Shasta wore a smiling face the morning of our arrival, the recent heat wave having melted much of the snow that crowns its rugged summit.

Portland has a splendid location, with mountains and the sea alike accessible, broad streets, and an unusually fine residence portion. Mt. Hood was, however, wreathed in smoke on account of the prevailing forest fires. The railway journey from Portland to Seattle is not lacking in interest, as there is varied scenery the entire way.

A week in Seattle revived the impression of three years since, but the city has made wonderful progress meanwhile, not only in growth of population but in important public buildings and in the wealth of private residences, particularly on the heights for which Seattle, like San Francisco, is famous. Mt. Rainier was shrouded in mist and smoke, but Puget Sound and Lakes Washington and Union added unusual features to the landscape setting.

A detour of a day to Tacoma showed another beautifully located city high above Puget Sound, which, having once been very prosperous, passed through a reactionary stage, but is again alert and vigorous. Tacoma has also fine buildings and attractive homes, and a great future lies before it.

The railway journey from Seattle to Bellingham — about one hundred miles — is interest-

ing, for until we reach Everett we have Puget Sound to our left and forests to our right, only broken at a few points by small towns. Then we lose sight of the Sound until within a few miles of Bellingham. The next reach of intervening waterway is termed Bellingham Bay, and it furnishes a setting for a city situated both on hills and lowland, withal very picturesque, Mt. Baker near in view and the Selkirk range dimly visible. Bellingham is really a combination of four towns, Whatcom, Fair Haven, Sea Home, and South Bellingham; it is a city of about thirty-seven thousand inhabitants. The unifying process is going on, and in a few years its separate identity will be forgotten, for with its large interests — lumber and the salmon fisheries (here are located the most important establishments in the world for the canning of salmon) — Bellingham has a future before it, and my sojourn there is fraught with many pleasant recollections of courtesies received, aside from the good cheer of my daughter's home.

The State of Washington, with its fine climate, great forests, and fertile soil, supplemented by natural beauty of landscape, proved a revelation to me.

My way eastward lay over the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Three years previous I had passed days in the Canadian Rockies; so Vancouver, Glacier, Field, Laggan, and Banff recalled familiar

associations, while the intervening scenery had lost none of its exciting interest. Certain it is that you rarely find finer mountains, either at home or abroad.

A few hours' stay in St. Paul and the renewal of some pleasant associations, and I was speeding homeward, arriving in Milwaukee early on the morning of September 30, 1908, almost a year from the time of my departure.

In closing let me quote an extract, written eight years ago, on a return with my daughter from over a year's absence abroad (including the Western Orient): "Gazing on the lake front at Janeau Park and looking onward to the terraced slopes of Prospect Avenue, then on to the sky line of the water-tower, I exclaimed, 'No fairer scene has met my vision.' At which sentiment the bronze statue of Solomon Janeau before me seemed to nod approval, as a Founder should."

THE END

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